SEMINARY OF THE EAST LIBRARY
3 0513 40026 8443

From George Herbald's
Library April 11, 1975

Alan F. Heard

The Pastor-Preacher.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/pastorpreacher0000will_d5s0

The Pastor-Preacher.

By

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE,

Bishop of the
Methodist Episcopal Church.

Κύριος ποιμαίνει με.—*David.*

Ego sum pastor bonus.—*Jesus.*

Κήρυξον τὸν λόγον.—*Paul.*

CINCINNATI:
JENNINGS & GRAHAM.

NEW YORK:
EATON & MAINS.

Q 2
1910

Copyright, 1910,
by Jennings and Graham.

CONTENTS.

THE PREACHER, - - - - - - - - 9

THE PREACHER AS ANNUNCIATOR, - - - 17

THE PASTOR-PREACHER, - - - - - 22

REDEEMING THE TIME, - - - - - 30

THE TYRANNY OF BOOKS, - - - - - 35

THE PREACHER AND HIS BOOKS, - - - 43

THE POWER OF THE WILL IN PREACHING, - - 48

THE RANGE OF PULPIT THEMES, - - - 54

RELATION OF THE PULPIT TO CIVIC AFFAIRS, - 63

REACHING THE RICH AND THE POOR WITH THE GOSPEL, - - - - - - - - - 74

THE SECRET OF EFFECTIVE PREACHING—AN ATTEMPT, - - - - - - - - - 82

THE PREACHER AND SERMONIC LITERATURE, - 91

TRIVIALITIES OF A PREACHER'S CRAFT, - - 98

SOME PREACHER "NEVERS," - - - - - 116

THE SIN OF BEING UNINTERESTING - - - 124

THE PASTOR, - - - - - - - - 134

THE PASTOR AND THE SICK, - - - - 142

THE PASTOR AND THE CHILD, - - - - 149

CONTENTS.

THE PASTOR AND YOUTH, - - - - - 162
THE FINE ART OF LOVING FOLKS, - - - 173
"THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINETH US," - 180
"THE GIFT OF GOD WHICH IS IN THEE," - 185
KEEPING ALIVE THE SENSE OF WONDER, - - 192
POLLEN FOR THE MIND, - - - - - 203
THE SEARCH FOR SOULS, - - - - - 210
THE PREACHER—A MYSTIC, - - - - 219
THE PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON, - - - 226
THE JUSTIFICATION OF A SERMON, - - - 233
THE PREACHER AS AN APPRECIATOR, - - - 241
THE PREACHER—A MAN OF PRAYER, - - 255
THE PREACHER AND THE AGES, - - - - 262
THE POET AND THE PREACHER, - - - 270
CICERO AND PAUL—A CONTRAST, - - - 284
THE DEBT OF THE REPUBLIC TO THE PREACHER, 300
SOME PREACHERS I HAVE KNOWN, - - - 324
THE DESTINATION OF A SERMON, - - - 354
PREACH-ING OR PREACH-ER, - - - - 359
PAUL, THE PREACHER, - - - - - 374
"THE LORD IS MY PASTOR," - - - - 403
CHRIST THE GOOD PASTOR, - - - - 408

A Foreword.

Of my own accord I would not have been bold enough to write this book. To believe among the very many books on preachers and their affairs that one from me would not be an intrusion, was quite beyond me.

But the suggestion of our Book Editor, Dr. Cooke, supplemented by many ministers of many denominations, has stimulated my courage to the point of setting down some things which as a pastor I have put to the test of practicability.

If God will make these words of mine to minister to my brethren at God's altar (my younger brethren in particular), I shall be elate; for with this sole intent has *The Pastor-Preacher* been written.

William A. Quayle.

The Preacher.

If God or man has a manlier business than preaching, that business has not been set down in the list of masculine activities. Preaching is a robust business. It is in nothing ladylike. "If after the manner of men I have fought with the beasts of Ephesus" is not a phrase descriptive of physical or metaphysical lassitude or incapacity. The preacher is not a man of cartilage: he is a man of bone and sinew. He feels the riot of mighty deeds. Life is epic to him. "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus" was another of the granitic sayings of brother Paul, sometime preacher in the Church of God.

And no man of the Christian ministry will find it possible to lack virility if he associates much with preacher Paul. Battle was a first notion with him; and battle is robust. The first degree, as the lodge-men say, in the gospel ministry is to feel that it is a man's job.

It takes more courage to be a preacher than to be a gladiator, or a stormer of fortresses, because the preacher's battle is ever on, never ceases, and lacks the tonic of visible conquest. In the preacher business the sight of the eyes helps so little. Plaudits are lacking, huzzas are silent. The politician in campaign time may count on the torchlight procession, the explosion of cheers when the political platitude is uttered, the

being carried on the shoulders of ardent political partisans who see in him the incarnation of their own political ideas. Nor is it to be doubted that these days of visible triumph bridge over those other days of antagonism and gibe to which the political leader is heir. One cheer resounds across many a day of muttered discontent.

But a preacher has none of this. He is ever in the public eye, but never in the public plaudit. Whatever his service, urban, civic, patriotic, or literary, no acclaim greets him. His must be a life of clamorless renown. He feels the sullen antagonisms of unrighteousness and often hears its bitter and envenomed voice; but the procession of triumph belongs not to him nor to his hour, but please God to that far day when the humblest men and women shall have the crown and the plaudit at the hand and voice of God. This is no plea for the cheer, but is a tribute to the unacclaimed man who marches straight on when every lip is dumb, hearing the voice of his Master saying "Forward."

We shall not fill up the ranks of the ministry by talking smooth talk of ease or emolument. THAT IS NOT HOW THE MATTER IS. The battle beats fiercely. It is against principality and powers, against spiritual wickedness in high places; it is tireless as the dreadful fight before Port Arthur. The easy brother should not undertake this job. I call it "job" because that is what it is. Put preaching where it belongs, not with the so-called learned professions, but with the eternal working professions, the serious sweaty toils of men,

where the corn is planted and the wheat is reaped and the trenches are dug and the sewers laid—the everlasting labors of mankind. At this point "The Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock" have been worthy contributions to the homiletics men ought to study who would adventure on the mighty manliness of preaching. Men who could play and pray and hit, and hit hard if need be; men who wore no collar to designate their craft, but went where they went with the throng of men, men with the throng—such can be sky pilots anywhere. Music may or may not be in a preacher's arm, but it must be in a preacher's heart; and the manliest music in the human frame is always the tireless muscle of the heart, which refuses to rest lest all the other muscles die.

The unaffrighted and the unaffrightable man, that is the figure of a preacher cast in bronze. How would a sculptor frame a preacher if he set him to that holy task? If he wanted to picture sailor or architect, artisan or inventor, it would require no vivid imagination to picture forth some symbol of such deeds and such engagements; but a preacher, what would the sculptor do for him to make his meaning plain? Were I sculptor I would frame a masculine figure meet to wrestle Hercules to the ground, and he should, level-eyed, look straight forward as to see the face of man and God, and have an uplifted mighty arm, on which should be caught a sword-stroke meant for a group which should huddle sheltered at his side, shielded by his arm from the crashing sword. The preacher is thus an arm to keep the helpless and unhelped from wrath of men, and

the mighty from the blow of doom which falls on sin as from the roomy sky. That might or might not be a skillful scene to fling the preacher into lasting bronze, but would at least deliver him from the millinery of half-heartedness. He is a man, glad of the task, nor squeamish at the hurt, and is receiving station for all such vigors as inhabit this universe built of the brawny God.

"My son, be strong." How athletically that word rasps on the air. The big man's job is where we are to list the preachers at their place. The strong man's vocation is what preaching is. They who want to do embroidery must not come here. The football men are the men wanted here. The center-rush men who heed not the opposing line, how hard it is to break, but break it—such men are the preacher type. I would have every candidate for the ministry play football. It would teach him impact and to see with quick eye the need, and with spirit and body agility to cope with the need. The great, bleak, angry line of sin, what shall a preacher do with that? And the only logical reply as well as the only Scriptural reply is, "Rush against it." Those who wait with suave deliberation to measure with a careful eye the forces massed against them will truly never be browbeaten by surly defeat, but they will as certainly never leap with the wild call of victory in throat and limb. Better to be beaten having tried than to be cowed and never to have tried at all. "*Grandly begin,*" is the tremendous word of Lowell. And only such grandly begin as have nerve. Not the nerve of the braggart, not the nerve of sense-

less swagger, not the nerve of senseless attack, but the swift eye and the swift brain and the whirlwind attack —"And with God be the rest," as the great Browning has it.

To be wholesome, a preacher must be brawny. The anæmic of spirit can not do this deed. They had better not try. The world has definitely passed and forever passed out of the domain of the priest into the domain of the man. He who does not see that has little gift for seeing. The "nice man" is a past tense preacher-figure. Men want the strong man. It is not, to be sure, here intimated that the body is the preacher's chief asset. Slightness of figure hindered neither Wesley nor Napoleon. Not every man can have a six-foot figure like Washington, nor a six-foot-four figure like Abraham Lincoln. But the might of man lies not in his body. It lies in his soul, though it must be conceded that a brawny body which shall not subtract from the man when he is first met is worth the having. But the body must be as it is. We can not select the physical man we wear. But we may make the metaphysical man we ought to be. We be makers of our spiritual selves, God being our Helper. But spiritual brawn we may be and spiritual brawn we must be, provided we are to do muscular service for the Lord Christ. Was it a happening that when Jesus sought disciples who should indoctrinate this world He beckoned to swarthy fisher folk and others of country soil, mostly country men and scarcely city men, and when He found a city man of singular and angular might He smote him with the cross and beckoned the bruised and fallen

city man to come and show how he could measure strength with country men; and afterwards this same city man from Tarsus said in justification of apostleship, "I thank God I labored more than they all?" The slight-built Saul was made of sinewy iron, who could take shipwrecks to his breast and bear scourgings and not die, and meet the robbers in the darkening hills. Filigree work instead of men will not do this country toil of preaching the country Christ. Marquetry and buhl are well enough, but are not world necessities. Paul was not by common conception a large man, but he was a man. Dr. Grenfell of the Labrador is a man of diminutive stature, but that man who is ministering to such as needed the help of a Christ-man found himself on a wild night of the long Labrador winter afloat on a sagging sea of ice. The dogs which drew his wagon of the north grew ravenous with hunger and finally leaped on their master to dine off his flesh, and in self-defense he slew the brutes, battling as he clung to the houseboat of the tilting ice-cakes, skinned his slain dogs and wrapped him in their warm hides, and so escaped death by freezing, and, tying their legs, bone and bone, erected a flagstaff, from which waved the signal of his own garment, stripped from his freezing shoulders, and so signaled, a passing ship rescued him; and so the sea missed of one more victim and earth kept one hero a little longer. When I heard this man speak he impressed me as a little man. When I read this of him he stood before my imagination like a tower. Thomas Coke was a little man, but when verging toward seventy years, started out along the

then slow highway of the sea to become foreign missionary to India, and died on the Indian Ocean, face toward those for whom his Christ in love had died. I love to front him and Livingstone in my thoughts—two lovers of the underworld of heathen loss and tears and hopelessness.

Men like these are the strong men whom this article has in view, such as shall lay man's hand upon the mightiness we call this world. "If God be for us, who is he that can be against us?" is the hidden might on which the brawny preacher lays hold. He feels God competent and himself competent in God, nor leans much and has no kindredship to groaning, but sings much and shouts some and does sweaty deeds, which shall by and by become the substance of some iliad in heaven.

Preachers, be strong. Roll your sleeves up to the shoulder. Make man know a brother man has come when you have invaded any place. A man is come, howbeit a Christ-man. A missionary in Porto Rico was preaching very late one night to a multitude. He was very weary. He had preached and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper and married a grandfather and a son and a son's son—three generations—because in that land where pure Christianity had not been, marriage had been made so expensive that families had been born without the holy rite of wedlock; and now, when this missionary had come on this moonlit night, son, father, grandfather had all been wedded to the women who were mothers of their children and had gone home happy that God had blessed them with

marriage at the last. And the preacher-man, who had wrought far into the depths of the silver night, had taken hammock and gone apart to hang it on the hillside, where moonlight gypsies with the shadows; and when his prayers were said and he would have slept, certain barefoot workingmen, who had come from far and had not heard enough of the strange, sweet gospel from the preacher's lips, came quiet as the moonlight and said, "Mr. Christ-man, will you tell us some more about this Christ?" And then he said he knew he was not tired, but rested, and arose and told these workingmen, for whom Christ died, the story of the Christ, who was to them like some gracious dream—and they went down to their houses justified. "Mr. Christ-man," that is nearly what a preacher is, though not quite; when these dusky brothers would come to know this preacher better, then they would accost him as "Brother Christ-man." And so this is what every preacher is—a man, a Christ-man, a brother Christ-man, strong to battle and to plow and reap, or, what is challenge to a stronger strength, to work and have no reaping—here.

The Preacher as Annunciator.

A PREACHER may not be a great man, but he must preach great matters. His pronouncement is sublime. The little child who holds a geography in his hands holds a geography of a whole round world. He is a lad; but the geography is a planetary concern. Initial to any dignified preachment, is the sense of its sheer immensity. To sail a toy boat on a puddle is quite a different employment from sailing a toy ship on an ocean. To some men preaching is sailing on a puddle. To such men, need it be said, preaching is a childish performance. A big man at a trivial task is ridiculous. Except a gospel be voluminous as an ocean, to preach is petty employment. A stupendous gospel makes its proclamation a regal performance. Some kingdoms yet alive in our world are as infantile as the kingdom in "The Prisoner of Zenda," only large enough to supply wine for a drunken king and cheap wardrobe for a kinglet. A little swagger, a little fuss and feathers, a little cheap theatricals, but no kingdom whose interests are the crowded interests of a mighty host. This is what renders the pomp of such workers ridiculous. They have all the ritual and none of the majesty of a cathedral.

Here is where a man who inspects preaching as a possible vocation worthy of a grown man must be rigid

with himself. He must scrutinize this task as a competent engineer does the swirls of riotous seas where a lighthouse is to be erected. The painstaking must be infinite. He must not lightly scan this home of wrecks like some gay pleasurer who lifts a voice of momentary horror over this feast of shipwrecks. These pass by this fearful spot: the engineer stays by it. He is here to cure it, and must therefore hold a court of inquiry over it. He calmly studies its wildest toss of wildest tempest. Even so the preacher in prospect. He is vigilant first of all to see whether the task be sublime. If it be not, he must not choose it for his human task. Either the gospel is incomparably great or it is imbecile; and no man must be doer of the imbecile. If this view be accurate, then it is apparent that the gospel differs from all vocations beside, for with other vocations some must be small, some large; and small must be cared for as definitely and sedulously as the large. Nothing that ought to be done is to be accounted small. Not so with the gospel. Either it is sublime or it is unworthy; and this is so because of the scene for which as well as the scene from which its task is defined and carried on. Either the gospel is a hoax or it is the great dignitary among the vocations of the world. It is mightiest or it is a piece of charlatanry; and what man dare think of himself in the rôle of a charlatan!

The lure of the gospel is the lure not of wages, not of leisure, not of prestige, but the lure of things to be done, which, if left undone, this world would be left a wreck along the shores of the universe. If the

gospel be not utterly necessary it is utterly unnecessary. There is no half-way permission or commission to this Christ apostolate. Man is so great and so lost in the theory of Jesus as to lift all that touches him into the supreme passion of the world.

Unless a man feels this like the hack of a sword or the fierce jab of a spear, he must not preach. He is not big enough to preach to whom this gospel is not supremely great. Except a man's ministry be momentous, he himself is trivial.

If a body kept a lighthouse on a bleak coast, shut up of storms and prisoner of dangers, could his manual toil ever become bitter or commonplace, if so be the keeper knew that on his fidelity to keep a lit lamp depended the safety of fleets of ships? The days might be wintry, dark, monotonous, the coast might be one barren, dreary stretch of sand, the lighthouse might shiver to the waves' onset crush on crush, the ice-floe might cinch round slow and ruthless, but these would only clamp his lips a little firmer for his resolute task, to keep brave ships safe from grim catastrophe. The value of his deed makes his whole life one epic achievement.

What think you, preacher, is your task sublime? Does it summon a strange enthusiasm to dawn and noon like glorious Mount Tacoma of the Pacific Sea? If not, then you have missed your task. Let go. You will with dull certainty fumble a task whose magnitude you can not appreciate or approximate. Men so little as to think the gospel lean must not undertake to preach it. Wise men will laugh at them: the wise

God is certain to. Better mend kettles in a jail than to think a Pilgrim's Progress a foolish quest and think the Delectable Mountains inconsequential hills. If the gospel brings a man to his knees, if the Christ seems loftier than all the lit stars, if Jesus seems beyond all words yet theme of all words in time and in eternity, if a lost world shut the soul in as with a Labrador fog, and the sense of a redeemed world wakes a million sunrises on the morning hills of the heart, then may that man humbly aspire to be minister in holy things, a neophyte at God's high altar.

The relevant question for any preacher to raise at this inquisition of his own soul is never, "Am I great?" but ever, "Is the gospel great?"

"The task as under the great Taskmaster's eyes," as the blind Milton hath it, is the eventual thing, the solemn and solemnizing circumstance of a ministerial career. "I am the proclaimer of this gospel," is a preacher's authorization of himself.

Suppose at the gate of a city, as a preacher entered the portal for the first time, there stood as in ancient cities a sentinel with strident voice to lift the challenge, "Who goes there?" Then the preacher's fearless answer to the fearful challenge would be, "I am a preacher of the everlasting gospel." And the sentinel will let him pass. In these wide words he has lifted above his head a sky where all sublimities and humilities may wander fearless as the rush of stars.

I have seen some men preaching who appeared to me to be clerks in a poor store. They were very busy; but they had no goods. They sifted the newspapers

to disclose a Sunday theme. They were eager with a sort of childish eagerness to have something to say, but when they spoke they had nothing to say which, if left unsaid, had left a new heart-break in the world. Newspapers deal in temporalities: a sermon, to be a preachment, deals in sempiternalities (a latinity which, if used seldom, reverberates like a terrific sea).

"If I left this sermon unsaid, what loss would ensue?" Put that sharp sword at every sermon's throat and see how the sermon fares. "The gospel is so sublime," is how the mighty preachers felt. That was the mood of Paul, who was burdened by his vast preachment. "I have a baptism to be baptized with," said the Christ. That sense of vocation will crush little moods down, will stay manliness up, will give valor as a warrior, will give charm as a man, will give a man a hearing on the part of brawny and burdened souls.

"It must be told," is how a man must feel toward this gospel. It must be told. This world needs it. This world must have it. "I am the voice," said sunburnt John. "I am the voice," every preacher must say. What boots it that gracious truths are for the telling if no one lifts the voice for telling them? I am that voice. I must not be silent. "Woe is me if I preach not this gospel," is the sedate answer of a serious soul confronted by the peril of silence. "I must, I must; I dare not be silent." And when viewed in this light, preaching becomes sublime.

The Pastor-Preacher.

Fallacies lurk almost everywhere. They are very treacherous. Who does not guard against their guile will probably be slain by them in the dark. This preacher-task is peculiarly liable to this wily attack. The fallacy of special prevalence is that a man must content himself to be a preacher or a pastor: he can not be both. This is often said, and often, too, by such as should know better. In no vocation is a fallacy quite so treacherous and damaging as in the preacher vocation. There incorrect premises will mislead, if they do not ruin, a career. Many look on the activity of a minister as if he were to be either an assistant pastor or to have an assistant pastor. Such expectancy is plainly deceptive. It neither will be that way, nor ought it to be. A man should be big enough for both procedures, and can be that big. It is his distinct business to be. Not infrequently advices to ministers are tendered by such as could not preach or could not visit, and sometimes could do neither, and then these visible infallibilities stand qualified to criticise all who in weakness and weariness and yet with manly fidelity are trying to do both. The axiom of a preacher's career should be, "By the help of the great Pastor of the flock, I will be a pastor-preacher."

The supposition that a man is so important that he can not afford time to make pastoral calls is a piece of irreligious conceit which is intolerable in a man who is to be a servant of all. What ought to be done, that is the business of the preacher to do, and to do gladly. A sign to all men who are to engage in this preacher trade with all its exaltations and all its heart-weariness is that the greatest of human preachers, Paul of name, visited from house to house and did so betimes with tears blinding his Christ-dimmed eyes. After that ensample we lesser men may well refrain from suggesting to ourselves that we are too important to do the menial service of pastoral visitation.

The trouble is largely with our ideal. If a man gets off on the wrong foot in this business he seldom gets on the right foot. If a man entering the ministry feels called of God to do all that becometh a good minister of Jesus Christ, and feels that this includes caring for the flock, hunting the straying sheep, catching the lost lamb against his heart, binding up the broken-hearted, caring with great gentleness, yet with stern sagacity, for those who are out of the way, then will his whole life shape itself to meet this gracious conception of heavenly ministry. I have not met any minister who had once been a visitor from house to house amongst his people, giving over the custom, on further knowledge of that way, because of inexpediency. Those who once try "calling" as a means of grace both for themselves and their parishioners, see the sweet effectiveness of this ministry and use it with growing eagerness as the years go on. True, it is hard work

to go day after day from house to house. The body wearies and the soul wearies. But why should a servant complain at being tired? Is not he his Master's man? Do not his work hours belong to his employer? Is it to be wondered at or complained of that at day end his shoulders stoop beneath the toil? Truly not. Every hired man, if he have done a man's work that day, is tired by night time; and his weariness is token of his diligence.

But the ideal, and not the physical toil I still think is the chief deterrent to the exercise of this godly diligence in pastoring the flock. Can a man do both pastoral and preaching work effectively? Certainly. And why speak so dogmatically on a disputed point? Because many ministers have done both. This ends the matter. What has been done can be done. An able-bodied and an able-souled man can do great things; and when definite things need the doing we are the men to do them. No thoughtful man can doubt the effectiveness of pastoral work. All human people want to be cared for by their pastor. To assume that one has members who do not care whether he comes to see them or not, is to assume that they lack the human heart. They do not. There are no classes and no masses to a wise man who cares for souls. He knows folks. And if a man be so, he will find open doors and open hearts; and if he be not so, then he has no business in the holy vocation of preaching. "I am sufficient of a preacher not to need to visit around," I have heard that remark not infrequently, and have heard of it frequently. It is always a mark which evi-

dences a sure lack of the very brain-girth which the speaker credits himself with possessing. If a man is really big he can do two things. If he can not do the two things, he is small. A little conceited strutting will not raise him into real intellectual supremacy. So far from a preacher divorcing himself from pastoral fidelity because he can gather a hearing by his voice and heart making joint argument, he is the more obligated to bring his powers of holy persuasion to bear on the unit, and not let his sole influence lie on the one altar of public speech.

Either a man is too big to make pastoral calls or he is too little. The man who makes his boast that he does not need to make pastoral visits plainly does not think himself little. He mistakes himself for a great man. Now, if he were great he could be ambidexter and do both. The fallacy at this point, I take it, lies just here: A minister thinks that such ministers as go from house to house to visit are drumming up a congregation, but that they themselves are so gifted as not to need to drum up a crowd. But the falsity of the assumption lies in the motive implied. The faithful minister is not drumming up a crowd as he goes from door to door, knowing the children, comforting the wounded; he is doing his duty, he is getting close to those whose servant he is, he is showing by his coming that here is a friend, a brother, a lover. If by this means his hearing is augmented, so much the better; but with a man of real depth of spiritual nature that does not occur to him at all, and most certainly does not occur to him as the motive of his endeavor.

He is girded for his deed by the high hope of helping those to whom he comes.

I am not unaware that it has been thought that, irrespective of real preaching gift, a good visiting-pastor could build up a notable hearing. My impression formed by years of attention to leading leaders in the Church of Christ is that, however this may have been in times past, it is not so now. A good pastor may be preferred to a man who is solely a good preacher; but the good pastor needs to preach; and the good preacher needs to be a good pastor. People are getting curious. They seem to want a man to be capable of ministering to them by high speech, by the touch of hand and the whisper of the voice.

Some think that visiting is easy work, that it is mainly an exercise of the legs. What a poor sense such have of the validity of the social instinct and the divine instinct of the home! Those who so think do themselves scant credit. It is hard to muster up real respect for that man who knows people and respects the souls of women and men and yet has so scant an appreciation of meeting man as man apart where two souls may hazard confidences. It is a burning pity that in these so profound interests men can exhibit so feeble perception. True, a man may be so gifted as a preacher that, whether he visits or not, he can command a hearing and can help a throng, which is quite beside the real issue. The real issue is not whether a speaker can by the remote handling of the pulpit benefit many and gather a distinguished congregation, but is whether he could not do any given congregation more

good by both remote and neighborly treatment. Absent treatment may well excite the risibilities of such as are not opaque in their intelligence, and it may with cogency be required by every preacher of himself whether absent treatment in a social and brotherly way can by any possibility so help those whom he is bound in righteousness to help as present treatment would do.

Pastoral visiting I deem to be a greater tax on the faculties than preaching, hard as preaching is. Such visiting is by no manner of means a holiday to the brain. Provided a preacher spent his forenoon in his study in taxing thought and profound investigation of those majestic themes which every preacher is called on by his vocation to consider, even then weighing the serious intellectual intent of the morning hours, with due regard to their intensity, the afternoon, if spent in going from house to house as a cure of souls, is a severer intellectual task. Every faculty of soul, body, brain, spirit is brought into play when a preacher becomes a shepherd of souls. Those who lightly esteem this section of a preacher's effort have not given heed to this. Had they wrought in the vineyard of pastor-toil they would have been too smart to have vended a cheap and empty sneer. If a minister does not himself do his duty and go from house to house in the name of God, welcoming the stranger, making the sick forget their aches and the lonely their tears, let him at least have the courtesy to let those men alone who will do what they should do.

He who visits his flock must be prayerful, alert,

thoughtful, robust, humorous, a lover of children, and a deep lover of age, a stout lover of youth and an eager lover of such as are in the very energy of great action, with the sweat dripping from the face and no leisure to wipe the dripping sweat away. He must be aware of men. Some preachers think they should beware of men and women. That is their blunder. Being aware of souls is the sweet essential which will give a preacher passport to most lives. "A searcher for souls" is what a preacher *en route* to homes may be denominated. And could anybody wish a diviner cognomen?

But the novice will naturally inquire, "If I go calling so much, when will I get time to prepare my sermons?" The question is valid, but not discerning. He must preach and he ought to preach capable sermons, by which is meant sermons freighted with intent and thought and aspiration and the fine fire of warming the cold heart. But pastoral calling will aid, not retard, this very sermon preparation. No average man can bend the full force of well-trained faculties to study more than six consecutive hours without intellectual fag. If he spend more time, if an apt student of himself, he is aware that he binds a certain haziness of atmosphere around all the objects of his thought. To study well while in the study, and to visit well when out of the study, are reciprocals. They do not, like trains trying to run on one track in opposite directions, collide; but, like trains on the same track going in like directions, they carry double commerce. The distinct blame of most study habits is that there

is a dissipation of force, because the entire attention is not held to the matter in hand. The student reads twice what he should have read but once, and the twice reading was necessitated by not giving absolute heed at the first reading. A rigid disciplinarian of his faculties will not allow his mind to wool-gather, but demands of it in imperious fashion that it tend to business in business hours.

Now, assuming that a student has poured out his mind after this fashion for six hours, or five hours, or even four hours, he will discover that a change of occupation will freshen his jaded faculties and bring him back like a man coming home from a swim in the sea—full of vigor as if he had never been tired. No man will, in my opinion, lose in his intellectual life, and no man will lose in his preacher effectiveness by spending his afternoons calling on his members.

Certainly every manly preacher will recognize that he must study. He has no right to take wages for a given thing and then not do that thing. "STUDY" may serve as a preacher motto for a part of a preacher's toil. But for another part of that toil the motto is, "VISIT;" and the two will clasp hands as cordially as spring and summer.

No man can be too busy to visit. No man can be so direful a student as to honestly have no leisure for seeing his members at their homes. When I hear a man talking that way I set him down as unconscious or conscious stage-play. He is possibly fooling his brains with his mouth.

"Redeeming the Time."

The pastor has all the time there is, for which reason he has no cause to complain. He has enough time—let us put it that way. And many a preacher will demur. In a way he has a right to, but in another way he has neither right to nor cause to. We have all more time than we use. We have not need so much of more time, but need of redeeming the time we do possess. "Value time; for it is the stuff of life," said wise Ben Franklin, which is a more recent putting of a laconic and perspicuous saying from the lips of a man who was a real master in the art of using time, preacher Paul, who said "redeeming the time."

The preacher says, "I am busy every waking moment." Likely enough. That is the trouble. "Busy" people are fussy people. They lack calm. They perturb themselves and others. A saying of John Wesley has always impressed me as the wisest word I have ever heard touching the use of time. That sagacious workingman observed, "I am always in haste, but never in a hurry." That is as acute as the cryptic sayings of Bacon in his essays. Hurrying wastes time: haste uses time. To be fussy does nothing much except to make a bluster like as the passage of a speeding train brings in behind it a track of leaves and winds and papers, which rush frantically into the vacuum the train has

made. There is plenty of hurry, but no locomotion; a bluster of dust, detached, useless, nervous—that is all. I have known preachers who made you wild: they were in a tempest, rather a teapotty tempest, to be sure, but still a tempest. The world was riding them as if they had been a nag. When they came and where they were there were dust and scattering among children, Church members, and Church matters. They mistook sputter for proceeding. They simply slew the effective procedure of themselves by their dusty bluster. They worried around; they told everybody how busy they were; they could hold you any length of time, detailing how unmercifully they were pressed with work, and fooled away (that is the exact phrase to fit the exact fact) enough time talking about their work to have done it. They simply mistook sputter for speed and execution. Work is done in calm just as boats which build the breakwater on windy seas must have calm for the prosecution of their industry; so must a preacher. He can not bully a sermon nor bluster his way through serious labors. He can command a calm. Hurry is detrimental to expedition in accomplishment; Nature is skilled artisan in despatching business. So hurry kicks up a dust: haste makes no dust, so there is time to see what it is at. Or, to change the comparison, haste, like an auto, keeps ahead of its own dust. If the preacher would be pacific, but speedy, he will be amazed by the amount he can accomplish. Friction is lost force. Thus must the preacher avoid friction.

He knows that the longevity of life is not in his own hands. He must live while he may, and die when

he must. But there is a thing which can be compelled. Whether one may add years to one's life, he may, by increasing the speed of execution, add a number of lifetimes to his life. If a body increase the speed of doing things—thinking, reading, and the like—by twice, then in fifty years he will live a hundred years; if three times, then in fifty years he will have lived a hundred fifty years; if by six times, which is quite within the possibility, then in fifty years he would live three hundred years. Here is where haste tells. This is the philosophy of John Wesley having done such a surprising amount of work. He was not in a hurry; but was always in haste; and he accomplished. He had put his faculties on the dead run, which is the easier speed for the brain, as for the auto, than low speed. Every preacher should therefore put his mind to speed. He should read not lazily, not stupidly, but alertly. The brain ought to be taught to attend to business; for it is really lazy, like a man born in the tropics, and will not haste unless driven to it. But a man should master his faculties. He is their lord. They can do and they will do with precision and expedition if held to it, and a logy brain can be trained to alacrity and fidelity if never allowed to loiter nor dally at a task. Never allow yourself to read a page twice to get the thought. When that is done it is not because the thought is so profound, but because the attention of the reader is so lax. The mind is more instantaneous than the eye, and yet the eye is practically instantaneous. When a surgeon takes his surgical instruments in his hand, then the hand becomes calm like

steel. The hand is trained to answer to the demand of the surgeon's knife. What an apt illustration of what the mind may be trained to do so soon as any subject is put before it for elaboration. Nor is this theory. This is the way the mind is. It will submit itself to its master. It will go, and it will go like a whipped horse if so disciplined.

So shall the average man amongst us prolong his life of accomplishment from one hundred to two hundred years. It is distinctly worth while to make the effort, the goal being so worthy.

We shall be able to read many books and ponder them. The more haste the less speed, is not true. The more hurry the less speed: the more haste the more speed. To be a skilled intellectual craftsman is to be qualified for speed and for accuracy.

Time is often wasted in dawdling over small things. The average correspondence which the average preacher has to attend to is slight. Yet many a preacher will let an entire morning evaporate while he is dawdling around replying to three or four letters. If that is not fooling away time, pray, what is it? Or he goes down town on an errand two or three times a day when once was plenty. All he had to do he could have done at one going. He did not use his brain to plan the errands down town.

Then often the preacher takes himself so seriously. He stands off and looks at his work, and it looks big. Surely. But if, instead, he would buckle into his work, the task would grow smaller. A cord of wood will last interminably if the man who is to cut it into stove-

wood looks at it and estimates how many sticks there are in the cord of wood; but if he will take the first stick, put it on the buck, and saw fast, the cord will melt away and he will have fun by seeing it melt away. To stand off and discourse on the size of the job is not the expeditious way of doing the job. "Pitch into it," is the colloquial and terse and altogether sweaty way of putting it, but is the right way. That does things.

Instead of bemoaning paucity of time, let him redeem time. Let him urge his faculties to celerity. Let him omit the small things and do the large things. Let him be alert and take intellectual crosscuts, and the average preacher will be delighted to see his own progress. When he walks to make calls let him walk at a good gait. When he grows muggy in his brain, let him quit study and go out and face the sky, and do something which shall enliven his wits, and he will come back to the old issue with a live intelligence and delight himself with finding how instantly without effort is it put to his hand.

What some men have done may teach all of us what redemption of time, what elongation of time in output is possible to such as "occupy" till Christ comes. To gauge our work and its comparative excellence not by how long we were, but by what is the actual market value of the work, will redeem many a man from dawdling and bring him to surprising outputs for him.

Lord, teach us how to redeem Thy time and ours. Amen.

The Tyranny of Books.

Now, for a preacher to use a book is legitimate; but for a book to use a preacher is illegitimate. If a congregation can discover by a preacher's Sunday utterances where the preacher's week-day reading has been, then is that preacher in sore need of amplifying. A preacher's entire life of reading (in so far as a book may) should minister to each Sunday's utterance, and not some book on which he has browsed during the week. I know a preacher whose preachments Sunday after Sunday will counteract each other with as much fidelity as the sentiments in some of Emerson's essays. The reason was apparent. He was a cheap man and belonged to the book of the hour. Books of the hour are petulant. Especially if a man reads theology (calling each tome theological which avers itself to be theological) he will find himself conducting a menagerie with many anomalous beasts in his tents, but the names of them he does not know.

The bookish preacher is defective because people are more than books; and when a man can not digest books and brings them into the pulpit as if he brought them in his hand, he becomes a ditto mark with many another preacher. His sermon is not his. It has a tang of a school. He has gotten it by heart, but his

heart has not got it. The sea drinks all rivers which crowd from mountain levels to the sea sands; but all rivers become sea when once the mighty thirst of the ocean has engulfed them. So the reading of many books is in keeping with the preacher's manliness and ministry if all he reads he appropriates as the sea, and gives his multi-information the color of his personality and thought as the sky may give its color to the sea.

The reason why so many ignorant preachers are more interesting than many cultured preachers is that the ignorant man has not been mutilated and mastered, but comes such as he is fresh from the fields, with his own force backed up by his own personality, saying the thing he thinks. There is in him a freshness like the dewy fields, and strength like the rocks which apply their massiveness to constructing mountains, and are a surprise like the finding of a new wild flower. When books master a preacher they are his foes: when the preacher masters books they are his good friends.

Some rules for a preacher's reading may be here hazarded:

1. Read many books.

2. Do not read in one direction for a month or two months, but in many directions all the time, preferably every day.

3. To this end keep on the mental table several diverse topics—fiction, poetry, prose literature, history, science, music, philosophy, discovery, biography. So many read one thing for months till they are fairly covered with the mold of their effort like stale bread. So many times, on asking a preacher, "What have you

been reading lately?" he will reply, sociology, history, theology, or what not; but seldom more than one direction. Thought inclines too readily to become reiterant and needs to be schooled to be versatile.

4. Such reading will help the mind to keep clear thought. One book will rest the mind for the other book and from the other book, just as looking in different directions of the landscape will keep the sight more accurate than looking down one road for long, in which case you can scarcely discern at all.

5. This democracy of reading will keep alive the sense of delight in all. Tedium is avoided. Every prospect pleases. Suppose a student to do a thing like this: read at the same time Cicero's Letters, William Cowper's Letters, James Smetham's Letters. The difference in times, the difference in minds, the difference in personalities, the difference in occupations will give the right of way to many noble vistas of thought. Or suppose he reads Amiel's Journal, Rousseau's Confessions, Asbury's Journal, John Wesley's Journal, John Woolman's Journal, and Boswell's Johnson simultaneously. Or suppose, again, he reads The Life of Phillips Brooks, The Life of Huxley, The Life of Charles Darwin, the Autobiography of Herbert Spencer, Ruskin's Præterita, and Cardinal Newman's "Apologia pro Sua Vita." While these readings are in the same general direction, they open up such diverse intellectual and spiritual atmospheres as to prove immensely accelerative to thought and stimulative to the moral need. Or suppose he reads the Life of Lowell and the Letters of Lowell, Carlyle's Cromwell, Emily Dickinson's

Poems, Thoreau's Cape Cod, and John Wesley's Sermons at the same time. What planets would swim into his ken, and how readily he might find his thoughts speaking the language of the great spirits of the world!

6. Read fiction. It will keep the blood hot and the eyes keen, and will teach the art of seeing characters as those masters in character saw them. "Louisana" will hearten a man for months, and "The Manxman" will set a hero in the soul, and "Quentin Durward" will make the day of his advent seem a modern incident, and "Robinson Crusoe" will make him rollick like a boy, and "Treasure Island" will kindle all the boy there ever was in him, as will also Irving Bacheller's "The Master." It will set a man having nightmares over Rog Rohn; and Hawthorne will always keep the spirit listening for and hearing things he could not hear without, and "Under the Greenwood Tree" will make the country dewfall gather on the ground of a body's soul; and "Eben Holden" will set a man's heart to the tune of kindliness for a hundred years.

7. The preacher's theological reading, so called, will need to be, in honor, more or less in the channels of his Church belief. If not so, it will be hard to justify his patriotism toward his own denomination. A wild rush to read every new theological volume (so-called) because it talks authoritatively of religion, is jejune. The wiser minds take such in homeopathic portions. A little is adequate. To be sure, a preacher must not be hidebound and must read a few theological works each year, said theological works to be in such diverse directions as to cover the thinking in the theo-

logical field. But care must be used lest he fritter away much time which might be better used.

8. In buying books, as in reading them, the preacher should study each year to keep himself so alive to the book market that he can select some volume in the various domains of science which shall keep him abreast with the best thought, namely, the truest thought, and most sagacious and informed in these fields. Cyclopedias for advancing science are absolutely worthless, but by the method above mentioned every crowded preacher can keep himself abreast of the best scientific as well as theological thinking of his time.

Now, in all this a man must guard himself with all diligence lest the erosion of books wear his selfhood away. Many speak the speech as it was pronounced to them and trippingly on the tongue. I no sooner hear them a few minutes than I know what to expect, nor am I surprised or disappointed. I always hear it. The usual saying, "That was a strong address," is usually true. So it was. But it belonged not to the man who emitted it, but to his master, whether man or book. I had read the address in the book before I heard the address from the man. The utterance had no more personality and originality than the shadow of a boulder cast in a stream. To the many who were not informed in reading, the address passed for strong thought: to one informed it passes as an absorption of books, an address in which was no sign of thought. The things he told were told him; and as they were told, so he spoke. The reduction of a man's personality to

a ditto mark, that is bookish preaching. I know a preacher who never is guilty of a thought for himself, and yet he thinks himself a peculiarly original and somewhat brilliant thinker. But he is really a sponge. He puts his brain in water, and then squeezes the brain. I have experimented on him by suggesting a thought on some week day, and with astonishing fluency he on the following Sunday would emit that thought. Had anybody accused this ditto brother of being pure plagiarist he would have become mephitic. He is so huge a ditto mark as not to know it, but will vex the ear with thoughts which quite consume him, and he thinks himself doing the labors of Hercules when he really is doing the labors of nobody. This kind of a brother is very tedious, but often passes for scholarly. "Scholarly" is a nondescript word in vogue by many to cover up their own paucity of thought and lack of ability to do a thing they were not coached to do.

Pastoral visiting will frequently do more to break the tyranny of books than all other things combined. A flow of hot blood, an invasion of soul, the cry for help oozing from bleeding lips, will make a lot of bookishness become humanness. Preachers are dealers with souls. Men, women, children are more majestic than books. Books may cast a light on the soul and on soul forces as an artist conceals the light from the gaze of the spectator, but so placed that his picture is set out with splendor by the hidden lamp. So used, books are priceless in their soul use.

Books must filter through the soil of personality as water through the earth's gravels which are about

them. Most water of celebrated springs owes its qualities to the earths which hold it. Preachers must study this,—study that books do not eliminate them as Becky Sharp eliminated Rawdon Crawley. Sermons should not smell of the book, nor smell of the lamp, but should thrill with the thrill of the book and the thrill of the man who preached the sermon, so that all the auditors may say, "Our preacher spoke this day;" whereas many an auditor must in fidelity to fact say, "Our preacher to-day rehearsed another installment of thoughts belonging to somebody else."

Books are the preacher's good servitors, but his execrable masters. The preacher needs to have an insurrection of himself. If on a given day any visitor should inquire in some pulpit, "Who preached here?" a just reply would be, "'Most anybody preaches here; but Brother Ditto is the mouthpiece; we have phonographic observations from this pulpit." This stricture would not be cynical, but it would be vitriolic. A preacher should refuse to be such that this criticism may be passed upon him. When asked who he is he should be able to reply, "I am not the voice of books, but books speak through my voice what I pray God may be an inspiration."

The sin of contemporaneous preaching is not that it is not homiletical, but that it is what might be said by anybody who had read the same books.

Squelched by the books—is what many are. They are bedridden by the books which are really meant to be stimulative to their own thinkings. When a body recalls the discourses he has heard it is humiliating to

consider how few persons spoke as if they themselves had had the vision. So that the thing to consider with the preacher's own self in the reading of many books, which reading he ought not to omit, is that his primary business, intellectually stated, is not to find out what everybody else thinks about his text, nor how many books have been written on the text, but what does he himself squeeze from the text, and how he on his own road can come to destinations which will be helpful to men's souls. Not what the commentaries say, but what does he himself have to say.

If the preacher holds books in solution in his brain so that he is not himself a book in a different binding, but that books enter into his vitalities and on any day can burgeon in him with a hidden gladness, then is a preacher safe with his books; but if they tyrannize over him like some children do over their fathers, then will the book be a millstone hanged about his neck. And what may happen to a man with such neckgear is common knowledge.

The Preacher and His Books.

"I AM a book man," said Lowell; and every preacher should profess this Lowell creed. Books are the juices squeezed from the cluster of the ages. They represent earth's wisdom and delight and are the foot-path across the hills along which the generations have trod. The preacher ought to be at home in the best thought of all time. He owes that to himself; he owes that to his people. He has no call to slight any help coming from any source. It is witful for a man to be familiar with the sagacities of human genius. He should know the values of which the human spirit is capable. His lips should be attuned to all choicest phrases and all unusual thoughts. His tongue should be put to school to noble English from Chaucer to Maurice Hewlett. The training of his tongue is a thing he must attend to, for he is a talker of things. Storrs and Beecher and Parker may affirm what music is possible to extemporaneous utterance.

The preacher should read the dictionary. The book is rather long, it must be admitted, but is beyond degree fascinating. He will do well to mark every word in the lexicon save the chemical terms, which may be dropped off sight unseen and good riddance. The amount of romance packed up in the history of a single word will stand a dullard's brain on tip-toe. This dic-

tionary perusal will give the speaker a gamut of speech which will keep him from being his own ditto mark. The words he uses will be like the flowers a body might pluck coming through a wild-flower field. A word has a haunting quality in it betimes like a strain of saddened music heard at dusk. Three or four pages of the dictionary each day will stir many a dead coal into flame and stir intelligence into a vagrant mood; and vagrant moods are the soul's hours of vision and attempt.

As seems to this writer, the preacher's reading should be for the purpose of girding his intellect. He must be a man and acclimated to the thoughts men have thought and the hill road men have walked with naked feet. He should bring knowledge from far. He should be on the search for facts as facts, and not as illustrations for sermons. This is a mean thing to do—never to forget your job, but every day to be eagle-eyed to find the thing to fit your need. A touch of manly generosity will lift a man above all this. To get words for words' sake, beauty for beauty's sake, landscape for the sake of landscape, that is the manly thing for a preacher to do.

To bring the message big with meaning to human souls—those sights of your eyes, those yesterdays with men and things and books, those memorabilia of forgotten words, those saddened faces from the lives of men mad with the fray or smitten with the flail of pain, should leap to your need like sword-hilt to hand, and you will feel not as a trespasser, but as a discoverer.

THE PREACHER AND HIS BOOKS.

To read books for the love of books, to study history as being one of the race whose varied journeys history records, and for the reason that you are a man whose hands shape history, in the last, to the fine expression of his own soul, to read poetry because poets hear the swish of those waves whose voices to their hearing become articulate words, to read fiction because it is one of the brawniest ways of telling truth, to read biography because man must be a passion with man, to read science because real science is the trituration of God's thoughts, and so to translate biographies, geographies, sociologies, astronomies into the talk of the common people so that all may know how God has done, that is a preacher's wisdom.

Every department of human thought must be the preacher's concern solely because he is a man. With man he lives; man he is; and the tireless destinies of a race are the things with which his own destiny is inextricably tied up. At no point in his career is the preacher in more danger of losing his manhood in his preacherhood than in his reading. Here is a good place to take his stand for the man of him against the preacher in him. "Because I am a man I do this," may be a safe criterion for himself. As a fact, some things will concern him as a part of his technical curriculum; but the real wealth of the preacher's intellectual life lies in that he is so little an artisan and so persistently, so inexorably, so entirely a man. Preaching is saying human things to humans and divine things to humans, and these two voices are actually the only voices books possess.

So, as a man, world classics must be read by the preacher. The great poets must be read, the great fiction must be read, the great biography must be read, the great autobiography must be read; all greatest books must be read, as well as very many books not great at all, but entirely human and sympathetically divine. "Must" has been the word, and justly. We may be said to have no option about great matters. Just as, in so far as may be, the great visions must be beheld—the mountains, the prairie, the sea and the sky and the St. Lawrence's crystal sweep toward the northern hemisphere of ocean—so the preacher-man who would know the high tides of human intelligence must be on easy terms with the greatest books of the world.

These are not so many, but that he may own them as he ought. Let each preacher put as the oak center of his library the greatest of the great books, put his name on the fly leaf and say, boldly, *Ex libris;* have the margins of the books scrawled up with his own scrawl, so that the strange old masters of saying the things of the soul may belong in such fashion to him as that these books may never come to the possession of another without bearing his bookworm holes through and through those pages.

Just what those greatest books are may be heard from keeping alive to the *obiter dicta* of such as read and such as write the books the world is reading now. To follow any one man's dictum in this selection is rather peevish; but to be averse to hearing every man's opinion would be to show oneself intellectually obtuse. Few items contain more stimulation than the mention

of books men and women of real insight have read and accounted worthy. A preacher may hold to one suggestion with profit; this: he who names the great books should have spiritual insight. The list submitted by a distinguished American not long ago has this defect: it seems not to have spiritual vision. Some timid books, and flaccid, are included; some mountainous books are omitted.

The preacher must read; he must read widely; he must be aware of things; he must want knowledge and feel its thrill; he must want to know and feel, not that the cutaneous hearer shall say, "How much he knows!" but that all hearers may feel how far afield he has gone to bring the message to their immortality. The untechnical reading of the preacher, this is his influential reading.

Theology he must read and ponder, lest he be a guide who knows not the road; but what pertains to humanity is, after all, the profoundest sea. Here all ships will sail. And it is heartening to my mind, having been my lifetime a reader of many books, to note with what sure persistency the human sea reaches its tide out toward God. The world books are feeling after if haply they may find God. The world's wisest love is in happy fact, in glorious fact, in quest of God.

The Power of the Will in Preaching.

Curiously enough, though men have been in the business of preaching for nineteen centuries, there is as yet no recipe for preaching. Poetry and preaching stand together, facts for which no explanation can be discovered. One man is a poet, and that is the end of it; one man is a preacher, and that is the end of it. We can not come at the hidings of his power. We can not build a preacher. No theological training gets up into this hill. Theological training can make better preaching, but scarcely better preachers. This paradox means that the substance of sermons may be bettered by scholarship and knowledge of books and how to use them, but the preacher is not as such improved. Preaching can not be imparted any more than it can be transmitted.

Now, of all the books written to tell how to preach, not one of them accomplishes the task undertaken. Nor is this to be imputed as a fault. They talk about their theme, but can not get into it. No fine art can be taught. You can teach anatomy, but not painting. You can teach theology, but not preaching. One man can preach: another man can not preach, and when this is said we have gotten to the limit of our tether.

What might has the will in preaching? My judgment is, we do not know. The soul is so mystifying

a quantity, the roads leading to it are so many and diverse that the means of appeal are clouded as with a mountain's mist. We see the path we take only in fragments, as we do a road leading across a moor. Men of immense will have sometimes preached with power, and sometimes men of no will have preached with power. What is the conclusion? This, that the no-will man did not preach effectively because he had no will, but because he was possessor of other means of effective appeal to the soul. In the case of Bishop McCabe you must have noted that he was in a strange degree efficient. Why? His voice? His big-natured-ness? Is it will? No. It is nature. That is all. We know what it is not, but we do not know what it is. Magnetism is the miscellaneous term we apply to postpone our defeat in answer. All we know is, he had power.

Wellington and Grant were men of will. They were Bessemer steel as regards volition. They were not orators. Gough was not a man of underscored will power, and was an orator. I do not think that any faithful portrait of Bishop Simpson would annotate his character as distinctively a character of immense will power, yet we have not often produced his equal as orator. Patrick Henry was not the iron man of the Revolutionary era, but was the orator composed of fire and clay. General Jackson was iron, but not orator. It is not clear but that Calhoun was both. Webster was our typical political orator of the highest type, and defective in will to a known and lamentable degree. Henry Clay was not granitic. Henry Bascom was in

no regard a man of immense will power, but one of the most eloquent of bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Parker was irascible, dogmatic, uncertain, and not a pillar, but was in noble fashion preacher. Guthrie was not specialist in will. What inference are we to draw? No inference as to the use of will, only to say that these men of mark as orators and preachers have not been distinctive as men of will. Their powers lay not there so that we may justly conclude, as I think, that will power is a *sine qua non* to great preaching. Such would be a plain perversion of the facts. I could show on theory that will power is a preaching necessity. I can show by appeal to facts that it is not. As between Wesley and Whitefield, the will was on the side of Wesley and the preaching power *per se* on the side of Whitefield.

Preaching appeals to the will. Without the mastery of the will, access to the soul by means of the cross is impossible. "I would, but ye would not," was the melancholy word that fell from Jesus' lips. But we are to observe that life is not a military organization. In military matters one will becomes dominant. There is but one will. Men quit thinking. It is the same in the Jesuit college. One will does business for the mass. In Christ's cause it is not so. The masterful will can not control the wavering will. The preacher can not will his auditors into the kingdom of God. You might assume that there was a hypnotic will action which would daze the hearer into accord with the preacher's words; but it is not so. It is well it is not. There would be increase in accession, but a decrease in

accountability. My belief, founded on the history of preaching, is that, as a factor in preaching-power, will counts specifically but little. It is not nodal. It mixes truly with the blood of all endeavor, but does not of necessity color that blood. Fowler had a strong, impelling will, but it is not by it he widened his power as orator. It is his thought-breadth, his sense of mass.

Christ, I take it, had the most efficient will the race has shown. He never hesitated. Nothing could browbeat Him. He held His breathless way unto the cross, and thrust away sword or word which should hinder His access to this frightful goal. If we are to look for examples of will, He is that example; but His ministry was not thrillingly effective. His season of unpopularity tramples on the heels of His popularity. He did not in a psychological sense compel men. The taking of Man-soul does put into bodily form this inefficiency of one will, namely, the God-will, to drive men to their better and to their best, namely, the Christ. Those who would philosophize and prove conclusively that in the proportion of will, in that proportion is ministerial success, will find the history of preaching blow dead in their faces. I can conclude no other.

Now, to this point, I have been speaking on the pulpit effectiveness of will power. That was the purpose. My conclusions are that many things are more natively effective than will, such as imagination, emotion, love, voice, unknowable possession save as it is evidenced by power, the presence of the Holy Spirit, and many things besides. In business, will is a chief

factor in success. In no such way could it be claimed will is potent in preaching; but that does not argue but that, all things computed, he will be most efficient in preaching who with all his other oratorical effects has will power.

However, will belongs rather to the background of preacher qualifications. A sound will will—

1. Keep a man at work at his job, will prevent his whimpering overmuch, will maintain a plan when once entered on, will save his congregation much humiliation by variant moods, will obviate the dominance of whimsies, will do what he set out to do with simple steadfastness.

2. Will keep the preacher to the affirmative in preaching, will make his habit to be to emphasize the known and certain, and not the vague and gratuitous assumption; will put him on and keep him on the track of facts as opposed to theories, and so will incline his preaching to be a roadway on which tired and eager souls may walk.

Will power is liable to become a menace to a preacher, seeing it is so very easy for will to become a tyrant. More preachers are lost by stubbornness than by any other single danger. A man is so likely to mistake stubbornness for strength of will, and so make a vice his superior virtue. On the other side, a good, stout will puts vigor into many a lagging enterprise and helps the Church to find its way and walk in it.

Dr. Curry, of Methodist fame, will illustrate the uses and abuses of will power in a preacher. Welling-

ton will do the same in secular life. What made him a master in battle made him a menace in peace. George III, of unsavory memory, was the last George to indulge in a will, for he demolished enough kingdom by his savage stubbornness to afflict a realm for a hundred years.

So as a man the preacher will take heed to the will as a fact and factor in manhood and will have a care to avoid its tyrannies and court its helpfulness, and in the pulpit will remember that he can not crowd people into the kingdom of heaven by a volitional mastery, but must mix his will with his other qualifications of soul, praying his God that by all means he may become a good minister of Jesus Christ.

Lord of the quick and dead, teach us the deep things we ought to know who lead men's souls and so are weighted down with the immortalities of men. Give us the strong will to steadily and beyond frustration do the wise will of God. May we never waver in best things, but may we frankly retrace our steps wherein we find ourselves going wrong. Keep us from the stubborn will, but keep us to the regal will.

Whatever lies in the path of steadfast behavior help us to espouse. May we be kinsmen of the pole star in all right things, and may we wear a track of right intent, along which others coming that same road may drive their chariots. This we pray in Christ our Lord and Savior. Amen.

The Range of Pulpit Themes.

The rostrum is as old as democratic institutions. The Pulpit is coeval with the life of the Christian Church. The Christ Dispensation seems pre-eminently a preaching dispensation. The tenets of this new philosophy were by this means to be propagated. The whole man is laid under tribute by the gospel. The whole man has been redeemed, and the whole man must be engaged in the blessed occupation of giving glory to redemption's God. The tongue with its subtle power becomes the chiefest instrument in the noble propagandism of the gospel.

Certainly Christ was divine. Certainly His doctrine was like Himself. Both He and it are evident exotics on our earth soil. He has the look of heaven on His face, and His doctrines the aroma of heaven in their garments. The student of ecclesiastical history who fails to note this, and to lay uninterrupted emphasis upon it, as a student, fails to perceive the majesty of the doctrine he attempts to study, and as a writer will compose a history about the Church, but not of it. Rationalism is not competent for the task of becoming the biographer of the Christ, the exegete of His doctrines, nor the recorder of the triumphs of the conquering Son of God.

But while we hold fast to the divinity of the Founder

and the supernality of the power that lies within and behind the truths of the gospel, we must be faithful to the record and lay the stress upon the human appliances which Jesus taught us was essential. Καταγγέλω, κηρύσσω, διαγγέλλω, διαλέγομαι, εναγγελίζω, λάλεω, these are the terms used in the New Testament to indicate the preaching vocation, and all in some way mean the proclamation of the truth by the use of the voice. The voice is to become the trumpeter who shall announce the causes of this war on which we enter, and the terms of peace which God in Christ proclaims. As the heart's holiest mission is to love the Christ, so the tongue's holiest mission is to proclaim the Christ. "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you," says the loving and beloved John. Preaching is the noblest vocation to which angel or man has ever been called. As Jesus "took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham," so God called not angels, but men, to be the preachers and proclaimers of that gospel of which they alone were to be the beneficiaries.

Since preaching is so exalted a thing, and the pulpit so lofty a throne, it is but fitting that we should understand the limits of the one and the province of the other. It should be remarked that this writer has no pet theory to advance. He can hope to bring no new spark from the rock that has been smitten so many times, but he will hold close to Christ's teaching, knowing that so holding no erroneous view can be entertained.

There are two possible dangers in the selection of

pulpit themes, the one excessive narrowness, the other latitudinarianism. Between these two is a happy mean which is as boundless as men's needs and men's capacity. This certainly should be sufficient latitude.

1. Excessive Narrowness.

There must be variety in theme. The gospel is one, but many in one. No man has a right to turn the pulpit into a hippodrome, where he may ride his hobby. The hobby rider is a man shorn of half his strength. He goes to his task depleted. However sacred the topic, it should not be treated perpetually. Man's intellect demands variety. Monotony is distasteful, whether it be that of landscape or thought. Let a man have a solitary topic, which must be introduced at every occasion, whether the time be opportune or no, he is speedily voted a nuisance, and men avoid him. It is the same in the pulpit. Men look with disfavor on the pastor who will persist in singing all hymns to the same tune. They do not care to listen to the same topic enlarged upon at every service. Few men can preach more than one good sermon from the same text. It takes the genius of a great mind to pursue one line and not be continually recrossing its own track.

In my humble opinion the pulpit hobby rider is criminal in the discharge of his duty. The preacher is to captivate men for the gospel. He must storm the citadel of the intellect, that he may so reach the heart. Perpetual sameness creates nausea. The reiterated testimony of experience is that the preachers who persist in preaching on one theme at all times and from all

texts are not those who bring men most under the benign influence of the gospel truth. It is foolish for men to say "they ought to like it, and it is good for them." They do not like it. The man of God who knows the sublimity of the mission to which heaven has called him will bring forth from the treasure "things new and old." I believe the variety in nature is deeply suggested here: "Nature," says Bryant, "speaks a various language." No dull invariability belongs to her. It is so with the Book of God. Its theme is one; its method of treatment is diversified. I affirm that no thinker would ever dream of calling the Bible monotonous. I can not conceive how it could be so considered. In the changing beauty of the Book of God lies much of its almost irresistible attractiveness. It leaps above the heavens: it plunges into the deep: it is black with wrath: it glows with glory: it speaks gently as a woman's caressing speech: it trumpets its word in Sinai thunder. It thus appears that if we are to be taught by the book of nature or by the Book of God, or instructed by the regimen of common sense, that monotony of theme is to be avoided if a man would adequately express the "counsels of God once delivered to the saints."

2. Latitudinarianism.

The second danger is that of latitudinarianism. This term in this connection needs explanation. It is not to include a too wide range of thought. To him who has the latitude of eternity, the "unsearchable riches of Christ," and the insoluble mysteries of the di-

vine nature, what train of thought can be too extensive? It is not a danger of too much or too extended thought, but rather the ranging to topics off the levels of the gospel. It is the staying down in the marshland, when he might dwell in the mountain. It is the coming down to the trivialities, when one might be concerned with the colossal. The man who goes far for topics for pulpit treatment has always seemed to me to have misconceived the richer glory of the illimitable fields, where he was commanded to go and reap.

Do not misconceive me; I am in no sense a champion of a man always keeping to one or a score of topics. He must not rehearse the whole Bible at a single effort, but he must be conversant with the wide range of things presented in the Scripture. That Book, as a homiletic text, seems as if made for the preacher; the variety, beauty, pathos, sublimity, realism, idealism, strike one with amazement. As a specialist the preacher has that which forever renders his going to new fields for themes a needless expenditure of effort. I am no stickler in regard to the often mentioned sensationalism. That is often a blessing. The gospel on Pentecost was confessedly sensational. It aroused, fired, amazed. Some so-called sensational preaching is, instead, sense preaching. Being dull and uninteresting some divines interpret as being non-sensational, while the living Word, the keen thrust of wit, or irony, or strength of presentation they interpret as sensational. I have no fellow-feeling with this narrow mood. It is narrow and unphilosophical. The preacher's business is to create a hearing. A preacher is commissioned of God to make

men listen. "How can they hear without a preacher?" is Paul's putting of the case. God commissions the preacher to bring forth from the armory of intellect every weapon with which he can make execution for God. But some ministers take topics to lecture on. They fail to preach. They seem to have a call to turn the pulpit into a lecture platform. In my humble opinion this is coming down from the eminence to grovel in the morass. Some take current topics and discuss them: as, "Robert Elsmere," "John Ward, Preacher," and similar topics. They turn themselves into a newsdealer's bulletin-board and receive no compensation for their services. I think it is generally accepted as a truth that the sale of "Robert Elsmere" was indefinitely extended by this method of advertisement. The doubt in the book was effete: its skepticism was diluted and colorless. The character of Elsmere was as weak a thing to be called character as one can well conceive. The book was prosy and unsatisfactory. The author's polemic and philosophical powers were patently of a mediocre sort, and she herself appeared a weak imitation of Matthew Arnold. The ministry took the book in hand and gave it a notoriety and sale wholly disproportionate to its merits. A minister of my acquaintance gave an hour and a half to a review of the novel of the day, when he might have been discussing the themes of eternity. He sent his auditors home eager to buy the book. It seems a misfortune to take Goliath's blade to slay a weakling.

The ground taken is that a wealth of theme which can not be exhausted is presented in the Book of God.

Why not hold to the Bible topics? They are dignified, they are diversified, they sweep the horizon of our human desires, powers, and needs. The passing history, the range of science, the beauty of poetry, the strength of elucidation embodied in history, all these are here for the pulpit; but they are to be handmaids, and not mistresses. This expresses a real distinction. The apostle enjoined, "Preach the Word." That is *terra incognita* in its farthest reachings. Who can exhaust this inexhaustible? Astronomy, geology, the motives, the will, the affection, the individual, sociology, the desires, the intellect, eternity, conduct—these, and multitudes of others, are contained in the Book of God. Who can name the themes the Scriptures give? All the world is to pay tribute to this supreme business of elucidating the truths of religion, but let the minister "rightly divide the word of truth." Scripture is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and instruction in righteousness." What a scale of utilities is here? Doctrines are to be expounded, reproof to be administered, correction to be portioned out, instruction to be given; such is the Pauline idea. "Feed My sheep," said Jesus. Lead into green pastures and beside still waters; here is the preacher's field. I marvel if a man need stray from such a broad field as this.

It seems to me a question of more than passing interest whether the greatest preaching may not hold with close adherence to the Book of God, whether it be really the broad policy to discuss the world's affairs too much in the pulpit, whether the experience of such

men as Beecher, Parker, Spurgeon, and Simpson be not profoundly instructed, and whether that instruction be not to this effect; namely, the world wants to hear the gospel; it comes, if it come, on the Sabbath to breathe new air, to get balm it knows not of. The turning the pulpit into a Sunday newspaper is, it seems to me, not consonant with the spirit of the pulpit. It has a different vantage ground. It discusses life from God's standpoint. It tries to show how the divine idea dwarfs the human concept. Its chiefest mission is to elevate, to inspire, to ennoble—to ennoble by inspiring. May it not be said in the selection of pulpit themes, as Paul said, in the selection of food, "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient." Religion is of the earth, but not "of the earth earthy." And the strained attempt that many pulpiteers make to have it appear a common, every-day affair is a misconception, egregious and unpardonable. The race needs to be brought up to theology, not theology debased to the race. Christ came to the earth to lift up. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me," shows the Christ plan. This idea should underlie the whole fabric of ministerial labor and life. The mystery of lifting man is the secret with which he has been entrusted. I do not lean to mysticism. I do not deem it essential that a man should receive the tenets or use the nomenclature of the Pietist; but I do deem it essential that he should comprehend the Sabbath as a day, yet God's day. That word means much. But little meaning is attached to it by some. I do not think the pulpit the place nor the Sabbath the time for a

man to rehearse his exploits among men as he walked in thin disguise among them, pretending to be what he is not; that is, that a man should pretend to be a laborer, a hod-carrier, and such like for the purpose of preaching on Sabbath. That seems to me a sickly sensational method of dealing with great topics. The sociology of the Scripture needs no such tricks of trade for its study. Heavenly-mindedness is in the gospel. Let it be far from us to remove it. The selecting the themes and the handling of them, to my mind, becomes ill-advised and unsatisfactory when we pander to a vitiated taste and godless tendency and current discussion. The ambassador of heaven transforms the pulpit in theme and speech into a rest-day rehearsal of work-day topics flavored with a diluted gospel flavor. "The glorious gospel" is a thing fit to enchant men when rightly preached. Let it not soar above man; but let it not get below with them to tarry there; but rather fellowship with them as Jesus did, who led men up from the valley of misconception and unbelief to the mountain, where they saw the heavens receive Him out of their sight; and they turned thence with great joy.

The pulpit is to get men near to heaven. If it fails in this, great and irreparable is the failure.

Relation of the Pulpit to Civic Affairs.

The preacher is the man Christ left to say His words to men. He is to say the thing Christ would say if He were here. Nothing must obscure this engaging and at the same oppressive truth. The preacher must be no less than this and can be no more. It thus happens that the chief of homiletic teachers is Jesus Himself. He left us to take up His unfinished work and, so to say, to preach His sermon to the close. The cross smote Him ere He was through His Sermon on the Mount, and we are licensed to tell those things He had not time to tell. This view makes preaching a very great business and, because Christ is so exhaustless, an exhaustless business. So that our largest business as preachers is to be certain we have the current of the stream of Christ's thought and life. Not all works on homiletics are worthy compared with the simple majesty of movement and might in Jesus. He was the preacher at His best. He knew what was in man and what was in God. He had a passion for men's souls and bodies, a hatred of sin and sense of its heinousness, a love for folk unmixed with any caste bias, a readiness to give men light and life, a love for little children, a compassion wide as the weeping of broken hearts, a faith in men unbroken by disappointment in

them, and a laughing heart that made merry with the thought of God. He saw great truths clearly, and so could preach them lucidly; He knew the gradations of values and relations so that He never put in the second place a truth which was primary and must in rightness have primacy, nor ever exalted to primacy any subordinate consideration. There was in Him the level view, the certain step, and a man's grasp. Christ preached to ones. He dealt not in twos. He spared not any labor on the single soul, as witness His sermon sublime as the night skies which He preached to an ignorant woman, and the verification He allowed the hesitant Thomas, and the look He gave the swearing Peter. Christ was the apostle of the single-man. "I have somewhat to say unto thee," is His ringing word calling the centuries through. No noise can deluge that thought nor that voice. The preacher's primary mission is to preach to a man, not to men. He must get men by the hand-process. The preacher in my opinion is in grave danger just here. He thinks to mass men and colonize the kingdom of God. That can not be done. It has been tried; and it has failed. The early Church we call the Apostolic Church held to Jesus' way and succeeded: the later Church hasted, baptized tribes instead of men, and—failed. Our modern ministry is in danger of this post-apostolic haste. We are worried by the talk on sociology. The clamorer has frustrated us. We have had our head turned, and in that muddled state have supposed that university settlements, neighborhood houses, institutional Churches, and such like have an appeal the gospel has not. The civic seems

large, imposing, accelerated, as compared with the old method of one man at once.

And besides, we must be modern and up to date. To hear much contemporaneous talk one would imagine that our predecessors had scant sight of the real regenerative methods. We are they who have climbed this Ararat. Now the sedate fact is, we must always get back to Jesus. He had the right method and the right theology. Evolution must learn a touch of humility in the presence of Jesus. He grew as a root out of dry ground and is beyond praise as he is beyond blame, and brought to flower and fruit the gospel means and might, so that we are all copyists. The first line of writing is his: the poor zigzags are ours.

Now, Jesus was not civic, but human. He held to the man and would not let him go. This does not mean that Jesus aspersed or neglected the civic, but does mean that He was not blinded as to the right procedure. The state follows the man. Man is bigger than a state. Rome did not know that. Jesus did know that; and for such reason Rome is dead and Christ was never so much alive. A right man will found a right state, was Jesus' apparent theory. He would not have agreed with Bellamy, nor any form of nationalism nor socialism. He knew too much. He knew that bad men would build a hell if a hell were not built for them, and that good men would clean the slums of hell and make of it a paradise. From these considerations I adduce the conclusion that the preacher's significant business is with preaching salvation for each man's life. The necessity of the blood

of Christ, the turpitude of sin, the might of the Savior, the glory and the beauty of a life hid with Christ in God—that preaching is the great preaching. It includes and excludes. The pulpit is not by calling a civic function. It is a voice from heaven. It is the God invasion of this world. It is the sky speaking to the clouds. The uppermost speaking to the undermost and for the divinities within it. If such theory of the pulpit be right, how plain the preacher's message becomes. He understands the art of inflection. His emphasis becomes appropriate. He is blowing on an angel's trumpet. His pulpit is seen not to be a forum for the many themes, but a rostrum for the one theme. His theme has him rather than he having the theme. He is hard after the one lost sheep. Life calls to him from the depths as from the heights, and his feet hurry, as if wings were on them, to meet the need he knows.

Therefore his ministry is not primarily civic. Not primarily for the state, but primarily for the man. He wants the state for God, but knows he must have the man for God, or man and state will be reprobate. I think some among us have lost God's emphasis. We have flatted a little, as some singers do. We have thought a nation was larger theme than a man; and we were mistaken. The man regenerated will include the State.

Now, the question of primacy of theme and emphasis settled, the preacher may preach any good thing. Morals, intelligence, manliness, womanliness, obedience to law, the duties of employers and of employees, and all the range of duties, pleasures, harmonies, and majes-

ties of life, only they must be, as the bass in music, written below the treble. They are an inclusion, and not the sky. Paul illustrates this in his books and preaching. You can not mistake his theme. He is preaching Christ, and Him crucified, and that by faith in Him man is justified. That music is always in the air. But after that and in that you shall hear all sorts of counsels and every sort of message. To his large heart there are no trivialities. He summons men to live in God and to walk worthy of so high a calling. So he preaches citizenship. He wants men to be no brawlers, but sane, law-abiding, conscience-keeping; rendering honor to rulers, seeing they are the normal heads of states; and institutions, he says, are of God. Law hath its home, as Hooker has it, in the bosom of God. God stands against lawlessness and for good order. Governments have this end in view if they merit the name they bear. Paul would remind the Christians that they belonged to God, and so they belonged to the order of law; for neither their Master nor themselves were anarchists. Christ had courteous attitudes to governments, and in His now world-famous saying, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," He has forever put government on its feet and suggested that it is subordinate to the government of God.

The preacher is a citizen. He ought to love his country. He must not be colorless in patriotism. He should love his city. Paul did. "A citizen of no mean city," is the proud and citizenlike way he put it. Let the preacher do no less. The preacher is a Christian

citizen. He is loyal to God first. His country love is not his first love. God is the "name his soul adores." But he loves his country not less because of this, but rather more. God expands the heart and makes it roomy for the containing many things. A Christian citizen, therefore, against wrong, for right. He votes, and votes according to his best judgment, right. He does not let anybody, committee or man or woman, tell him what ticket to vote. He standeth for himself. He is, as I think, a party man; for parties are, like Churches, essential to a championship of ideas. He votes. People know his party, but he does not need to prate about it, but must not be ashamed of it and try to hide it, as I have occasionally known preachers to do. Every manly layman will respect the political beliefs of his preacher; and his preacher must do the same by the political beliefs of his members. Here, then, stands the preacher, a Christian citizen, so known by all of the community. He prays, votes, has convictions, holds to them with manly determination, but never dogmatizes, remembering that he does not monopolize intelligence nor conscience. He does not preach politics. It is easy for a preacher to think his particular kind of politics a type of religion. It is not. No politics in the present American forum are other than politics, and the preacher who thinks them a religion simply mistakes his own wishes for religious consciousness.

The pulpit should be calm. No ranting should be allowed to one's own thought. The jumping at or on every thing of a civic character is absurd; and people know it. The preacher readily runs to civic extrava-

gances unless he is on the watch. He should weigh matters well ere he broaches them. I have known where without thorough investigation a pulpit has fulminated against certain men or measures, and on Monday evening has been compelled to retract. This is unforgivable. Calmness of mood would obviate this humiliation and would make for a preacher's self-respect. Besides, talking on civic and urban affairs is a disease, sometimes. The newspapers are given to asking of ministers, when some blood is up in city affairs, "Are you going to say anything on such and such subjects? If so, we wish a report of the sermon." Many a young preacher has been hamstrung here. He was appealed to on his sensational side, and yielded to the appeal; and the newspaper men laughed and chugged each other in the sides. We may well try the spirits here. When one gets at the business, it is an epidemic; and epidemics are not healthy. I have found it pretty safe not to talk on what all the preachers are talking on. It is well to have a diversity of topics on any Lord's day. If preachers could always be relied on by the public to have accurate information on civic matters before they fired a gun or a salute, it would make for the dignity of pulpit utterance and for ministerial weight in the counsels of a community. The pulpit is not to harangue, but to command the attention of a city or state by the weighed and sober judgments expressed. Most civic matters are not of importance enough for pulpit treatment. One minister once gave a pulpit editorial on the high price of opera tickets. The proceeding was humorous. Absurd things in a

city or state may be held up to ridicule by a passing word which does not unduly magnify the thing, but does give it the drubbing needed.

The pulpit should be sympathetic. The community should feel that the preacher has a citizen's heart. He should be free to commend, not apt to fault. The faulting process is so readily acquired and so cheap as to demand that the pulpit put a guard on its lips. In the main, city or nation are in the right. Things go pretty well. Many things are worthy commendation: and a wise pulpit will study to hold up to the daylight the wise and good deeds of those in authority and show how officers are mainly honest in the discharge of their several duties. For instance: unless the provocation be severe, a pulpit should not hold policemen up to ridicule, for the reason that they are the guardians of the public life and safety, and whenever opportunity offers in the brave act of some policeman a warm word should be offered. Praise is none too plenty; and we preachers who often are as dry at the heart as we are at the lips when preaching, and are so because those who hear us are so infrequent in the word, "Your sermon helped me so,"—we preachers ought to study the thoughtful word of praise.

The pulpit should discriminate with painstaking care between questions of policy and questions of conscience. That is not so easy as appears. It is not hard to make everything a conscience issue. Gambling is a question of conscience; riding a bicycle is not. One thing is directly wrong: the other may be wrong in relation. Sabbath observance is a conscience ques-

tion; but the method of baptism with us Methodists is not. Antagonism to the whisky business is a conscience matter, but the exact *modus operandi* of that antagonism is a question of method on which good men may differ. The majority of matters purely civic are politic questions, such as tariff, reciprocity, government ownership, and the like. A single-tax man wants a preacher to vend his wares, and attempts to browbeat him into championship of those views. The wise preacher, I take it, will not venture into politico-economic matters till he has pioneered his way with painstaking care and comprehensiveness. But in any case these are not conscience stock. They are views. Much talk is had in our immediate times about city ownership. My own feeling is that such procedure violates the proprieties of the nation and city, and the rights of the individual, and I feel that sometimes in passing it is both stimulating to the congregation's thought and possible conduct, to toss out a notion regarding it as a man might throw a show bill out of a car window, so as to get into the chance hands of some passer-by.

"He loved our nation," was the recommendation certain Jews wrote for a certain centurion; and it is a good recommendation for any preacher as well. Against the bad, for the good; earnest, but not fanatical; discriminating between his views and absolute, necessary truth; charitable toward those who differ from him; alive to the value of the state and the city; a live man, and not a pedant; a citizen of this world as well as of the next, and so consistently interested in both—such a man will make his pulpit a throne from which issue only edicts

of manifest worth and sweet and wholesome counsel. Such pulpit will favor the public school, urge in wise ways the Bible in the schools, keep himself wide-awake against Roman Catholic encroachment, but deal with it rarely, aggrandize citizenship by pressing on the thought of his people the right and obligation of voting, steer clear of sentimentality toward criminal classes, teach with never a variation the doctrine that the sole way to make a good State is to have regenerated citizens, and that Christ in us is not only the hope of glory, but the hope of earth.

In such matters as municipal reform—the fight on the saloon, and the like—what is the pulpit relation here? Well, as the judgment of this writer goes, it is largely one of inspiration. I think that temperance, among other things, has been hurt by preachers becoming the chief warriors. Laymen have come to expect the preachers to do the work laymen ought to do, and find fault if the preachers will not. Here preachers should take a stand and say this ought to be done, and the laymen ought to do it, and by insistence they will. Let every man bear his own burden. A preacher should be kept as free as honestly may be from local antagonisms, and he who enters bodily into local fights will stir up such antagonism as can not be overcome. I have, as a general rule, seen that the preacher who became a fighter in person wrought only short-lived havoc and long-lived disability. There are, to be sure, exceptions, but I speak of the general rule. The preacher should be the prodder. Here he can get leverage. Here is his might. To throw the work on

others' shoulders is more the act of generalship than to do all the lugging one's-self. The preacher must be no coward; but since he is, in the nature of the case, a temporality—here to-day, there to-morrow—his personal battle-mood leaves the work little stronger, whereas to educate the community to do its duty leaves the work unemasculated when the preacher moves on. Statesmanship should be the preacher's keyword.

This I conceive in rude outline to be the pulpit relation to the State and civic affairs. He hails the good; celebrates the better life of the city and mankind as if he were a minstrel celebrating a triumph; makes by pulpit ministration for virility of Christian life, and so of Christian attitude; makes men know that the pulpit's severe and glad allegiancy is to God, and under Him to all good things. Such a pulpit will be worth more than a fortified citadel to the manners and morals of a municipality and a commonwealth.

How to Reach the Rich and the Poor with the Gospel.

This double caption is taken because there is so much witless talk of this sort, and from men who ought to know better. But the title may direct thought to what are the actualities in which he must deal who does a man's work for saving the race of men.

To be perfectly frank, which is the merit of any discussion, the crux is not how to reach the rich with the gospel any more than it is how to reach the poor with the gospel. Nor vice versa. The crux is, in my belief, How to reach people with the gospel. Democracy is on us much more than we are apt to compute. The appeal of the Christ is not to poor, not to rich, but to men. And in America in particular, where the doctrine of democracy has planted its feet so flat on the soil, any class appeal is the more reprehensible and inappropriate. We have gotten the wrong mood on us when we talk of classes and masses, when we discuss rich and poor as gospel recipients. Americans do not take kindly to be singled out as objects of class discussion. You can not patronize an American because he is poor, nor can you do obeisance to an American because he is rich. The appeal which is American is the appeal to man as man, to woman

as woman. He who wants other is expatriated as regards American spirit. This is why the Salvation Army, good as its intentions are, can never have any deepest rooting in our American soil. They appeal to a man because he is poor, because he belongs to a class. This appeal works well in England, where the social structure is built on class, but works ill in our soil, where the entire fabric has for its logic that there is but one class, namely, men. If you rejoin that in America there are cliques: social, blooded, old-familied, moneyed—my reply is that your observation is just, but does not, in my opinion, touch the point under discussion. There must always be a minority who will not feel the atmosphere which enswathes them. Mummies will not. They are not eligible to air or sky. But such persons are a mere fistful as compared with the consequential millions which compose the Republic; and not by them, but by the rank and file of common men, are a country's ideals to be weighed, understood, defended, propagated. Our system is against caste; European systems are for caste. No aristocracy, whether of money, family, or what not, can be maintained where laws are not enacted for such maintenance. Primogeniture and entail are the essentials of retention of fortune in families. Money flits when brains flit; and brains are not transmissible. The father makes; the son unmakes. This is the democratizing tendency which God has put into the warp of society. The Four Hundred changes. I am told that Ward McAllister is dead. It was time. His brood will die. America has contempt for any disposition to erect any aristocracy other than manhood.

Character can never become cheap. It will always be at a premium.

Now, what a feverish few rich want and affect is not of importance any more than what a fever patient's appetite is makes a regimen for the diet of healthy men. My observation of the rich as they have come under my eye (though I profess no profound knowledge here or in any other department) is that they are sane and genial and democratic. They neither affect to be a coterie nor wish to be. Riches are so ephemeral as to be a frivolous basis for aristocracy. This, as I confidently believe, is usually felt by the rich in America. Some of the most democratic people I have ever associated with have been the richest I have known. I have never found it either Christian or American to appeal to any man because he was poor. I am poor, but would not let a man appeal to me as "my friend who is poor." I like my estate, but do not care to have any farm it or me. Poverty is an accident; Character is in the blood. There is no gospel for the poor: there is no gospel for the rich.

A gospel for men, wicked, weary, heavily laden with their cares of mind, body, heart, memory—men with divine instincts, however untended, men I have found, and have found that the appeal to life, the appeal to the mightier impulses, conscience, character, God, eternity, retribution, love, Christ, touched one as another. No man needs to say, "This is a rich man's gospel," and "This is a poor man's gospel." Both will sneer at his lack of psychological insight. Both will think him mediæval. Both despise his failure to catch

the tones and music of his Master, Christ, who came to save all men, and whose call was to all those who had parched lips of thirst, saying, Let all such come and drink.

My belief is that a preacher should never allow his thought to say to its private ear "rich" and "poor." They are words which find no place in the preacher's lexicon. If he thinks "poor" he will be in danger of patronizing a man because his cash is low or lost, than which nothing is less forgivable. What do preachers care for "poor," save as it needs ministering to? Does a preacher say, "I will go and visit the poor?" or report to his wife at evening, "I have been out visiting the lowly poor?" If he does he should be ousted from the ministry. He has so utterly failed of the mind of Christ. Or does he say, "I will go and visit the rich?" I make bold to believe that not a manly preacher would be guilty of so barren a thought. We go to visit men and women and children. It does not occur to us to consider whether they are rich or poor. They are our people; and we love them, and they love us, and we want to see them. That is the end of the deliberation. I give this business simply as I find it. I have found one gospel applicable to both poor and rich, so that in its preaching there are neither rich nor poor. "The poor have the gospel preached unto them," was the winsome thing Jesus said to John: but Christianity has done away with the distinction to which it came. "Men have the gospel preached to them," is the putting of the case Christ has instituted in the world.

I think that perhaps preachers are sometimes afraid

of the rich: they think they may be captious or peevish or sensitive or want undue recognition or feel their wealth. I have not so found them. The rich (that is, of course, the rich with brains) are as approachable, as democratic, as open to suggestion, as kindly in their reception and appreciation of the gospel as any members of the congregation. I have never found it necessary in my utmost privacy of thinking to divide my congregation into the rich and poor. I find no such psychological distinction. I find no such ecclesiastical distinction, just as I do not find it needed to divide people into cultivated and ignorant. Anybody is smart enough; nobody is too smart. And we preachers have much ado to keep up with everybody in our crowds. God stands for democracy with such persistency as to make obliviousness to it impossible. When I began my ministry I was told by the well meaning, both lay and ministerial, that a preacher need not give much pastoral attention to the rich of his congregation: they would not care whether he came or not; but he must give plenty of attention to the poor. I rejoice to say that my sum total of observation and experience contradicts those witless words. I have found the richest people I have ministered to not less glad to have me come and visit with them and their children than anybody else. Indeed, I have never been received at any homes with more considerate courtesy than at such homes. The busy men have been swift to drop their crowded hands for a little chat with the preacher.

Besides, the hurts which assail the soul have no connection with money. The great and the wealthy still

find the wounds that let the heart's best blood are such wounds as all this world must wear. I have ministered to men of national name and consequence, and found them wounded nigh to die, so that they would fall on my neck like a wounded child. Their hearts had not a great man's griefs, but a man's griefs. A son whose honor was tarnished makes a man whose wealth is colossal bite the dust. Rachels weep for their firstborn, no matter whether they live in rented house or palace. There is no aristocracy of pain or care or responsibility. The same swords are digging blindly at the hearts of humankind. We have no call to be afraid of the rich. They need us if anybody needs us, and will want us and love us if we are wantable and lovable.

Then we sometimes think these must be approached with special care. They must be handled like Venice glass. We are self-conscious when we come to them. We have a hint of man-service in our eyes. This, of course, is obnoxious to men and women of fine character. They think ill of us for our folly. They do not want to be handled with white kid gloves, but with the naked hands. They are not on dress parade. They are folks, and want to be so conceived. If we are asked how to get the unchurched rich to the church, the answer is the same as how to get the non-churched poor to the church. Nobody knows. Everybody wants to find out. We should, as ministers of our Divine Savior, be assiduous in trying to find the clue to the maze of anybody's life. That is our severest service. That is what we pray to know. So that a preacher should honorably use every social and public or private op-

portunity to get into sympathetic touch with any one not a Christian. He should always be baiting hooks to catch men. This skill we are not masters of, but with tears and anguish try to become masters of. But people will come or will not come to God's house. That is the last word. "They will not come that they may have life," so Jesus conceives the case. But in no case should a preacher make his platform for abusing the rich or the poor or indiscriminately lauding the poor or the rich. No man is good because he is poor, though I think some would be persuaded so to hear some of us preach. We talk of poverty as if it were a virtue, and riches as if they were crimes. We need a baptism of sense. An immersion would not hurt us. Frequently it is much to a man's credit to be rich, if so be his own brains and hands have made him so. Never abuse achievement unless it is manifestly vicious, and never laud failure unless it is a failure which springs from conscience mixed with the blood. Let us have a human pulpit. A pulpit which appeals to the weary-hearted, the fagged, the lonely, the betternesses in every make-up, the warm pressure of a hand certainly tender, but strong and human, the love of children, the esteem for women, the strengthening touch of such as have been with men and women and children and have learned of them, and have been with bards and prophets and achiever and romancist and have learned of them, and have been with stone and rock and flower and flowing river and momentous sea and have learned of them, and have been with the triune of God, Father and Son and Holy Ghost, and have learned of Him—that sort of pul-

pit will have an appeal not touched with sordid thoughts of are men rich or poor, but only touched with this radiant thought, "These are they for whom Christ died;" and in its limits such pulpit will have appeal, and such Church will make itself felt as a place where "the rich and the poor meet together, for the Lord is the Maker of them all."

The Secret of Effective Preaching—An Attempt.

Preaching is the most complicated among the crafts. This is so because it is a first-hand dealing with the souls of humanity with reference to those things where persuasion is most difficult. Business, politics, learning, science, letters, all have a ground of effective appeal in the immediate, the utilitarian, in part or in whole. They promise speedy returns. They belong to the now. Religion means expenditure, means philanthropy, means omission, means exscinding, means abhorring what to the normal mood of men is dear as life. Preaching is fighting a mob, so to say, flying in the face of every antagonism. This statement of the fact is explanation of the complexity of the preaching craft. It is wrestling with the sons of Anak. There is an effective preaching, and there is a secret. What effective preaching is we may know, but what its secret is we may not be so sure of knowing. Things have a habit of keeping their secrets. Might is not voluble. Electricity preserves its silence unbroken, working wonders, coming graciously under human control, but affording no intimation of the method of its might. From Samson artful Delilah could inveigle the secret of strength, but not so from nature Samsons. We have not caught the mystery of a single fact of this wide world. We are as much in the dark about reasons as when first men unlocked the

door and sidled into the laboratory of physical science. Secrets are not our specialty.

Effective preaching I would define as the art of bringing men into the mood of God and keeping them there. This implies introduction and tuition. Both are emphatic and elemental suggestions. One is the revivalist, the other the pastoral office. One initiates, the other upbuilds.

Sometimes the Church has forgotten the one or the other. Preaching is not one or the other, but both. The gospel must get control over, and then keep control over. Getting men to God and keeping men with God is the purpose of all preaching which aspires to be effective. Anything less is failure. Anything more is inconceivable. Now, what is the secret of this surprising and heavenly calling? Here is the rub. Who are we, to be introduced into this divine mystery? What claim have common men, to be let into the profoundest mystery the mind of man has conceived or attempted? Yet, for this secret every minister of Christ searches with prayers and tears, in sackcloth and ashes. What is the secret of making men like God? How august the inquiry, how holy the quest! Now, all we may rationally hope to achieve in way of answer is to candidly name some symptoms of the secret; for the secret is hid from the eyes of the wise and prudent, nor is it in necessity revealed to babes. Men have more or less of this power, is what we know and practically the limit of our knowing. We have seen men who did build men up in the faith. Let us then consider such men.

The method of this investigation must be to consider

such preaching as has been effective, and attempt to win suggestion from it which may contain some breath of the secret. For more than a breath we shall scarcely find.

1. The Personal Element. What a man is, in himself, counts, and counts for much. What this means and is we do not know. A preacher may be dull as dust in what he says, may be as far removed from ideas as earth from star, and yet preach effectively. To take an instance of renown, I mention Whitefield. He was not a man of ideas. He did not possess a power of putting things attractively as Emerson or Ruskin or Renan. There is no witchery of thought, no aureole of poetry in fact or suggestion, and yet he was the mighty preacher. He was not in the same hemisphere of depth and knowledge as Wesley, and yet as between the two we can not hesitate to name him the greater preacher. Whitefield's power was purely the personal power. He was something that burned men like fire, that bent them like wind, that drove them like a sea wave. You could not hit on the secret. He had it, that was all. Partly it lay in voice; but voice is a part of this personal equation. He was magnetic, whatever that may be; for this word is a name we give to a secret. Some men tell us a thing, and we hear it: other men tell us a thing, and we feel it. There is the distinction. Some men are logical engines, calculating machines: others breathe on our souls, and they rise to meet the breath as flowers do to meet the breathing of the wind of spring. Patrick Henry was a pronounced instance of the personal power. He exhaled might.

He caught men, and they could not get from him. He snared them with a charm. They did not so well remember his words as they remembered him. He was the dynamic thing. He was the whirlwind in whose fierce goings forests are frivolities. This is the unimpartable thing. No dynamo can generate this power. Men are born with it or born without it, that is all we may say. No teaching of oratory is other than mechanical; but this secret is always dynamical. Here we place Durbin, and at his best Foster. In neither can any one explain the how of the deluge of his might, save to say there was a deluge. This element of effective preaching hides itself as stolidly as the lightning hides its secret.

2. The Character Element. Hearers feel the man. His manliness speaks above his voice. His message is surcharged with himself. The bigness of a soul imparts bigness to the voice. I have inquired of many who were stanch admirers of Phillips Brooks as to the secret of his preaching, urging, when they said such a sermon had profound effect on them, *why did it have?* And they have not been able to answer. Voice, torrent of words, hugeness of physical size, wealth of ideas? Not these. But the last word they would give would amount to this, "The man; we felt him." He drove through our veins like a bolt of fire. He was the sermon. A great heart engaged in a great business, is what this simmers down to. And this power in preaching is not like the former element, unacquirable. It can be had. The first, men are born with or they have it not; this second, men are not born with, save in embryo, but acquire. The blessing of a great heart is

to be had for the hunt. They that hunger and thirst after a brave, strong, engaging nature shall be filled. This was in large part, too, I think, the secret of John Hall. The man walked into the heart. And beyond peradventure this is a beautiful effectiveness. Some men are heard and admired by forgetting what small souls they are. Their words come from the lips out. Burr illustrates this, and certain men known to political fame, not polite to name. But the preachment of character is one of the holiest forms and most praiseworthy. Here men become more equal than in the lands of genius. Genius is not under control. We are born in certain parallels of latitude; but in character we take our latitude with us as we march. Effective preaching, then, is in part an effective man. A man may be thoroughly, detestably bad and have the first secret of might, as Mirabeau, as Fox. This second is a moral might, purely. Not religious, necessarily, but certainly moral. It was the might of William Pitt: it was the might of Washington. The solid, sublime might of character. It was the might of Grant. A noble soul standing behind the words and acts. Put this noble soul into the pulpit and give him the message of the truth of God, and he becomes like a burning bush, a thing to hold men on the ground and fill them with unsubdued wonder. I would place Charles Kingsley here, and Hugh Latimer and Cardinal Newman and Bishop Ninde and Bishop Asbury. The men were sermons which compelled hearing and advance.

3. The Hortatory Power. This is the Methodist exhorter's might. What it is we can not name.

It is the revivalist gift, the art of impelling men to action. This is why I am of the opinion that we should not by flippant suggestions make light of the professional revivalist. His is a distinct gift, the gift of urgency, the art of pushing men into action. Some men have it to a phenomenal degree. It was so with Moody. It is so with Harrison. That nervous, agile, variable man has in God's hands led as many business men to Christ as probably any living man. Some of these men can preach much, some little, but that is beside the question. They can push men to decision for God. I have known some ministers ignorant, jocose in their misappropriation of words and ideas, and yet they had this blessed power of crowding men over to God's side of the road. Bishop McCabe had it. I have always been sorry he had not been an evangelist all these years. Bishop Joyce had it. Charles B. Mitchell has it. Louis Albert Banks has it. Dr. Goodell has it. For the man who has it I have plaudits long and loud. Our former missionary secretary, Peck, had this. His book on revivals (pastoral) seems to me the best book on that theme written to date, but, for all that, communicates not the real secret. This is how we may account for some bad men who have had power in revivals. God did not own their badness, but used their gifts of urgent appeal; and I have no doubt that many men and women have been led to God by bad men, and led to sound conversion because of this power of push on the soul so as to drive it to the resolution which brings to God. Blessed is he who has this gift.

4. The Power of Ideas. This gift conduces so

greatly to upbuilding. This is evident in Robertson of Brighton, Theodore Munger, Joseph Parker, Charles Parkhurst, Bishop Fowler, Beecher. They make religion engaging, notable. They stir the soul. They dig deep into men's larger life. They create distances, or seem to. They sting us with the wonder and the weight of divine possibility in us. Nothing can be more solid in contributing to a religious growth than the pouring thoughts of holy things into the soul. We build on these and with these. They make for righteousness. We become cumulative. Stimulation is characteristic of this type of gospel dispensing. We get to be like ships heavily freighted with the things of God. There is here no sense of limit put on God or the gospel. Here is a secret whose possession may be striven for. Preachers may say something, may bring a mood of God into the heart through the importation of an idea. Not saying kind things about goodness, but big things about God and His methods with the world.

5. Sincerity. This would be illustrated in Spurgeon and Dr. Cuyler. Neither of these is a vendor of ideas, but with manly directness and beautiful consistency urges religion, urges it consecutively, with no get-atable secret, but that they believe God and work to get others into like heavenly frame.

6. Affirmativeness. Negationists I do not note as getting anywhere. The effectiveness of preaching is the preaching of positive things found and received and believed. The emphasis on certainties. The frothing little, but bringing bread, the bread of heaven.

7. Consecration and Prayer. To upbuilding this is essential. The hold on God, the walk in the light, the fellowship with the Christ, the hallowed seclusion with the Holy Ghost, the power of prayer, the bringing men into the presence of God through the unknown philosophy of prayer, that counts. Our sure work for God must be done in the presence of the God for whom work is done. Christlikeness does more in the sum total than all things beside to build the lives of men into the life of God. More men are working at this point than any other. We may have the God might in the heart. It is a secret, we ourselves can know in God's good providence. We may firmly believe that to that minister of the Cross who holds tight to God there will be an honored showing on the Day of God. The secret of His presence is the thing for which all may make prayer and to which all may have answer, and to such there will be a sure, though maybe unseen, fruitage of help to man in the cure of souls.

8. Love of Men. That was a sure source of Jesus' power, and so may be of ours. The steady, honest love of souls is effectiveness. And this may be our joy. We are common, not uncommon, men; and by loving men we may become efficient. They need this love, and we have this love to give. All may possess it. A genuine interest in men, not because they possess some ingredient which meets our need or approval, but because they are men for whom Jesus died, is the legitimate ground for this love which avails and prevails.

9. Great Truths. The enunciation of great

truths, or if you will, of greatest truths, is to go far on the way to effective preaching. Let people know that religion is the realm of greatest ideas. Show what shock they must have had for minds fronting them for the first time. Keeping hearers steadily informed of eternity, God, Christ, salvation by faith, the atonement, the divinity of Christ, the personality and power of the Holy Ghost, the absoluteness of the right of God to ourselves and our services, the freedom of the soul, the independency of heredity and environment specially by the grace of God, the love of God, the exaltation of man in the gospel—these and kindred themes attempted make for power. And then an enunciation, a thought—the secret is still in hiding. The search, howbeit, must be mightily on all who would preach the *Christ*.

The Preacher and Sermonic Literature.

A FEEBLE poetaster once said to this writer, "I do not read poetry—I write it." He was a joke, but, of course, did not know it. Jokes do not classify themselves.

Any man engaged in any department of activity should be familiar with what others in his business have thought, said, and done. The musician owes it to himself to know what his confreres have done. What the masters have wrought is of consequence to a craftsman. What a witless painter it would be who would not look at any canvas any of the mighty men had touched into immortality. Yet not more witless he than the preacher who does not familiarize himself with the sermons the Boanerges-men of his vocation have preached.

One of the preacher's inevitable disabilities is that he can so seldom hear his brethren preach. On each Lord's day he himself is preaching, and could not hear Paul or Chrysostom or St. Bernard or Bushnell or Jonathan Edwards or Matthew Simpson, were they preaching in his town. How very often has every preacher been at the point of heartbreak because he could not hear some great preacher preach, solely because at the same time he must proceed with his own preaching.

As appears to me, every sermonizer should use every occasion possible to hear his brother ministers preach.

He should listen to them in a receptive mood. If he comes with a critic's mien, then he would far better not come at all. No preaching will do a critic good. He is immune to the reception of good. If a preacher goes to hear another preacher preach so as to bolster up his own opinion of himself and so minister to self-opinionation, then he is not only violating a Christian propriety, but he is distinctly crude. To compare others with one's self to the other's hurt is a mean thing and fails both in fine feeling and in educative propriety. There are proprieties in listening to other preachers, and all of them may be summed up in this—listening as we would be listened to. What choice auditors that would make of all of us. A preacher who owes so much so continuously, to the forbearance of his own hearers, should himself be a good listener. I deprecate the mood of preachers, younger or older, to play the critic with every preacher they hear, and wonder if the critical spirit of training-schools for prophets, wherein they are in danger of listening to preachers very much less for profit than for discovery whether they violate some professorial propriety, be not minister to the fault-finding mood so often evidenced when other preachers are listened to. Paring sermons down to the quick, fails in rightness. What the sermonic plan was is less than immaterial. Such as seek shelter from a storm are not given to criticising the architecture of the building which affords them the desired shelter. So with a sermon which by whatever route arrives, and its arrival brings passengers, is a valid sermon and, what is more, a valuable sermon.

This writer has found listening to his brother ministers one of the strongest delights of his life. When he can at hours of Sunday afternoon or week days hear his brethren, be they men of larger esteem in the Church or slighter esteem, he thinks it brotherly to be present and profitable to be present. The few inches in stature by which a so-called great preacher differs from a so-called not great preacher is literally a few inches. The last few feet of a mountain's height are those which lift the range above the snow-line, but the real altitudes differ only a few feet. The stature of preachers varies not greatly, certainly not so greatly but that any preacher may be greatly benefited in both brain and heart by hearing any brother preacher preach.

This word "preacher" does not include "ranter," a "lambaster" of Churches, although in hearing such there comes a return of help in that it warns the listening minister and keeps him from those reefs on which many break, namely, the reef of the ranter and the abuser of Churches. We may listen to such, thanking God we are not so, and by hearing this series of gasoline explosions will be guarded against being so.

Every humble minister of Jesus Christ who honestly wants to help the world toward God, is well worth hearing. If he is learned he will bring knowledge, if unlearned he will bring a degree of shrewd and homely observation and exegesis of his own which will be heartening and refreshing. A single phrase will set the soul out into the sunlight. In Dr. Claudius B. Spencer's "Easter Meditations," one phrase—and there are many such—but one phrase, made the day I read that book

a day worthy of recollection: "He (Christ) fitted death into the scheme of things." This is very noble; and I have found in hearing many brethren pray a phrase of sublimity and simplicity, and simplicity in sublimity, firing their hearts, which in turn would set me far on the holy road of dream or swing me as with a giant's arm out into the holy neighborhood of God.

Intellectually and spiritually it pays to hear one's brethren preach. One Sunday in New York I heard Dr. Burrell, Dr. Jefferson, and Dr. Hillis. How spacious the habitation of that Lord's day. And now, as I think over men I have listened to, some of them now gone into the Paradise of God, and recall the sound of their voices and the lightnings of their thought, how I bless God for them. The simple sound of the voice of a brother minister—that itself does good. We preachers grow so tired of the drone of our own voices that to hear a brother minister's voice is like retuning an instrument. To see how other preachers preach, their cross-cuts, their wide circuits, their latencies, their rush out into the open, all these put us under listening obligation to our ministerial brethren. Blessed are good listeners, just as blessed are good preachers.

To attend a preachers' meeting is a wise investment of time if such a meeting be accessible, because we not only meet brethren and so grow to love them, but we hear many views and catch the sound of many voices and gather numerous suggestions and catch a clue to many mental mazes and learn what is of inestimable worth to each of us, namely, that good men may differ very widely and still be good and true. We shall be

less dogmatic as to method, but more deeply grounded in the everlasting righteousness.

But even at the manliest effort possible a preacher can not hear many of the masters of audiences, and so is driven to reading after them. Sermon books are well worth reading. They constitute a distinct form and, I think, a valued form of literature. I have found a constant and, if possible, growing delight in them. To see which way the leading preachers of the generation are looking and leading gives a safety to one's own spiritual forecast. And so as not to be browbeaten by a superficial age spirit he should read the master preachments of the ages. The sermons of all mighty preachers should be read and studied. Each preacher reader will find himself appealed to more by one than by another. This is to be expected. One preacher will sting one brain to positive exultation: another will not stir his brain to a ripple. But that depends much on ourselves. We are we; they are they. I myself have never been greatly appealed to by Spurgeon, though having read sermons of his by the hundred, and having heard him in his London pulpit. But so many of my manliest brethren, wiser than I, have been greatly helped by him, I do not fault him. I read him, rejoice in his call to man, and take my crumb thanking God for him. So have I not been intellectually stimulated by Phillips Brooks, but am graciously aware of his manliness, his persistency in talking to larger issues, and his passion for man and God. While he does not bring my thought into resurrection, he helps me. I am I. Certain men will stimulate me more, certain less, but all

some: and I will rejoice in them all. Robertson and Beecher have their way with me. Both bring insight, but Beecher, by his oceanic quality, makes me feel a Shakespearian personality in that he is exhaustless.

As I look through my library and see the sermonic collection, I am profoundly grateful to the great God of versatility, who has made of one intellectual blood all brains in this wide world, and yet has made such variegation. Guthrie and Chalmers are wide apart, and Liddon and Watkinson are far apart, and Bushnell and Simpson are wide apart. And shall we fault this? Why, certainly we shall not, if we possess a germ of preacher fiber. They are all gospel values.

Read the mighty preachers—that is the advice. Read widely. To see what themes the generations of voice have pressed before living men for their girding will be in itself a justification for the time used. Then, to see how the mighty orators have handled God's matters will unconsciously qualify us to be strong, and not flabby. Such reading will suggest texts, and not treatments. The safety in reading sermons is reading many sermons, because by the how much we are impressed with the style of one we shall be impressed by the style of another, and so our own preacher-personality shall stay unimpaired. It is a dangerous thing to read after one preacher, one book. Unconsciously we shall be bitten into by the acid of his personality, whereas we must have fealty to ourselves.

But to read South and Wesley and Selby and Parker and Watkinson and Bushnell and Robertson and Nicoll will take us into many fields of thought and by many

highways of approach, and shall supply us with many atmospheres for breathing and enjoying. Jowett, Campbell, Dawson, Campbell Morgan, Storrs, Moody, Charles Jefferson, Bishop Fowler, Bishop Andrews, Durbin, Olin, Gunsaulus, why not listen to these men, these brawny men of the kingdom of God? They have been with God and learned of Him. They know in what quarter of the heavens the eternal stars are set, and they know where to look for soul sunrise and where the grievous heresies of soul are hid along the highway of the soul. They know things, and want the heavenly order to be ushered in which we preachers, one and all, need to know and want to know and God wants us to know.

PRAYER.

Great Master of all preachers and preaching, prepare our hearts to hear all men who take Thy holy name upon their lips, so that while they speak there may rise on us the gospel glory and through our hearts may blow the heavenly winds full of every spring growth and bloom, we pray in Christ. Amen.

The Trivialities of A Preacher's Craft.

Though when we come to think of it, there are no trivialities to great industries. The littles become large when attached to largenesses. Nothing is trivial about a passenger train because everything is related to safety in speedy transit. The engineer and conductor are no more important than the section hand and the tester of the wheels. Safety, the glad arrival, the meeting those for the meeting of whom the heart is hungry, the transit of continents, the despatch of business, these all inhere in every servant of the railway doing his exact duty.

Everything pertaining to a preacher is momentous, seeing himself in his relation to society and individuals is so momentous. A preacher's coming is to many a heart like the advent of God. Therefore his smallest activities are severely important. Recalling how trifles may mar, we may readily see how trifles make. A little thing, some cheap discrepancy, may shut a pastor off from access to some soul. Therefore is his least related to his largest. The getting close to any life's need is not small, but is the greatest deed in this great world. And any preacher may well weigh with prayers and tears how he may so clothe his entire life with such demeanor as shall commend him for Jesus' sake to the most and damage him with the fewest. He is to re-

member how he is God's man sent to minister to God's other men, and so failure in the very least is very venal. He may not glibly "offend those for whom Christ died," as is the setting the greatest human preacher has given to this aspect of the preacher's career.

Suppose we consider a preacher's pulpit behavior prior to and subsequent to his sermon. Of course, the sermon and the public prayer are the culminations of his ascent into the pulpit, but there are many items in this same pulpit etiquette.

1. He Must Come Into the Pulpit Unhurried. To come into the pulpit flurried, to be apparently behindhand, and come to the pulpit, so to say, puffing, deranges the entire scheme of the minister's ritual. He must come promptly, yet without haste. He must have calm on him. If he blew in like a puff of delayed wind, the entire business will naturally partake of his flurry: whereas, the church is a house of peace. The services may legitimately end in a storm, a rush of voices, and a clamor of sobs; but the service should begin in quiet. The preacher's calm should communicate itself to his congregation.

2. He Must Be Absolutely on Time. He would do well to come into his pulpit during the playing of the organ prelude or, if he have not that, at the exact time for the service to begin. Not before time, but certainly not behind time. Never behind time. The minister must be as accurate in his schedule as a fast mail train. To be dilatory, "just a little late," is an unforgivable misdemeanor in a minister. He must not be abrupt, but he must be punctual. He comes into

his pulpit with an exactitude which will insensibly communicate itself to the finer type of people, if not to all of the people. The minister's promptitude will evoke theirs.

3. He Will Be on Time, But not before Time. The minister's ascent into his pulpit will be exact, but not previous. This will fit into the machinery of a perfect service. If he is in the pulpit too soon, it gives the impression that when the service does not begin there is something amiss, that he is delaying for some cause to them unknown, which will naturally set men to consulting their watches; and that is a chief misfortune in the house of prayer. Time should not be thought of while a congregation waits in God's presence. The preacher's entrance, therefore, being exactly timed, on time, but not before time, the service will in fact as well as in theory be led by him.

4. Once in the Pulpit, Remain There. This coming to his pulpit at the exact time will prevent him from a misdemeanor in pulpit ministration; to-wit, running down from the pulpit and seeming to be looking up many matters which should have been looked after before. The semi-crazy and altogether loose way which some have of flinging themselves from the pulpit, tramping all round the church, giving the impression of being errand-boy in a hasty messenger service, is reprehensible in the extreme. It detracts so from the calm of the place and time, and gets an audience fidgety as the preacher. If the preacher finds something needing doing immediately, let him, without ostentation, summon an usher, who will do the needed thing. Unless

for the purpose of seeing that some aged or infirm person is seated well to the front, or of greeting a brother minister and inviting him into the pulpit, a minister should seldom descend from the pulpit before service nears conclusion. This regimen for his own conduct will readily set his habits to methodicality, so that he will seldom find himself to have forgotten anything necessary to the right conduct of his church services. We are such ready controllers of our own activities.

5. The Avoidance of Nervousness. As he should remain in the pulpit, so should he remain quiet in the pulpit. Nervousness, the moving restlessly about, the fingering announcements as if he were a news-collector, the tumbling books about, and the like, impair a service seriously. It is a wise thing for a minister early Sunday morning, before any one is about the church, to come to his desk and arrange any books and papers he may find it necessary to have about him, and place all ready for his hands when he shall later come before the audience. Let him find his psalter lesson, locate the hymns for the day, and mark them so he will not need to look them up later and have the rustle and haste of feverish quest. These minor details all help more than one might think to give the service a worshipful mien. Thus, when the preacher does come in the presence of his congregation, he may have no function save to reverently open God's Book and find the lesson he will use that day.

6. He Will Be Devout. On entering the pulpit he should first of all kneel in prayer, if that be the posture of worship in that denomination; but his rest

in God, his devout demeanor as he approaches the mercy seat, his unfeverish approach to the God of his own soul as he comes to minister in holy things, will be fitting who he is and where he is, as well as touching the congregation with the spirit of the house—the "house of prayer for all nations," as it was defined by Jesus in a definition which truly needs no revision forever. Attune the waiting company to the mood of prayer, a silent, wistful looking toward God by your own silent looking toward Him. So shall the hour have sacred beginning.

7. A Rule for Pulpit Manners. The preacher has need of his chastest manners in the presence of his people on the Lord's day. Here his breeding will come into play. What the people of best manners would be offended at are the things to avoid. What attracts attention to a minister as being an uncouth demeanor is a misfortune, inasmuch as it distracts attention and brings thought to something other than the business of the hour, which is to worship the Living God. Clearing the throat in public is gross. Persons of breeding can not tolerate such procedure. A quiet graciousness of comportment in the pulpit will leave the way open to have most access to all who are present. The looking round on the congregation as if one were nervous lest the crowd would not be large, is to be avoided. The preacher is to preach to such as come, and not to play usher for such as come. He must be above the cheap feverishness of the size of a crowd. When a man seems to be creature of a crowd, then is he lost in the estimation of the best character and intelligence of his

Church; but he has become cheap in his own soul, which is a crying calamity. A preacher's eyes may kindly glance along the faces of his flock to note if any of his beloved lambs be absent; but this is not the quest of restless eyes, but the quest of eyes of love, the mother-eyes the preacher has in his heart.

8. The Announcements. These may be a bugbear, and often are, but need not be at all. If the Church publishes a Sunday bulletin, then the pastor should avoid announcing items included in such bulletin. When the members ask him to announce by voice, except in rarely important instances, let him say that so long as the bulletin is published one announcement would need to suffice. This attitude will gain the approval of the members in bulk. It is cheap for a preacher to become a prattling dealer out of announcements. Sometimes one may hear a preacher go lengthily over with his voice what is before everybody's eyes in the bulletin. This, of course, is a work of foolish supererrogation. If he is going to do that, let the publication of the bulletin be discontinued. Few things are so disheartening as the hearing interminable announcements specially from the preacher. His voice becomes cheap when used in this business. Any voice could do as well as his own. I am not unapprised that Beecher made his own announcements betimes, and I have heard Talmage do so; but not these names convince my judgment. If no Church bulletin is published, then let the pastor appoint a Church secretary, who shall make the announcements. This is discreet and fitting, and works admirably well, and relieves the pastor's

mind of things irrelevant to the pronouncement of the hour. To be in mortal fear that some announcement may be omitted is poor preparation for the preaching of the sermon. But if for any reason the pastor does make announcements, let him pare them down both in number and in length. Let him not maunder along with all sorts of announcements of all sorts of lengths. People grow weary and used to his voice before he begins his sermon. Brevity will cover all points in announcements. Time is of great value in a preaching service. A congregation ought not to be worn out before the intellectual occupation of the hour is introduced. Neither let the preacher be prolix in announcements, nor let him allow the secretary to be prolix. Brevity is the soul of announcements, whether it is of wit or not. But this word may well leave an impression on the preacher, whoever he may be. His voice should be as little in evidence as possible in the service save in the prayer and sermon. There is a real surprise in a preacher's voice, however often it is heard, if he will hold it for prayer and preaching. Bring the voice to men like a discovery.

9. The Scripture Lesson. It is assumed that the psalter will be used in responsive reading, which is always wise. To have a multitude hear their own voices in the reading of God's Holy Word is good for them and has strange, strong music for a pastor's ears. It is inspiring after the manner, though not in the degree, of congregational song. Then, in selecting a New Testament lesson, let the pastor bear this in mind, that no audience will remember long passages of Scripture. To

read a long Scripture lesson is not psychological. But to get a Scripture which burns some single truth on the heart, a congregation may be trusted to get that and will listen to that. Long lessons they will not listen to. I have studied crowds when ministers were proceeding with great diligence, but small dispatch, through a long chapter, and have uniformly found that the people were not attent. I heard Spurgeon go through a long chapter with his common-sense comments, but even then the case was not other than has been stated. Psychology is to be taken into living account by all such as deal with the democracy called mankind. One divine truth urged home in a brief Scripture will do more good than a long chapter wearied through to which a scant handful give heed.

10. The Hymns. The reading of the hymns uniformly done is best done by not doing. This, of course, in the judgment of one man. The reading of hymns arose when few had books or none had books and the hymns were "lined." Now, when every member of the congregation has before his eyes the selfsame lines as the preacher, why should he read? As this writer believes, it is a custom best observed in the breach. If a person chances to be a reader of extraordinary grace and power, then it might be admissible, though even then a hymn read occasionally will prove odds more effective than every hymn read because—why, because of no cause. It takes time and brings scant results. If any one will take the pains to notice his auditors as he proses through the hymns, he will note the unanimous inattention, which should cause him to mend his

ways and omit what has no particular cause for existence.

11. The Collection. Few items in a service are more generally botched than the item of the collection. Few things have wider variety of administration than the collection. It can be made and should be made an integral and gracious part of the Sunday program for God's house. The customary remark is, "The morning offering will now be taken," which seems a mild remark. Often, very often, there is a harangue about giving largely, and making a silver offering, and a whole lot more to the same effect. The truth is, all this is unnecessary and non-productive. The less said about the Sunday collection the better and the more worshipful. It is worshipful to take and make an offering to the Lord. Paul found nothing incongruous in speaking about the collection on the conclusion of one of the most brilliant bursts of eloquence known to the history of oratory; but by integrating the collection with the worship, is this real unity discovered. To always remark about the collection is like making continual observations on anything, the theme grows stale, is expected as a part of the dose, and has no effect. The beautiful way for the collection, is to have the collectors trained so that without word from the pastor's lips they will at the right moment come forward. At the time for the offering the pastor will come from the pulpit, take his stand within the chancel, at which sign the collectors will come forward. The pastor will hold the collection plates, and as the collectors arrive at the chancel they and he will bow the head, he will say

grace over the proposed gift to God, pass to each collector the plate, and thus without a single strident note the congregation to the last child has had attention called to the fact that the offering will now be made to the God whose the Church is and whose they are; and the collection will be as large by this means, in experience, as can be had from any given audience. Some pastors offer the prayer subsequent to the collection; but this is unpsychological in that it does not focus the attention of the company on the fact that an offering is to be taken. The collection, in other words, comes on them as a surprise, and loses money, and creates a flurry among those who want to give and did not anticipate the offering then. This loses time in the service; and the loss of time is a mistake. The sooner the minister can begin his sermon the better for the sermon. Haste without rush is always desirable in the procedure of the church services.

12. The Choice of Hymns. Here many a minister makes a gross mistake. He either leaves the choosing of the hymns to the choir leader or he leaves the choice of hymns till the last minute and selects them in the pulpit. This is shameful. The singing is so gracious a part of the church life that no minister can pay too much heed to it. He may not be able to control the special music of the choir (if he tries to, he is likely to come to an early death); but the hymns he can control. No congregation, practically, will estimate the hymns above the estimation which their pastor places upon them. If he gives no weight to this beautiful section of the Lord's day program, neither will they.

A hymn-book is the depository of the devotion, first, of the whole Christian Church, and second, of the devotion of the special Church which has arranged this Hymnal. So that in any estimate in the hymnody of a Church is a strong stream of holy hope, praise, and prayer, which may well soak into the souls of all worshipers. Let the pastor, therefore, always select his own hymns and give them to the choir, and insist in a genial but authoritative way that they must be practiced; that each stanza of the hymn must be sung in this practice, because it is noticeable that unless such course is pursued some egregious blunders will be made even by a quartet. I have heard such not infrequently. Singers are better at reading notes than they are reading print; and besides, the squeeze which the meter often demands of the words requires that those who are to lead the congregation at song must familiarize themselves with each line to be used. The hymn-book music is great music, much of it, and the centuries have written it and sung it, and the melodies haunt the soul and ought to, and to render such noble music a familiar in every household attending the Church to which a pastor may minister is, as I consider, a noble ministerial function.

Let him suggest to the choir, be that choir large or small, paid singers or those who sing for the love of the Church, that the congregational singing is the chief singing done in the church. Quartets in particular will be slow to receive such doctrine of the music; but the preacher must be wise enough to know the relativity of things in Church life as no specialist in music can know them, and he must command the situation in its democ-

racy. The congregational singing is a democratic exhibit of praise. The choir work is not. The choir is good; the congregation is better. Both must find fit place in the conventions of God's house.

Let the preacher select hymns and tunes. That is often given scant enough thought to. It is best, as a rule, to sing the hymn to the tune to which it is set in the Hymnal. Sometimes this may be changed, but let those times be seldom. Some preachers I have known would, if they selected hymns at all, leave the choice of the tune to the singers. This was a blunder, because it ministers usually to a narrow range of music, since a choir will naturally use the tune which requires on their part least preparation. Besides, the music is very often as important as the words. Sometimes more so. Let the preacher be familiar with every tune in his Church Hymnal. Let him have them played over to him so frequently that he will have the tunes of the whole book in his heart, and as he selects his Sunday hymns let him, if in any doubt, have the hymn played so that the effectiveness of the hymn as it stands may be fresh on his own spirit. A beautiful hymn just before the sermon is like the blowing in the face of a breath of spring-wind laden with the smell of growing things. Let the pastor ask the choir to use in their special singing some of the noble pieces of melody which are in every denominational hymn-book. They can find no nobler. What can melt a heart more than "Margaret" or "St. Martins" or "Patmos" or "Rutherford" or "Ewing" or "The Homeland" or "Crossing the Bar" as set to Barnby's blessed music, or Lutkin's "Lanier?"

These played or sung bring a benediction to the hearts of all who are under the drip of their hallowed persuasion. The Methodist Hymnal is a treasury which no minister or Church can exhaust in a lifetime. The pastor who does not give large heed to its study is not wise. One of his least arduous duties and most important is the getting his congregation into the midst of this noble chorus of melody and poetry.

Let himself study variety in tunes in his selection of hymns for the days. If he does not keep for his use in his study a Hymnal, in which he notes the date and the service, night or morning, on which such a hymn was used, he will without knowing it be singing a few hymns over and over again and again, and so missing the wonder of the psalms the ages have sung. I have known congregations which did not sing more than thirty hymns in a year. That is wicked, straitly wicked. The whole is better than scattered parts. Everybody will be enlarged by learning some new hymns. The enrichment of melody in the heart and poetry in the head is worth a manly effort.

The selecting of hymns to fit the theme to the sermon seems to this minister a misapprehension of the case. A minister's theme should not be prayed-through before he begins to preach, and no more should it be sung-through before he begins to preach. The sermon, text and treatment, should come as a surprise on the hearers. This is good psychology and good sense combined. To make Scripture and hymns and prayer bear on the sermon theme is to have the topic in a measure exhausted before the preacher touches it at all. A

good plan on which to select hymns is for their effect on the congregation, the putting their hearts in devotional and receptive frame. Choose with regard to variety of music on any given day. Choose with regard to helpful topic of the hymn-poem, but not with reference to the sermon topic. Singing, chaste, melting, or triumphant singing,—that is the thing to plan for and to consider. The hymn following the sermon may naturally and justly bear tenderly upon the thought the preacher has sought to enforce. But to have the music of the day upbear as on an eagle's wings or, what is better, as on an angel's wings, is worthy and very full of heavenly help. Let all the people sing, and let the pastor help them to sing, so shall he have become their benefactor.

13. Preaching at People. Men are sent to preach to people, but never to preach at people. Of all cowardly things few can be placed in comparison with the using the pulpit to hit auditors a cowardly blow. A brainy and blessed preacher, made of the granite of Vermont from which he came, once remarked to a prayer-meeting, where it was the custom for some very good persons (in their own estimation, that is) to pray at the preacher instead of praying for him, that he wanted to be prayed for, but he did not want to be prayed at. He was just right. To get on a body's knees to say a mean thing he would not dare to say on his feet is pusillanimous, but not so much so as for a preacher to hide behind his sacred desk to say cowardly and vicious things he would never dare to say on the street. I know one man who says he preaches, though he really abuses, who would have been

a better man had he not been in the ministry, because he would have been hammered into being a gentleman had he not been protected by his calling. A few good maulings with some fist accustomed to speak straight English would have helped him toward being a gentleman. As it is, he has, under cover of preaching, raged at his members all but by name. This patently violates all proprieties of pulpit and of pew, and all the proprieties of gentility. Not infrequently men arise who think themselves brave when they are basely cowardly, saying insulting things which are applied and applauded by a coarse contingent which every city has as camp followers for the Church where the pastor is not a gentleman. Any preacher can catch the cheap cheer by being ungentlemanly toward those who pay him his salary, and the cheap hanger-on will meet the preacher and greet him with, "Well, this city has one man who is not afraid to speak the truth;" whereas, what should have been said and would have been said had the truth been uttered, is, "Well, here is one fine specimen of a coward." A man can say anything from a pulpit which should be said for the guidance and enlargement of his members if he will say it impersonally as regards the congregation, and speak with a kindness of heart which betokens a love he bears them, and not with a venom which betokens the vitriol he has for miscellaneous use. Be a gentleman from the pulpit, is a sane rule to follow. From such rule, lived up to, no harm can come.

14. Neither Murmur Ye. This Scripture is specially salutary advice to any preacher. The complaining preacher is a good specimen of a humbug. He

thinks of himself more highly than he ought to think, which is an admirable definition of an egotist. A preacher may well be definitely humble. No preacher is so strong a sermonizer, nor so marked a success, as to hurt him. He could be amended even by a resolution. The attitude of humility is very fitting all such as speak for the meek Master of men, who commended meekness by His beautiful beatitude and by the still more beautiful beatitude of His life. A preacher's ideal of his calling will pull him from any silly pedestal he may mount, if he apply his ideal. The proportions of his task set over against the measure of any minister's doing of the task will put him on his knees and fill his heart with sobs. When a person thinks extravagantly well of himself it can not be that the members can measure up to his own estimate of his talents; therefore is such a man a predestined faultfinder. His fusser works and never tires. He, this minister, has been known to complain at a parsonage and at the salary, and if he be very far gone in the trespasses and sins of egotism he has been known to find fault with the women of the Church, and he rages if the prayer-meetings are not well attended, though what the attendants on that service are fed on when they come is complaints, which is rather a diet of husks. This brother on a rainy Sunday harangues the blessed few who do come through the rush of the storm on the failure of those who did not come. This is silly as well as bad. Those who come on stormy days or nights have just right to the message of sweetness and power which the pastor has in him to deliver. Nothing is too good for a stormy-day crowd.

A wise minister will be above the littleness of counting noses, anyway. He should go on and minister like a man to such as come, and be miles removed from adverting to the size of the crowd, but push out in holy courage to give those who are his auditors a message straight from the kind heart of God the Father. The preacher who complains is lost. He may get on. He may browbeat his people into a snarly silence. He may fool the few who are duped by egotism and noise, but the discerning many will not be deluded by him, but will be disgusted with him.

15. The Appreciative Mood. This clearly is the antipodes of the former. It is the sunlight versus the windy cloud. A preacher should make a prayerful study of the appreciation of the difficulties under which persons, Churches, communities labor. He should hunt out the things he may praise. He should enjoy the landscape in his own neighborhood, the people in his own Church, and should cavil little. Censure requires a small brain and a wagging tongue, but to praise requires fine and systematic insight on a brother's part. How gleeful any congregation is which finds itself possessed of a pastor who enjoys them and their Church and their children and their way of doing things and their purpose for the blessing of the world through the Church, who enjoys their society; who every once in a while remarks: "I never enjoyed a people more than this one." That will do more good than scolding, and is more in the mood of Christ. It is so cheap to browbeat a congregation, and so charming and manly to enjoy a congregation. I have in mind a man and

his wife who are chaste in conversation, elegant in culture, without obtruding it, delightful in conversation, beautiful in their sense of what is fit in homes and in the church house, who fall so in love with a people that the thought of breaking away from them breaks their hearts, who are so dear to their flock that the thought of their going breaks the hearts of the flock, and thus this preacher family lives in sunlight all the year through, from Conference to Conference, and their Church lives in the sunlight of such preacher folks all the year through, and their eyes grow wet when you speak of this preacher-man and this preacher-woman. Why, this is really heavenly. And this is as it should be. Not that all Churches are ideal, nor that any Church is ideal, but neither is any preacher ideal; and so the case is pretty even. Appreciation is a much surer way to rectify things imperfect than clumsy complaint. To point out a better way, one does not need to use the pointer for a gad. Usually the gentleman can get most work out of a team. This is every farmer's experience. Jerking and whipping a team deranges their scant faculties, though they have more gumption than their driver, but the gentle voice and the steady voice will get most labor from that best helper of human labor, the horse. And if a teamster who is a gentleman can do most work, how much more a preacher who is a gentleman, who speaks with a gentle voice of considerate love and laughs a little while the members work a lot. Blessed are those preachers who are swift to appreciate and slow to find fault.

Some Preacher "Nevers."

1. Never scold.

2. Never count noses in prayer-meeting or Lord's day service, because that begets wrong emphasis. What a pastor does with his crowd, be it large or small, is the thing of importance. The preacher is Christ's man; and Christ preached to one man or one woman. Can any one sanely think of Jesus putting the question to some disciple after Jesus had concluded preaching, "How many do you think were present?" Never become creature of a crowd. Be not bond servant to numbers.

3. Never say things to evoke the cheer. Say things which you think your Master would have you say at that time and to that people. It is pitifully easy to give way to the desire for applause; and he who does is lost. The crowd is mightier than he is; whereas, if he is to do men good, he must be mightier than the crowd is.

4. Do not stew. That is a best word for what so many preachers mistake for being in earnest. Stewing is no sign of earnestness: it is a sign of lack of self-control and self-calm.

5. Never fret. Do not wear your nerve fiber to the bleeding by chafing in your soul and maybe with your lips. For, what men have in the soul will usually

find way to their lips. Leaving issues in decisions till the time the decision must be made is a wise course, for the reason that so many things which seem to forebode distress never get to us. A fretful preacher will wear away his spirit in climbing hills which, if he would wait, will lift from before him like a mist.

6. Never talk about the size of the crowd. If you do, others will, and so the emphasis be put amiss.

7. Never allow yourself to seem nettled at any incongruities in a service, or the disturbance of persons going out before service concludes, or the noise of children. To which some wise brother will inly reply, "That is all very well to talk; but how is a man to help it if he have nerves?" Precisely there has the brother lit on his weak spot. His inference is that he is so finely strung that he gets upset by those disturbances which others, less finely built, would not notice. In other words, the brother is an unconscious egotist putting that in his make-up as a strength which is a weakness. He who is master of himself is the strong man, not he who goes to pieces at a touch of hand or voice. No preacher enjoys having babies cry while he preaches. That may be fun for the baby, but is hardly sport for the preacher. Said a fond mother to this writer one Sunday, after her two cheerfuls (?) had destroyed the service for a goodly number of people by a perfect tumult of angry crying, not meek and ladylike, but vociferous; for the mother was holding them down in the seat, as the minister during his ordeal noted, —said this fond mother, "I was bound they should not conquer me." Lackaday, was n't that hilarious? That

was humor with a sting, but the sting was not for her. But, could a minister afford to have lost hold on himself before that audience, and have discovered himself to be nettled? This writer thinks not. Self-control was more of an achievement than a sermon under those untoward conditions; and the audience (not the mother, surely not) knew it.

8. Never preach at people, preach to them.

9. Never multiply points of antagonism. In dealing with a crowd, find as many things on which you and they may agree as possible, and from this standing-ground make your message.

10. Never grow hysterical. That is easy to do, and think that in so doing you are pious, whereas it is not piety which troubles you: it is hysterics. And hysterics, while a frivolous form of amusement, are not things catalogued in the fruits of the Spirit. Speak against evils and for good, but do not allow yourself to get slushy about either. A preacher is a soldier; and crying at the sight of an enemy is not half so good a way to fight as to shoot the enemy. Being maudlin is not being devout. Let the preacher keep himself in good battle trim, and when the time comes he will smite like Grant and be intrepid as Wellington.

11. Never abuse your members. Love them, care for them in their spiritual needs, be frank in the proclamation of truth to their souls, but be a gentleman and treat them as yourself would be treated were you member and they pastor. I knew a man who was shocked when he was accused of being abusive, and on being asked if he had said that there was a citizen of the

town who, when he weighed meat to his customers, left his hands on the scales and charged for the weight of hands and meat, he said he did not consider that personal, because he had used no names. That kind of thing is scandalous; but that brother likely enough had been applauded by some unwise friend for saying just that kind of thing. He was applauded when he should have been upbraided by some wise friend.

12. Never allow some other preacher, evangelist, or what not, to come into your pulpit and abuse your members. Protect them against that sort of indecency. It always occurred to this preacher that any company to which he customarily preached was good enough to be treated decently by any other minister; and on that he insisted. Calling gentlemen and ladies who do not happen to think that ejaculation is all there is of religion "seat warmers" is abominable. It sins against all kinds of propriety, the propriety of man and of God. We have no call to belabor the lukewarm, but to labor with them and attempt by gracious suasion to lead them nearer to the Christ, who is so blessed that such as follow Him afar off are infinite losers.

13. Never combat science. There is science falsely so called to which attention now and then must be called, and there are all sorts of active imaginations mistaking their wanderings for science; but science we may well heed. Do not run to head the processions of scientists, seeing you are not scientist, but preacher; but know that science will not be able to get away from God for long. Science is one of the mights of the human brain; and the pulpit is not called on to battle where there is no

fight. For instance, touching evolution. No Christian minister needs to combat that doctrine. To him it is entirely immaterial whether God made the world by slow processes which are evolutionary or by fiats. God made the world—that is the preacher's contention, and for that he must stand. And when any person in the name of science would deny the validity of the doctrine of a God and would make this whole noble earth-frame a machine without a mechanic, and these folks upon this earth without a God, and so orphans, then may and then must the preacher do battle. He is to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." But as to the mechanics of the creative plan he may have a preference, but seeing he is not God he can not control them. This single word of care will save many a preacher-man many a bootless battle. As to what case evolution has made after a half century of practically undisputed ownership of the field, that is a question on which, as an intellectual man, the preacher has a right to a judgment; but it is purely an intellectual attitude. God is no more ruled out of this universe now than when Darwin in 1859 issued "The Origin of Species." To be accurate, the doctrine of the unity of the source of this world and all worlds has never stood on so sound a basis. Science, without ever intending it, has totally overthrown polytheism. "One God, one law, one element," is the last word science has to utter. Materialism has died in the same lustrum or two of its birth. Let scientists go on, and let us applaud them. We love their grit and their task, and, though often they do not, we love their God.

14. Never be afraid of truth. Consider the much-talked-of, the over-lauded, and the over-abused higher criticism. Legitimate criticism, and in the long run it will be that, can not overturn anything God has based. The mountains are not uprooted by the plow nor overturned by the hurricane. Truth will stay and truth will stand. We preachers need not lay hands nervously on the ark. It is God's ark; but we do well not to run to believe everything the sanguine say. Things true will abide: things untrue ought not to abide. The Bible has an odd way of staying. It allows itself to be destroyed with impunity. It has no apparent thought for self-preservation. All kinds of men have done it to death. Sapient critics have shot it full of holes and have cheered themselves in their unvalorous task; and then the Bible went straight on, gloriously on, sowing this world to light and laughter and hope and song and virtue and beauty and godliness. While the Bible was being destroyed, pared away by naturalists, subjected to injudicious and unfair tests by those who knew not its spirit nor had its experience, the Bible was published in more tongues, read by more eyes, leaned over by more hearts, thanked God for by more converts than in all the years past. Truth will not die. It will not say so, but smilingly it keeps on its immortal journey toward the heavenly house. God's Word, God's Church, God's Day will stand while eternity stays on its feet.

15. Never give the chief seat in the synagogue to some minor matter. The instance adverted to in the preceding paragraph will illustrate my meaning. Some well-meaning but nearsighted brethren thought they

must go into the pulpit and say what Cheyne had said in his cyclopædia about the Bible and its incoherence, and they thought that people needed that sort of pasturage and gave it to them, and the people mainly listened and were amused because they saw these brethren were funny, which the brethren themselves had not perceived. They had mistaken an insignificant detail for the continent. Soul-hunger, the sense of sin, the need of God, the darkness of soul where Christ is not near to give the light, the terror of the battle almost every soul must carry on with itself, the preciousness of the Savior, the advent of God, the salvation by the Blood of God, the ministry of the Holy Ghost—these are the mighty and momentous matters, and instead of giving emphasis and heed to these torrential calls of human souls they driveled about the documents and one Isaiah and two, not perceiving that those things were really not very influential or eventful and were not the crux and never would be, where how a bad man shall become a good man, and how a debauched life shall have its sins forgiven, are tragical needs and can not wait. Emphasis was wrong, that was all. They had not the spiritual sagacity to discriminate between unessentials and essentials. Put second things second, is the creed of this entire type of circumstance.

16. Never use the editorial "we" in preaching. Preaching is a personal message to lives, a man preaching to a man. To cloud the individuality of the speaker by saying "we think" when he plainly means "I think," is not modesty: it is throwing dust around the person of the orator. He need not intrude himself in an in-

trusive way. He need not be giving *ipse dixits* with unctuous zeal: but, as seems to this writer, he may and he ought to let it be apparent that here is a man, one man, who has such and such thoughts about God and about man, and who loves in his own name both man and God. Directness is the glory and the power of preaching-utterance, and whatsoever impairs that directness must in some measure maim effective proclamation of the gospel evangel.

17. Never forget to pray for your people by name. A fruitful way to proceed is to take your Church record into your study and on your knees remember them one by one till you have remembered them all before God, recalling, as you pray, their needs, their cares, their graces, their weakness, their neglects, their gladness. It is blessed to consider how near this brings the flock to the heart of the shepherd.

The Sin of Being Uninteresting.

The sin of being uninteresting is in a preacher an exceedingly mortal sin. It hath no forgiveness.

The territory covered by the Bible is the most diversified landscape thought ever viewed. Compare the history of Athens or of Rome with the history recorded from Genesis to Revelation, and those thrilling boasts of human grandeur and success become insipid. "Grote's Greece" and "Mommsen's Rome" and "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," alluring and gigantic as those stories there recorded are, being in the case of Grote's Greece a flowering of a race, and in the others the preponderance of the governing faculty, and then the desolation of them both, leave two splendors which are as a "twice-told tale vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man," as Shakespeare phrases it, when the Bible history marches into view.

With a story such as Gibbon had to recite he had no excuse for being tiresome. He was not. Verbose and ponderous as his style is, and mendacious as some of his views are, we still thrill to his narrative because an old drunken giant refuses to die and staggers on a thousand years past his death-day before he surlily surrenders to the grave. Roman history, I would think, would thrill a dead brain into attention. I never read

Mommsen, surcharged as it is with the vigor of the iron Roman will and genius for control in its young majesty of view and effort, and Gibbon with its bleak majesty of decay, that it does not make my mind the highway for the marches and declensions and defeat of that giant which was the one power which ever burlily attempted to rule the world. Rome's spell is undeniably victorious.

Yet, when we calmly consider the aspects of the Bible history, mark its claims of advance from the dimness of eternity until it finally swings away with eagles far off into the invisible glory of an eternity where Jesus of Nazareth is Lord of all, then is the soul conquered. There is no longer breath in us. We are on our knees. Eternity is our vista. All events of time and all sublime events of eternity are clamoring across our imagination and our admiration. What is there in human history, not contemplated and comprehended in the Bible landscape? All the conquering races of the early world are there—Babylon, Nineveh, Egypt, Media, Persia, Syria, Rome, Greece (by a language and an infusion of thought)—these are all there. When Jesus was taken up on the pinnacle of the temple, and so viewed the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, it was the devil who submitted that wide territory for his inspection; but in the Bible a roomier territory of a universal rulership is swung under our eyes. We become auditors of all eloquence and spectators of all spectacles earth has the genius to present. For fascination pure and simple no orator has vistas like the preacher—geographies, visions, superb speculations, eloquence, ex-

pansive landscapes, poetries, marvelous things, temporalities, eternalities, ethicalities, spiritualities, man's wickedness, God, man and God brought together at a mountain's foot named Sinai, man and God brought together at a mountain's top, Calvary; what can be compared with the preacher's proclamation? He has all subjects, all time, all knowledge, all souls, all dreams, all futures, all stupendous issues, all man is and all God is, for an oration. We name his oration a sermon. He is orator for God. His auditors are men; his ministry is God; his theme is God's mercy to man and man's love to God.

If we cared to give heed to the orations of all time as history has named them and given a secretary to record their words and note the themes of their tongues and lips, we shall discover the penury of their themes when set up beside the preacher's theme. Demosthenes was antagonistic to Philip of Macedon, a man who mediated empire as against Greek automony. Put at his best, Demosthenes was orator for freedom. Cicero was orator for Rome against misrule, the miscarriage of justice, and the ignominy of being ruled by ruffians. Mirabeau was orator for an insane time, but for man as man against man as class. Edmund Burke was orator for government by right and the democracy of rule. Patrick Henry was orator for a free man's free chance to rule himself. Daniel Webster was orator for the larger as opposed to the lesser, for United States rights as opposed to States' rights. Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips were orators for the rights of man universal, the right of the human race. Gladstone was

orator for Christian conscience in government in an age when foolish men dreamed eloquence had lost its spell.

But the preacher as orator has all these themes. He lights his torch at all their fires, and then has a torch lit not by their flaring lamps, but at the sun, which sun is Christ. The preacher has all they had, and more —and more, aye, gloriously more! No interest vital to the world which he does not touch. He stands at the center of a circle whose entire rim is fire. Glory envelops him. He is a prisoner of majesty. A dumb man would stumble into luminous speech on such themes as the gospel grapples with. We dare not be ineloquent when we have themes which do as Aaron's rod did, burst forth into perfumed bloom. We must not be insipid. There is not a dull page in all this age-long story of the redeeming of the race. The minor prophets leap into eloquence which silences Demosthenes; and the major prophets take the thunders for a trumpet on which to blow their universal summons; and the apostles stand in the highway where the peoples throng and exact a tribute of a hearing from the unconcerned; and the evangelists forgot bookkeeping and fishing, in eloquence which time has not had the effrontery to dim.

We preachers of this twentieth century are these men's successors. We are not men of apathy; we are men vigilant in intent, who have the sky upon our shoulders and the round world in our hearts, and are burdened with a ministry which must be uttered lest we die, and, what is more of consequence, which must be uttered lest this wide world die.

It is not meet that such as dwell in lightnings work in the dark like the blind moles; and they do not. When the dynamo inveigles lightning from the sky, those workers have the lightning's torch to oil the machinery by. Even so the preacher, who has themes flaming bright beyond the lightnings, must not walk by twilights. He must be fascinating in his recitation of facts "which angels desire to look into."

The preacher must not drowse. The preacher must never drowse. He can at least be interesting. His theme is stimulative. His purpose is the changing of the atoms of the soul so that it swings in a new circle. He has his own heart strangely hot. Love girds him. The Christ applauds him. Eternity becomes his tutor. Heaven owns him as its ambassador. With him is God well pleased. A thousand points of fire leap along the horizon of his loving thought and design. He is the bare-handed, large-handed smith that hammers upon the anvil of the soul. How dare he be insipid, spiritless, lacking in revelation?

Some men you listen to by dint of controlling your wandering thoughts: other men you listen to as commanded so to do. The orator bids you heed; and sometimes not to obey him would be crass, indelicate, ill-mannered. He and his theme attract you.

The time when preachers may do as the old preachers did, take thirty minutes to introduce their discussion, to climb by slow ascent to the crescendo of their eloquence, that time is set. The time rushes, the crowd runs. The preacher must come at his theme at once. He must not deal in prolix preludes. He must leap like

a man from a moving train and touch the ground on the dead run. He must instantly throw a challenge to man's brain. He must not suggest, "If you keep awake for twenty minutes you will stay awake the remainder of this discourse." They must not be allowed to get sleepy. He must flash his saber at the outset of the fray. The auditors must feel there will be battle here, and the skilled thrust of the sword, then they will not care to drowse.

Why is not the question of a sermon being interesting as worthy of a preacher's thought as whether it is homiletically divided? Homiletical divisions are good sections of a sermon on which people may fall asleep. The homiletical divisions are good enough, but they are quite consistent with expeditiousness of thought and with giving an audience a fascinating utterance to give heed to. Vital divisions are more important than homiletical divisions. Good homiletical divisions are such as say things that ought to be said. A sermon should be a fire, not simply a smoke. Nobody has to come to preaching. Students have to come to class so as to get grades. The difference is utter. The class-room method will not win a hearing. I once heard a schoolmaster with grim words say to an audience which deserved better treatment at his hands, "I do n't want your cheers, I want your attention." He missed the question which every preacher must face, namely, how to have a hearing. The preacher must first make a hearing, then make a sermon for a hearing he has acquired. To sit in the class-room and philosophize as to how people ought to go to church is rather witless

waste of time. They will not go to church unless the preacher interests them. The pious may go to church from a sense of duty. The impious will not; and the preacher is out after both the pious and the impious.

To be interesting is no sin: to be prosy is no sign of depth of thought or piety of life. The sin is in being uninteresting with so thrilling a gospel as it is each pastor's office to present. The charm of high destiny is on the message, and the mercy of heavenly help.

This article is not a plea for sensationalism. Only weak men are sensational. The preacher who knows the art of preaching will never need to be sensational. He will be inspirational. This is a plea for dealing squarely with a message which has not its like this side of heaven, and in all its relation has not its like inside of heaven.

The preacher can not scold an audience into coming to hear him preach: he can coax them. But his wise coaxing must be in being interesting. Self-respect precludes a preacher from going from house to house urging people to come and hear him preach out of sympathy for him and his small audience. Let every preacher beware of this deadly microbe. His right way and manly way is to make people want to come and hear him. That is a dignified and holy use of his powers. "How can they hear without a preacher?" was the question propounded by Paul, a preacher. And just as well be without a preacher as to have a preacher the public does not want to hear.

Not a few men who preach think they are so deep the public can not grasp their thought, and so take

solace to themselves for having a diminished audience. This view is egotism without blemish. It is ridiculous. Nobody is so deep as to hurt; and no thought is so deep as that, if mastered by the preacher himself, it can not be put so an average man or woman can understand it. It is muddy preaching that is mistaken for deep preaching. Any thought clearly grasped by a preacher and presented clearly to his auditors will render any such thought intelligible. People are brainier than the conceited preacher has comprehended. They have about as much brains as he has, and not infrequently more. Let him treat their brains democratically and use his own, and illumine his argument by light brought from all luminaries—from earth, heaven, history, poetry, fiction, soul experience, the by-paths and tears of his own wonder and knowledge of God, and his own wonder and knowledge of man: and words will smile and weep and ache and bleed and battle like a sword and trumpet like the tempest. He will not habitually find his auditors somnolent, but alive, eager, impetuous, and rising to the life of God.

It is worth a try. Nobody knows much about preaching interestingly, but every minister can stumble toward it, and stumbling toward it is about the best our human frailty can command when dealing with "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

It was and is Macaulay's praise that he taught that history might be made as attractive as fiction. In fact, his "History of England" is as interesting as "Rob Roy" or "Kenilworth." And in this effort, this legitimate and laudable effort of attempting to present an

interesting gospel interestingly, fiction may lend hand of help to any minister.

Fiction knows the art of being interesting. Fortunes and fames are constructed by this single gift. The fiction writers can glue attention to their story, which we know is story, and not history, and yet with such verisimilitude do they rehearse their fictions that we both deem it to be fact and run till out of breath to keep up with the running narrative. Many a time have I been fairly breathless in pursuit of some whirl of events told with such astonishing art as that they had me as their vassal. The novelist who can not interest his readers has no buyer of his books, and so he knows, and uses this art so that ofttimes we have each of us said, "I could not lay this story down until it was finished." There is a lesson here each preacher may strive to learn. Why may not preachers have the power of narrative and the thrill of the raconteur brought over into the high proclamations of which he is high priest? He ought, and a reading of fascinating narrative will materially help him to catch the secret of fascinating discourse. They who read "Quentin Durward" are reading a narrative which bears more on the preaching of a sermon than many guess. The story compels us. The sermon ought to compel us. No schoolmaster is cheap who can tutor the preacher to add to his hearing by making his discourse as fascinating as story writers' books. "The Scarlet Letter" has a sermon in its core, a sermon of such high intent and worth that we may not exaggerate its depth or value, yet with what dramatic instinct is it told! and how it rivets the soul and

digs its fear into the heart until, harrowing as "Hamlet," it bears us with it whithersoever the story goes! or, how "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" rushes on like a mad chariot driven by a madman, but ever carrying us in its lurching and furious speed! Here is food for thought.

Set it down calmly, it is a sin to be uninteresting in the proclaiming the gospel, and all masters of creating interest are rightly our masters, at whose feet we sit in the name of the Christ we love, and whose portrait we would fain fasten on everybody's soul. The story must be told, and it must be fascinatingly told.

Help us, our God, to tell it so, to the end that the very many may come to hear us, and so shall be brought to know Thee, whom to know aright is life and peace. Amen.

The Pastor.

The pastor is the preacher shepherding his people. Some there are in the ministry who resent the membership's desire for them to call at all. For one, I never felt fraternal to this mood. It appears to me crass, if the truth must be uttered. A preacher has legs for something, and it is good to have legs which are a means of grace. Many a minister can be found who would gladly believe his words were means of grace, but who would never attempt to make his legs means of grace. But we may settle to it that a pastor is what plenty of people want, and what plenty more want than many a pastor wots of. Hearts want hearts at close range. Looking at a preacher through an opera glass is not the kind of inspection most wholesome. Personally it has always occurred to me that if my people did not care to see me in their homes, did not wish me around and near them, then here was a case of real catastrophe. My belief is that this is the right view to take. If you are lovable parishioners will want you near: if you are not lovable they will want you remote. I wonder what man in the ministerial ranks would want an absentee pastoral relation at such a price?

The need of pastoral work is not here mooted. Its need is assumed. Simply some suggestions are hazarded.

1. Call on all your members.

2. Call on them often. Once a year is not enough. Dr. Watson in his beautiful book "The Cure of Souls" says, once a year; but whatever may be the needs of an English congregation, that is not sufficient for an American congregation. The reason is apparent. A pastoral call is not a piece of red tape: it is a piece of holy service. How can a preacher get acquainted with his people by calling only once a year? They have had an instance of a preacher's presence, but not a tender touch of a friendly hand which loved to touch their own. My own custom was to see all my members four times a year, though that is more arduous than is necessary, but not too often for the purpose of the call. But a preacher should go frequently enough to avoid the appearance of being a sample of a pastor and also the appearance of doing a thing because it was duty and so writ in the bond.

3. Let the call be brief. Members do not need sitting up with unless they are sick. They need seeing. They want to feel that they have place in the pastor's heart and in the recollection of the Church. A brief call will do a number of things. If it is known that a pastor will not stay all summer, he will find that the members will be much less frequently "out" when he calls. I have known pastors and others who in their calling had no terminal facilities. They would stay and stay and STAY. They seemed to want to go, but had no starting facilities. They would lapse into silence, would conjure up things to say—but would not conjure up how to go. The getting away is quite as

much an art as coming. The pastoral call is not for the purpose of sitting down on the member called on any more than sitting up with him. It is for the purpose of getting near to him, of suggesting you love him, without the formulary of words to the same effect. A brief call, taking heed of the fact that others, both women and men, have something to do as well as yourself, and should be let do them, will bring a pastor to the house in a frame of speed without haste, will bring him to the point of anything he wants to say, will give him an attentive and not bored audience of one while he is a-saying it, will send him away with the wish on lip and heart, "Can't you stay longer?" Any number of times better will that be than to have the member thinking inly, "When will he go?" and covertly looking at the clock, or at son or daughter who may be present, as to say, "I think he will go soon." A brief call will accomplish all things needing accomplishing, and better than a long call. Of course, every pastor must have sense if he can conveniently, and when people are shut-ins and sick, and need toning up, or if persons have doubts which need clearing up, then tarry longer; but even then the knowledge the one called on has that you are not there to stay an afternoon will secure for your words an apt attention and a glowing heed which will go far to planting your words in the good ground of the soul. Brevity of calls is specially strategic when calling on business men. "This is my busy day," was the card the editor turned toward me when I was on my first charge and was coming to pay my first call; and I saw him turn the card so as to have

that legend before my eyes as I entered. He was my good angel. I took that hint. When I speedily rose to go, he not being bored to death by my call, he said in unperfunctory manner, "Do n't go so soon," to which I gave rejoinder, "This is your busy day." "No, I 'm in no hurry." "Yes," I replied, "editors are always rushed, I know." And out I came, and he did not know that I had seen him turn his motto adroitly for my eyes when my name was announced as visitor. But never after that first call was the motto put out before my eyes. He found I could adjourn without the motion being put. If a pastor will get the repute of not tarrying long, he will be delighted on seeing how hale will be his welcome wherever he comes. They will all want him to stay because they know he has sense enough to be gone.

4. Do not always talk religion. That will shock some who always hold a meeting when they call. But let us consider that the main thing a pastoral call is for is to establish a domestic relation for the preacher in the hearts of his people. He wants to become one of their home folks, which is one of their heart folks. He is courting their hearts, well knowing that, in general, the amount of good he will do his members will be in the ratio that they love him. This gospel is a heart issue, put it how you will and come at it from what angle you will. So the minister is candidating for a place in their affections, and by calling and they thus coming to know him and that he cares to know them, this end is the more readily and validly achieved. To get to know all who are in that house, to inquire for

every one under that roof, to remember the name of each child, to make inquiry for members of the household who are absent, and say, "Remember me to her when you write," and so keep alive the sense of the family as well as individual love you bear that household,—that makes a pastoral call, whether you talk religion or not. That every call a pastor makes should be of the revival order is simply a piece of grievous misconception. Those friends come to hear their pastor preach every Sunday once or twice. Why should he preach a sermon every time he calls? No, we are creatures of our training rather than masters of our calling when we do so. Get close to your members by pastoral calls and kindliness, and then they will give the readier heed to what things the minister says from the pulpit.

5. Have sense about calling. When a house is topsy turvy and the rugs are out and you plainly see the calamity of the year is on—even house-cleaning—don't go in. The lady will invite you, but don't accept. There is your chance to show you have some sense yourself. You will stand at the door a moment and tell her how glad you are you don't have to help her at what she is doing, leave love for her husband and the children, and go on about your business and leave her to go on about hers; and when her husband comes home in the evening she will sing your praises for being the most sensible man she ever knew. Many a minister has effectually barred the door against any possible influence in a family simply by lack of gumption. He saw the women folks with their "fixups" on,

and did n't take the hint that they were going somewhere, but would sit and animadvert and sermonize; and the women would have their opinion. Or a pastor comes in and finds the young lady with a gentleman friend, and will stay and entertain said gentleman friend when both he and the lady, who thinks herself quite competent to entertain him, are disgusted, and that pastor can hardly regain standing with those young folks because he has been so maladroit. If he would say, after a moment or two of tarrying, "Really, I suppose you friends can entertain each other, and I will not intrude," he would earn their lasting gratitude — and he would likely be called in to marry them. And, jest aside, he would have leadership in their lives. Many times preachers are so engrossed with their pastoral concerns that they do not get at the magnitude of the concerns of others.

6. Do not always pray when you call. This will seem heresy and is not. It is just good sense doing business. It was my own custom in a Sunday or two after taking a pastorate to say from the pulpit that the pastor was never rushed with work, that he was never in a hurry, and when he called he would be glad to pray with the friends if they so desired and would invite him, but that he never felt free to take the charge of a home out of the hands of those native to that home, and did not furnish manners for his members. This did the deed. If any did not invite him to pray they could not complain because he did not. He had shifted the burden from his shoulders to theirs. Besides it made many a host and hostess mindful of

their Christian manners. When those called on were sick it was this pastor's custom to pray without invitation; or when sorrow had laid heavy hand on their hearts, then, sometimes standing in parting, sometimes kneeling, he would offer a brief prayer and tender, touching their hurt and need, and sometimes he has been thus able to breathe out a word to God with some man or woman who cared not for holy things. But the getting closer to hearts is still the main matter, and these other belongings take their places naturally and easily, only the pastoral rounds must not run into the coherency of a habit which must fulfill itself.

7. Do not call the children in from play to visit with the preacher, nor allow the mother to call them in. No lack of wisdom can be greater than to have children think the preacher's coming is a signal for the fun to stop. When the child just let out from the day of school and having a happy taste of freedom is called from play with the dulcet words from the mother, "Come in, dear, Brother ———— wants to see you!" then is one little heart barred with bigger or smaller bars, as the case may be, against the minister; but if, when the mother wishes to call the children from their play, the pastor demurs, and leaves his love for them, and says he would have been glad to have had a visit with them, the next time he comes they will probably come, and nothing can deter them. He is out for souls, and must have a seasonable as well as a reasonable craft. Pastoral calling done carelessly or perfunctorily or with scant tact had better not be done at all. But

not being done at all, one of the wide doors for preacher effectiveness has been peremptorily closed.

To bring from house to house the love of the Church and the knowledge of the Church and the atmosphere of the Church will do good and will open many hearts so that, now in particular, when evangelism must be personal so largely and the still hunt for souls must be engaged in if we would win souls widely, the pastoral office was never in so great demand. Those who would love their Master's calling must espouse their Master's method, which was to go where the people were, and not solemnly set up a preaching place and let the auditors come His way or stay away. Jesus in His preaching journeys, in His goings about doing good, was nothing other than a pastor bringing Himself and His gospel with Him wherever there were hearts needing it.

We must go about doing good, must go with our Christ and His gospel, and show by our coming that the heart of the Church is still the heart of the Christ, which considers not its own weariness nor toil, but considers only how by all means it may save some.

The Pastor and the Sick.

1. Pay much heed to the sick.

2. Call immediately as soon as notified that sickness exists in the family.

3. Call often.

4. Do not stay long.

5. Do not, as a rule, talk about their sickness.

6. Do not always talk about religion.

7. Do not always pray.

8. Take with you an atmosphere of health.

9. Bring good and sunny weather.

10. Sometimes read a little portion of God's Word, but not a hackneyed portion.

11. Adroitly draw conversation to holy things, but not with funereal air.

12. Never let the sick person think it is a burden for you to call.

13. When you pray, pray briefly and tenderly.

14. Always study to drop a helpful word, the Christ word, and never be mechanical about it.

Not many things are harder than calling on the sick, and that so far from being reason why the pastor should not do it, is the best conceivable reason why he should.

The rules named will in a manner cover the generality of cases.

Get the impression prevalent in your congregation as speedily as may be after you become its pastor that you covet knowledge of all cases of sickness. Do not do this with a resigned air as of a martyr, but with an air as of a man who loves his people and whose privilege is in comforting them. This will have a salutary effect. When anybody connected with the Church is sick it will come to pass that they will likely 'phone you or send you word. "He said he wanted to know," will be the phrase which will be on their lips often, when once it is perceived that you are genuinely a lover of the people, sick or well.

Being sick is not trivial, and should never be treated so. To slur people's disease as a small matter is never adroit. An adroiter way is to make your call on the sick such as to dispel their thought of sickness while you are there and when you shall be gone. But to say, "O, you are n't sick much," or, "I would n't mind that," is always maladroit and detaches from you the person so accosted. Fine feeling will dictate a more gracious method of approach. If the preacher bring not healing with his coming, his coming is in vain.

And by healing, of course, is not meant any claptrap sort, and certainly not that common pantheistic heathenism calling itself Christian Science. A preacher brings a larger life and the wider ideas, and projects the sense of spiritual things, which will in the end of the case be a surcease for sorrow and a helper in disease. A good topic for the sickroom where there is rheumatism, wild, racking, sleepless, when joints are swollen and blue with the continuance of the pain, is

not rheumatism. That is the last thing. To discuss rheumatism to rheumatics is scarcely to be forgiven. To give a catalogue of the rheumatic people you have known is not a blithe task, but is even a bloodless task, cruel as the thrust of a knife into a healing wound. Those who take such themes for discourse would better stay away from a sickroom. Their coming is not helpful, but baneful. A distinguished Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, when crossing the Atlantic and having listened to a dull speaker at the meeting for seamen's orphans give a dreary address on the perils of the sea and the multitudes of shipwrecks, being detached to frame resolutions of thanks, sat discussing with himself what adjective he might employ and get himself off without lying, and this is how he did it: "I move a vote of thanks to the gentleman for his tactful address." That irony would well fit the pastor who would discuss rheumatism to a rheumatic audience of one.

But it is wise to let the invalid talk of his own disease. This eases the sick man's mind, gives him a feeling that you are sympathetic, and so prepares the sick person to listen to the preacher when he talks. Then let the preacher seize his talking occasion to divert the attention of the invalid from his own case to healthier strains of thought.

Pay heed to the sick. Be exact in this courtesy. This is your time to reach some who at other times might be far beyond your reach or the reach of any. On your Church bulletin, if your Church publishes one, have a standing invitation to the congregation to in-

form you of any case of sickness. People need you then, whether they want you or not. When a man lies sick he has a little leisure for thought—for thought about himself, for thought about God. Many are Godless being thoughtless. The rush of life roars with its torrent in their ears so that the gentler voices of the soul are crushed into silence. But on the sick-day eternity may have a word with the crowded soul. The deathless voices may begin to call for a hearing. Things done, many things undone, may be productive of sorrow. Here is a chance for a soul, nay, maybe the chance of a lifetime. If not used then, is it lost probably, and even probably altogether.

Call immediately. Somehow in my earliest ministry I had my attention called to the prime necessity of immediate attendance on the sick, so that I recall with deep gratitude to God that through the years of my ministry I was never so dilatory in such calling that any sick body has gone beyond the need of the ministry of me before I called. Call the same day you are asked for. "Will you call?" said a woman to me at the chancel after the Sunday morning service. "Truly," was the reply. "What time to-morrow?" was the question. "Immediately, to-day," was the reply. The next day the sick body died. Remorse deep and pungent will dig into the heart knowing that any one wanted to see you and did not get to see you—sick, dying, waiting for you, and you not coming! Besides, some of the bitterest hostilities I have ever seen generated toward a pastor had such genesis. A daughter or a son, an old father or an old mother, a Christian and

Church member for a half century of years, and a pastor importuned repeatedly to call, the son saying, "Mother wants to see you *so* much—*won't* you come?" And in this excuse and that the call delayed till the son's mother was dead and in the great company of the redeemed. Who could blame a son or daughter if they could not heal the heart-hurt of such unforgivable neglect? Sermons are not so important in preparation as the ministry to the sick. "I was sick, and ye visited Me," was one of the words Jesus let fall which should call our ministry to a self-reckoning.

If a preacher has had much sickness in his own family, that will help him to be thoughtful for the sick. He will then be very tender and will know how a knock at the door with the question, "How is the lassie today?" helps make a whole dark day bright. But anyway, how long the days are to the sick, and how uneventful; and how calming to the invalid, and how restful, to know himself or herself not forgotten! Whoever is neglectful of the sick, the minister must not be. Call quickly.

The pastor bears a vivid sense of a congregation's debt to its members in this attendance of himself in time of sickness. It helps the congregation to do the fraternal thing. It is worth while to say in Sunday morning service such and such of the Church members are sick and "a call would not be inopportune." Some announcement is very appropriate in the prayer-meeting. In the quiet loveliness of that devotional service week by week the roster of the Church's sick should be called and a tender word of admonition offered, such as: "If

it were your beloved that was sick, would you not welcome a neighbor coming?" or if some member is very sick, drop this word of counsel, "He can not be seen, being very ill, but if you will just call at the house, not go in, but leave your love, it will be Christlike thing and bring a smile to weary lips and gladness to discouraged hearts." A part of the preacher's business is to inculcate the ethics of kindness and thoughtful love.

Call often. Do not be a bore, but in those instances where death is at the door for many a day, a single call savors too much of the perfunctory. It begets gladness, but not gladness enough, so that sometimes a body ought to call daily for months. I recall a woman in my own Church, where this was done much to my own help; for she was full of such calm confidence down to the murk where the shadows deepened, and it was good when her breath grew short and words weakened to whispers to know that I had brought good comfort on many a day. A pastor loses nothing by calling often on the very sick, and even in the important matter of sermon-making he is apt to find there illustrations and suggestions which have all the intense application of an arrow dipped in blood. What you heard from a dying body's lips will in all probability profoundly impress your auditors when the body who was dying was well known to them and much loved by many of them.

It is probably not necessary to dwell further upon this beautiful opportunity and obligation which belongs to every pastor, save to say that in no department of ministerial work do intellectual agility, calm and solacing observation have more play than in pas-

toral visitation. Here he must not fail to be at his best and wisest. In praying with the sick he must be as "wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove." Prayers for the sick must be very brief, must wing the thoughts of the sufferer rather than drag them up to God, and the conversation on religious themes must be so adroitly managed as to leave the sick body in an atmosphere of the comfort of God.

Preachers who shall with loving delight in a manner master the art of pastoral visitation will find some of the sweetest comfort of their souls to be in the occupation of their office for God in so alluring the life that is weary with pain and care to lean upon the rod and staff that comfort no less on the high plains of life than in the valley of the shadow of death.

The Pastor and the Child.

If any man does not love little children, that man must not preach. Jesus loved little children and was never so busy that He could not take time with them. Little children never bothered Jesus. The original Lover of the baby is God. Of all beautiful thoughts of God, is there any so beautiful as a baby? Humanity might have been produced some other way; but God did give humanity a mother, and God did provide a mother a babe. And he who has seen any mother with any baby knows that joy reaches no such parallax as the joy of the mother with her baby on her heart. Every right body talks baby talk to the baby. The little child does lead them, this "them" being all the adulthood of the world. Little folks have their way with us, and a sweet way it is—God's way.

To think that before any baby comes to its birthday, love is waiting for him; and that when he comes to birthday, love is waiting to greet him with a hundred thousand kisses: that always appeals to me as being the authentic miracle of this world of miracle,—as authentic as the miracle Spring, and more beautiful. The bluebird's song and the dog-tooth violet's bloom are not so full of miracle as the baby's coo, aye, as a baby's cry.

Any such as loves not this advent of humanity in babyhood and feels not the thrill of a cradle and does

not feel his heart tugged at by the sight or thought of any baby, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, black or white, straight-eyed or slant-eyed, such a man must not fumble at the holy office of a pastor.

I have ever had a touch of heartache to have seen Jesus with His arms full and His breast full of little folks. The mothers knew; they followed their hearts; they felt that this strong face and those kind lips would love to *kiss* their babies, nor did they mistake. As they thought of Him He was. The men, sea-bronzed, huge-voiced, rudely pressed them backward, saying, "He is busy with grown folks and bigger folks—do n't bother Him," but found the mothers mother-wise and a trifle obdurate—a steady trifle—and Jesus, hearing the men's voices above the noises of the throng and the mothers' voices with their falsetto key, sounded with the clear voice which quieted the mothers' feverish voices and the disciples' peevish and arbitrary voices, "Suffer *little* children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God;" and the women, with a woman's last word, filled with woman's laughter, said, "I told you so,"—and Jesus held their babies, and His eyes and His lips were sweet. I have heartache to have been eye-witness of that beautiful poetry. Mayhap I shall see it yet some bright summer day in heaven.

"He carrieth the lambs in His bosom," was written of the Shepherd; and the same must be written of all under shepherds. And the "Lovest thou Me?" which the Christ at the gray morning by the gray sea leveled at Peter's shaggy heart was staccatoed by "Feed My lambs." The Good Shepherd can not forget His lambs;

He knows their wee cry in the dark, He knows they have no language but a cry, and knows to interpret it aright. He knows, He knows! He knows the smile of the little faces; He knows the swift impetuosities which in the child prelude the vast impetuosities and tremendous audacities of faith and toil and love and building of the world which shall come in childhood's brave tomorrow. These hid mysteriousnesses called children are inobscure to Christ the Shepherd of the heavenly flock. And the Savior's love for little children is a communicable passion to every minister of God. Pray that this passion may be communicated to you.

That a preacher be childless is a real disqualification for the surest pastoral effectiveness. Fortunately this is not a disqualification with which many preachers are handicapped. The minister usually, whatever his general poverty, is not poor in children. Babies like to come to preachers' houses, and a body can not blame them, for to now no sweeter place has been discovered to be born and to be brought up than in a preacher's house. Such habitations are, as a rule, poor in money but rich in culture; quiet houses with generous impulse and intelligent manhood, and love for others which make any heart or home harboring it a beatitude; rich in the Word of God read and loved, in grace before meat, in the gratitude after meat, in the prayer offered with wife and child together in the family flock, of which God the Shepherd is the conceded Head, and such kind thought of others and for others, in love that counts service of others not a bondage nor a chore, but a favor from heaven. What a gentle fold in which to be a

lamb; and here babies are welcome. Nobody like a Christian can attach value to children. A child is born to our house to-day, is what Christian parents sing. The song before Bethlehem when the Christ came, long ago, has sifted down its invincible music about the cradle of every child born of Christian parentage. In the preacher's house, what touches Christ is the conceded governance.

This celestial state of childhood (as I will term it) is ever present in the heart. To rear an immortal, what think you of that holy office? Babies usually make din around a preacher's house: and this is well. Blessed are all houses which have children in them; and a pathos neighboring tears makes us sad in the household which is childless. Any house which has no babe of its own should go searching for one of God's little waifs and make for it a home. No cultured woman has a right to keep house without a child to plan for and pray for and mother for the Lord. The childless should haunt orphanages, where the little motherless lambs are herded rather than homed. You can not frequent any nursery at orphanages and hospitals, where little babes are folded in the cribs, without wanting to carry one away on your heart. Blessed luggage!

And what is thus true of any baby is in special truer of a preacher's baby. It is scarcely given to hearts to know the mercy and the meaning and the prophecy of childhood without the possession of a child for a body's own. Children must be lived with to be loved as they ought and to be feared for as they ought and to be prayed for as they ought; and if to any the term "to-

be-feared-for" appears to be not quite the apt word, let him know that it is an apt word, as will be found by being a father and mother of a child. Babeless people are likely to be nervous with other people's children, and are specially apt to become superwise as to the rearing of children. One child in the preacher's house will take the tuck out of any theories of child culture and leave the preacher less omniscient, but more endurable. A man's son died when he was just climbing to the crest of the hill of manhood, and a brother minister wrote him: "My heart is with you. I have a son." And that kindredship of thought, expressed in such terse phrasing, was worth all voluble compassions of the childless.

A preacher known to me, whose multitudinous duties in a wide metropolis compelled his being gone till late almost all nights, on his coming home very late found on the ajar door of his little girl's room, where the light was burning low, a card, on which was written by a sleepy hand in large and wandering characters, "Come in here, dear daddy—good night." He, coming home after midnight, knew that the sleeping little girl was waiting in her slumber for her kiss; and he minded and "came in here," and then there was another good-night. Among that preacher-man's treasures (and he has many from many lands—incunabula and rare coins and rare books and rare bindings, and items of scholarship of the centuries, and brave books which felt the pressure of the hand-press of the earliest years of printing) I have seen this sleepy scrawl, and if I mind rightly there are tears upon the card, and the tears were his. Could

any man, however nature-wise in the lore of human hearts, know how a father feels toward his daughter as this man knows? And any child could answer, "No."

So must every preacher be not a childish preacher, but a child's preacher. He must be magnified by children, and he must magnify children. If a pastor thinks of children slightingly he will treat them slightingly: he will call them "sis" and "bub;" he will overlook them; and a child must never be overlooked. God does not; God's ministers must not. "For unto us a Child is born; and the government shall be on His shoulders, and He shall be called Wonderful"—this is the epiphany of childhood.

I was present once at a Sacramental Supper, where at the Lord's table knelt all such as were children of God. Beside a certain father knelt his little girl; and the ministering man passed the elements to the father, but passed the elements by the child;—and there the little girl knelt and wept at the Lord's table with a broken heart, sobbing to the father when they had risen from the Lord's table, where she had not been a guest, "Papa, do I not belong to Christ?" And my heart, which saw this scene, was broken like the heart of the little child. If the Savior of little children had been there that day He would have rebuked that minister with the stern voice like the voice to His rebuked disciples long ago, because he should have learned with twenty centuries of the Christ and the Christ value on the child the importance of the little child. There could be no excuse for such inhospitality at the table of the Lord. That preacher was indefensible.

But this was not a sporadic instance of forgetfulness, though no minister has any right ever to forget a child. It was endemic with him: he did not feel the value of the child. He could pat a child on the head and patronize the child, but could not value the child. A little child is a very human affair. We misconstrue him when we think slightingly of his troubles and his joys. A child's troubles are very real and very bitter. While they last they are severer than the troubles of manhood and womanhood, because the child has no to-morrow in the landscape of his griefs. I have never been witness to deeper sorrow than that of a growing boy at school, when, having failed in his examination, he sobbed on his father's shoulder, "O, papa, the disgrace of it, the disgrace of it!" Poor laddie! And his father tucked his cheek against his heart, held him fast, and comforted him as this father oftentimes had been held fast by the arms of God and comforted of Him.

"Only a child's troubles!" Pastor, never be guilty of uttering that sinful word. "Only a child"—never be guilty of that tedious, lying phrase. It is a child, God's child, died for by Christ, ransomed by the Lord, therefore a child—humanity's child, God's child. And one of the mighty makers of the world that is to be.

Thus must the pastor acknowledge the child. This right estimate will naturally and quickly dominate all his relationships toward them. He will always treat them worthily if he never esteems them unworthily. How pathetically often does the eye light on this paragraph in a religious paper: "A gracious ingathering, one hundred accessions, mostly adults." How very

wicked that is, and how very frivolous! Such ministers lightly esteem the child. How seldom, if ever, do you light on such a paragraph as this: "A gracious outpouring, one hundred accessions, mostly little children." Why not? Preachers do not write in that tone of voice; if they were wiser they would. One hundred accessions, mostly little children, constitute a much more valuable addition to the Church than an equal number "mostly adults," because the adults have to be managed so much, and their lives are malformed and full of vagaries, and they will need to spend so much time in unlearning, and then they learn so tardily, whereas children can be brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

As a pastor, I definitely believe that the most fruitful work a preacher can do is to give heed to the children, to bring them into the Church, to tutor them in the Church, to put their childish feet on the highway to the heavenly mountains, and in heaven they will rise up and call him blessed.

The wastes of sin are very tragical. Tares can be sown in the night; they can not be rooted up in the night, nor yet in a day. The economic effort for the redemption of this world is the effort to keep the children with the Christ.

As a pastor must have the right estimate of the child as a community and heavenly commodity and personality, so must he have a right idea of it as a subject of redemption. Only two theories are possible touching a child at his birth:

Theory one: The child belongs to the devil.

Theory two: The child belongs to God.

The Church or the person who would rise and make a disquisition to prove that the child belonged to the devil would have a hazardous enterprise. The common sense of mankind knows better. When the common sense of mankind and the view of Jesus are at one, we may allow that the coincident voices of Christ and humanity are always wise.

Suppose we consider the first view, namely, that the child is the devil's child. No man could get a hearing for a moment in championing such a theory.

The other theory is that every child belongs to God, was born God's child, before he can belong to that wicked one and arrive at such unworthy notoriety. Such Churches as refuse to let little children join them and refuse the sign of baptism, which is a sign of being a Christian and belonging to the Church, must do so, if they act logically, on the first theory—that children belong to the devil. But across the path of such thrusts out the jutting crag, "For of such is the kingdom of God." In the light of Jesus' authoritative and conclusive saying we must frame our theories of a child as related to God; and the child as related to God is the measure of the child's relation to the Christian Church.

"Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man," is the statement of universal redemption. In that sunlight we may walk swiftly and safely. There is no unsaved person born into this world! Allelujah! How can any man or woman repress the hallelujah when such a truth is grasped? There are no

heathen children born into this world. All the babes born into this world are Christian. Hallelujah! I love that thought. It is worthy of God. It is in keeping with the Christ. This world is born Christian. Every soul born amongst men is a saved soul. I consider that the greatest thought which has ever crossed the path of my thinking. It is sublime, heartening, illuminating. Children are born in heathen lands, but are not heathen: they are Christians. There are only heathen men and women. There are sinners in this world, very many of them; but there are no persons born sinners. Hear the Christ: "For of such is the Kingdom of God." This is said of all babies.

There is every sort of difference between being born "sinful" and being born "sinner." Everybody is born "sinful," "as the sparks to fly upward," but to sinfulness there attaches no guilt. We are not responsible for a bent. To sinnerness there attaches guilt. "Sinfulness" and "sinnerness" are radically different terms. We are born sinful: we make ourselves sinners. To doubt that the babe dying is safely housed in heaven would be strange atheism. "The streets of the city are full of boys and girls," is the laughter-laden description of the City of God given long since by a prophet who saw things as they were. You can not listen for the heavenly song and not hear the children singing. Children are born in the kingdom of the Christ. This the preacher must not fail to know, and this the preacher must never forget. Therefore his able-bodied task is to keep children with the Christ. This also is the task of parenthood. And if children belong to the kingdom of

God they belong to the Church of God and have the rights and privileges of the Church. "Forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

And amongst the privileges of the Church of God stand chiefly the Sacrament of Baptism and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Baptism is the sign that we are children of God and that we are members of the Church of God. The Lord's Supper is the sign that we continue to belong to the Church of God. Baptism answers once for all: the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper occurs often in "remembrance of Me," as says the Christ in words that we never shall forget. The Roman Catholic baptizes children to save them from hell. The Anglican communion baptizes children for baptismal regeneration. The Methodist baptizes children for neither of these reasons. Methodists baptize babes because they belong to the kingdom of God, and in answer to the convincing saying of Jesus, Lord of redemption, "of such is the kingdom of God."

And all baptized children in the Methodist Episcopal Church are members of the Church on probation and are by the polity of the Church organized into classes and have class leaders. I do not know many things which seem to me to be in such beautiful harmony with the thought of God as this.

And as members of the Church and receiving the sign of Church members, namely, baptism, children have a right to the advantages of the Church, and so they kneel at the Lord's table and partake of the broken body and spilled blood, sign of the love of Christ, which

passeth knowledge and sign, too, that the children so partaking of these holy emblems of the Christ love Him who is everlasting Lover of the children.

This, then, being the attitude of Christ and the attitude of the Church, the pastor who does not come close and keep close to children is woefully behind the times, namely, the times of the Church and the times of the Christ, and shows himself agnostic to the working plans of God. "He that winneth souls is wise;" but the wisest winning of souls is that which keeps souls with the Christ, keeps them in the Church, and saves them from leaving their father's house; keeps them from the dreary journey of the prodigal son, as also the dreary fate of the elder brother, and keeps them at home with God and in service of humankind; keeps them with every faculty intact to serve their generation —the most productive form of effort known to the Church of Jesus Christ.

The pastor should know the children—should know them by their names, should inquire for them when he calls, should ask them to come to church, should invite them to come to the chancel on Sunday and shake hands with him. In a church once served by this writer a little lad, Paul by name, only old enough to walk right sturdily, came up to the chancel every Sunday morning, never failing; however thick the press there, he never was dismayed, but somewhere among the legs of the big folks there was little Paul, knowing his preacher looked for him; and whether his mother and father came with him or not, there was he, a little member in God's Church and quite properly at home with God's Church

and God's minister. If there are more beautiful sights than this little lad urging unambiguous way to "his preacher," I do not now recall what those sights might be.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God," I hear the voice of Christ saying, and then I hear Him saying very softly, with a smile upon His lips, "Feed My lambs."

O God in heaven, it is written of Thee in Thy Book that Thou settest the solitary in families. We bless Thee for that gracious setting up in housekeeping and for all the blessed and pleasing memories which haunt our hearts; home memories dear as kisses on our child lips in the gathering dark, when mother tucked us in our little beds. For motherhood and fatherhood and babehood and childhood and all the shelter and the peace which are dwellers under the happy roof we have learned to call home we humbly bless Thee, O Giver of every good and perfect gift! How good Thou art, and how dependent we all are on the bounty of Thy wide, wise thoughtfulness for us!

Bless us men who are to minister to home and all its sacred belongings. Help us to know the mind of the Lord regarding these precious relations, which are dear past all words and sacred as a prayer. Help us that in nothing we trespass against the least of these Thy little folk, lest our unwisdom shall cause a soul for which Jesus died to suffer loss and, terrible thought, to finally be lost. Keep us from that terror we pray Thee, blessed Lord, and keep us from it always. Amen.

The Pastor and Youth.

Whether at any point of ministerial application of effort there is less comprehension of the interests involved, may well be doubted. If many pastors do understand the validity of the claims of youth upon their thought and love and sympathy, many do not; and if the preacher does, the body of the members of the Church do not. We shall hear much talk of the young man and his problems. (Would that weary word "problems" were buried fathoms deep in the grave. It has grown "stale, flat, unprofitable," as the landscape of life was to Hamlet. We need a revolt against the phrase which has grown to be a way of saying something when we have nothing to say.) But youth is a wiser word than the young man, and a wider word, too. The Church has an apostolate not less to young womanhood than to young manhood. The Church is not feminine gender, neither is it masculine gender. It is epicene, as the grammarians would say. We do misapprehend the issue involved in world redemption when we talk persistently about the young man or about the boy as we would if we talked all the while about the young woman or the girl. Christianity is not so ill-advised as this, though not a few of its votaries are. To hear the average temperance orator, woman or man, pronounce, you would think that the

temperance cause was a man's cause only. "We must save the boys," is the inconclusive proclamation; whereas the temperance question is as snaring to women as to men. Drunkenness and the lewdness, which is its twin, are assassins of women and men alike, girls and boys alike. Society in many quarters is given to drink with the women folk as certainly and disastrously as with the men. Drunkenness is no respecter of sex. It knows no chivalry. Liquor will make a woman reel and babble in lewd songs and sayings as certainly as it will a man. Liquor will coarsen a woman as certainly as it will a man. The propaganda of temperance is as decidedly a feminine question as it is a masculine question, and that not because the men are to marry the women, and on the helpless women is to be thrown the ignominy and the penury which dog-like tramp at the heels of intemperance, but because the women are learning to drink socially, and their nervous organization being more finely poised than a man's, they are thus more easily jangled and so deranged toward better things. Temperance has the interests of a race at heart and in its plans; and the Church has the race at heart; and the race is man and woman, forever man and woman.

The youth of the Church is a wide phrase. Young men and young women planned for for humanity and God is the intent of the phrase.

Science has in recent years discovered with much sounding of cymbals that the period of youth is the period of danger, and the period of help made more readily possible. It is good they have found this out; and it is a valuable pedagogical information; but any

preacher could have told them that ages ago. That is an old thing under the Christian sun. The scientists are belated on matters not a few. Some of our ministers are raging over the revelations of science touching this matter of the eligibility of youth to the redemptive impulsive and influences; whereas, if they would think a little about their own prerogatives and the doctrines of Christianity they would rave less and speak forth the words of truth and soberness more. The Christian Church has known this all along. The importance of the child was discovered and revealed by Jesus; and the housing of youth and the holding of youth for the Christ and for the Church is an adage of the Church and has been long. "Train up a child in the way he should go," was the high road then and is the high road now, to sobriety of life and unswerving usefulness of behavior. The Bible carefully and prayerfully studied will be of surer value in the delicate questions of youth, and how to wield it for the bettering of itself and society and the Christian community than much wandering after every psychological *ipse dixit*. Not that those are to be despised, but that the Church has larger light on the real capabilities and disabilities of this case than anybody else has. We have much unused light in our own house and should stay there a little more and wander out for other lights a little less. Youth for God and we for youth is the proposition which we do well as religionists to give perpetual heed to.

So many Church members are unjust to youth. Their attitude, if it were to be characterized as hostile,

would not be far amiss. They have no patience with the young. They seem never to have been young themselves, or else to have forgotten how it felt. Youth is a time of dreams, and in consequence a time of danger. Dreams make for danger as they make for safety. The youth, girl or boy, is feeling for the wings each soul is to wear. Where will those wings bear this youth, is the subtle fear that leaps to speech in thoughtful minds and should shape itself to deeds.

A pastor should study to bring his members into close touch with the young people. The young people, whether the feeling be justifiable by the fact or not, is not now material, seeing the feeling exists, feel that the older people are not sympathetic with them, that they are tolerated rather than regarded. Let each pastor know that this is how the young folks do feel whether they ever so phrase their feelings or not. Many times the accusation is unjust; many times it is just; but in any case there is a great gulf fixed, and this gulf must be moved bodily. It has no business to exist. Let the wise pastor interest his brainiest and most cultured members in glad fellowship with the young. Let him put the newly married folk on their guard against the selfishness of love, which so easily omits all former friendships and is satisfied with the home and the wonder of married love and devotion. Such happy hearts must not forget their associates. They must bring their own joy to brighten the joy of others, who by and by may enter into their joy. Married folks must be brought to mingle gladly and continually with the unmarried folks, lest there should

be a division in the interests of the Church and so a shortening of the service which might be rendered God and mankind.

And the membership must have the continuous stimulative pastoral suggestion that they mix with the young; that they be not lookers-on, but participants; that youth is a hard time of life; for it is trying the most difficult of difficulties, namely, to find itself and its center of gravity and its vocation. The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, says the chaste Longfellow; and youth does not know it, but we know it and must help that in the long thoughts they think those who love them be close beside to give a word of fathering of the long thought, and of gladdening when youth is glad, and of steering youth off from possible perils, of which there are such multitudes, more than any man may number. Youth needs sympathy. It will not ask it. It, as likely as not, does not know it needs it or wants it; but it does. Laughter needs another laughing voice as sincerely as weeping needs another voice of tears. The heartaches of youth are so genuine and, O, so bitter! that to contemplate the grief which lurks about the heart of laughing youthhood, as we count youth to be, makes a body's heart ache. If you could induce each woman and each man to recur to the bitterness as well as the brightness of his youth, it would ameliorate the condition of many a youth now on the road once traveled by our feet, which often left blood-prints on the road. I recall my own heartaches, which had no visible to-morrow, for youth stays in the day more than maturity does. Manhood knows the com-

ing time is fair-minded and a rectifier of the now, if it needs rectifying; youth does not know this, because youth is not a philosopher. We get to be philosophers when youth is spent. Better youth than philosophy; but better youth with the warm hand and the helpful laid down hot, but not heavy, on its hand when in deep trouble and groping like a man in the fogs feeling for a dangerous way. True, youth can rid itself easier and sooner of its disability than maturity can do. Its resiliency is greater; but while it stays, the pain of youth is even more pungent than of age. Hearts close and tender, how they will help! "Snug up to youth," that is the advice of the wise pastor to his folks, and is the wise advice to a pastor for himself. Stay near where danger lurks, where menaces are thick, where the struggle of the world, the flesh, and the devil, which is very real and tragically real, is pressing like a pursuing troop.

Youth for God. That is this world's safety. Everybody not an atheist knows that. To start with God and stay with God, what a shelter from temptation! what a safe conduct on the long, grim way of life! How many of ourselves have been shielded from snares innumerable by belonging to the God of the Church and the Church of God. That is what we may well make fuel of for our thought. The danger of this world is the danger of falling into sin. The Church has every aid against sin and no provocative to sin. When by stratagem or love or by whatever manly means youth is brought under the influence of the Christian Church, it is a glad day, whether it know it or not. "Guarded" is the word

Christianity can speak out loud to youth. And it must speak it; but it can not speak it except it secure and retain the confidence of youth. One might say truthfully, so far as my own observation recalls, that youth is wary. It does not fall into the arms of such as would fain do it service. They look askance at preachers and think them of another gender from themselves. This is why siege is necessary. If the preacher is forever fulmining from the pulpit against young people and seeming to rather enjoy his faulting, then is he useless, or largely so; but if so be they feel he loves them and feels their worth and wears their magnitude in his brain, then can he command them. He can front them toward the heavenly lights.

It may well be the pastoral endeavor to reduce his points of antagonism to the lowest possible point consistent with the soul and body interests of the youth whom he seeks to save and retain saved. It is never wise to rasp at anything. It is specially not wise to fulmine at everything in sight, the baseball game, the football game, the nickelodeon. There are in all these ingredients of danger, but in themselves they are not bad. Amusement is virtuous and is necessary. Play is provided for by our God in the nature of His creation. Cats are not the only things that like to frisk. I have sometimes wished that the logic of play as seen in puppies and cats and bears and lions, and babies when playing with their toes, might penetrate the thick cuticle of some I have known, to whom life was so grim that a wintry landscape was a rather enlivening scene compared with life as they conceived it. Play is good!

Only bad play is wrong. Get young people to know once for all that the preacher is a friend to fun and play, that he likes giggling himself, that sport is a delight to him, that games are things he has not forgotten the attractiveness of; then, when he does fault certain types of pleasure, they will heed his words as knowing they came not from the heart of a censor, but from the heart of a man. It often does a preacher more good to go out and play ball with his young folks, or run races with them, or cut up didos with them, than to ask them to prayer-meeting, for the palpable reason that after such sense of frolic with him they will feel that where he invites them is worthy of their regard. Young people are pretty sensitive, and they are much like girls about their lovers. They do not need to be told. A girl knows things of that sort without being informed. The catalogue of evils is not so long, after all, if we give the matter scrutiny. To get a sense of the eternal rightnesses, that is the main business; and having a sense of the eternal rightnesses, to have a settled determination for conscience' sake to do that righteous thing, what a strength that is! and how it compasses us about with deliverance!

We as ministers are to bring youth fronting the great decision and the great strength and the great service, which is all spelled in one word, howbeit a proper name is this word: it is spelled "Jesus." To give youths to feel, for feeling is evermore deeper than knowing, that Jesus is not a name primarily for renunciation, but is primarily a name for realization and expansion is a weighty word to utter to them. They will not soon

forget it. "The expulsive power of a supreme affection" is a phrase for which Thomas Chalmers is to be blessed forever. Christianity is possession rather than omission. Religion is not so much cutting off as it is receiving and applying. Tell such things with a glad voice to such as come to Church two by two, two by two. Talk of love as a worthy and desirable estate. Do not jest at it. Love is very real and very regal to all whose lives are touched thereby. The fraternity of heart which comes between preacher and preached-to, though he knows them not at all, is stirring as no battle-trumpet is. Give those who hear you, heart. Tell them with a laughing voice that hard times do not hurt: that we are built for strenuous days: that we are not driftwood, chattels of the current, but boats that sail up-stream, and that the largest conceptions of the thing called life are to be learned from the Christ and are embodied in the Church of the Christ.

To save young man or woman, is a strong man's task. These are the unmade makers of the world. They need care and sympathy and wide wisdom, but mainly love. "He loves us," let every preacher struggle to have that impression regarding his attitude be prevalent in all the city where he dwells. Boys have legs and like to kick. Why should preachers perpetually kick at football, when every boy not a candidate for anæmia is bound to tumble in that glorious heap of heads and heels? Why is that bad? And youth in manhood likes that, too. It has legs; and the rush, the audacity, the strength to resist, and the strength necessary for impact, all appeal to strength. "My son, be strong," was the word of

a man one time—a man who loved athletics and who said, "I keep my body under."

Glory in youth and with youth. Get a natural leadership with them from your definite, human power of control. We can not scold people into the kingdom of God, though some seem to be very certain we can. We can't; and we ought not. And youth do not need hectoring at forever, but lifting and showing them the sky into which they are lifted. Show them that "the life indeed," of which the heavenly Book has spoken, is the life the Christ has revealed; the big life, big enough to give brawniest brawn and the gladdest rejoicing and the wildest dream room, and room forever. Tell them that sin is an expert in clipping the wings of life's endeavors, and religion is an expert in providing an ample sky, and qualifying a competent courage, and giving just and satisfactory returns in the profits of being worthy and proceeding along paths which shall call for no retreat.

The Christ for the youthhood of the ages, that is the Christ the preacher is permitted to proclaim, Whom if he will proclaim he will have youth following in Christ's train.

The sympathetic attitude towards youth is the preacher's brainy attitude and the attitude of which his Master will approve.

Thou Christ of youth, teach us some measure of Thy wisdom in dealing with these whom Thou hast greatly loved. Bring us into the thick of youth's aspirations, that we may be able to speak in the fervid language of their glowing hope, and forecast for them

somewhat of hope fulfilled, and without repressing their aspirings lead them to gird themselves with Thyself, which, when done, no hopes come to dismay. Help us to be so growthful ourselves that we may feel the saps flowing in our souls which flow in theirs.

Prevent us, our Savior, from hasty or peevish judgments of these laughters and forecasts and fears and sturdy endeavors which are all printed in Thine own recollection. Make us such wise associates with these youth-hearts that by Thy help, to which we evermore must flee, we shall be the helpers of very many who shall by us be brought out into a wide place, we pray in Christ. Amen.

The Fine Art of Loving Folks.

"Loving folks" I say because folks is a home-word, and therefore a sweet word. We say "home folks," but we never do say "home individuals." Unless a man be a good lover of folks he has positively no business at all in the ministry of the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ. If people try him, if he secretly despises a crowd, if he ever in his most trivial moments and most private moments thinks people cheap, if in his secret thought as he classifies the race he has a subhead called "Hoi polloi" or "the mutable rake-scented many" (with Shakespeare), then he must forbear "this ministry" (as Paul calls it). If a man have a suggestion of the prig in his make-up he must not preach. Preaching is not a job for prigs: it is a job for men; and a prig is a good, long remove from a man. Here we must rigidly discriminate between substance and make-believe. It will not do for a man in the ministry to affect an interest in people which he does not possess, because that would be insincerity, and preachers must not be insincere. His value as a public commodity as well as a Church commodity is that men may implicitly rely on him, which is another way of phrasing sincerity. The preacher must study all back lands of his own life. What he says and what he does must have no altercation with what he truly wants to say and what he truly wants to do. With many the repression of an untoward mood

will be substantial virtue. Not so with a preacher. A community can endure anything in a minister better than the feeling that what his lips have to say is no criterion of what his brain is saying. That a minister is withholding conviction on any given question becomes a real crime in a leader of souls. Subtle insincerity is the demolition of a real citadel value in the ministry of Christ. Man can not fly for refuge to the broken wall, nor yet to the veneered wall. A politician might despise people, and yet be suave and hail with the people whose votes he coveted. That truly is not high-grade politics, though it might pass for politics. But for a preacher to have this soul attitude of undervaluing people, the whole people for whom Christ died, is unforgivable. His life of kindness and of interest in people is a feigned life; and feigning is the one thing against which the preacher must set his soul with clamped lips. "I can not let my soul pose," is a motto for his interior life for every man who is pastor to the Lord's flock to write with a sword-point on his heart. He must be true, which means that his procedure, whether in word or deed or thought, shall be a true transcript of his heart.

"If you do not enjoy people, act as if you did," will not that frame a man to larger use of cordiality? It might, but to a sham cordiality. A preacher who meets a little child and says, "I am glad to see you, dear," must weigh those words. Am I glad to see this child? If not, then he must not say so. A preacher must not be oily-tongued. He must not be a palaverer. He must not be given to what in the vernacular is called

"soft soap"—a first-rate word for what some people do. But identifying all gracious speech and thoughtful appreciation of the real merits of those we meet with "soft soap" displays a penury in thought very humiliating. The preacher should study to say the non-vitriolic word and the ingratiating word, because those are the words in which his soul thinks aloud. That preacher-man is lost whom the congregation and the general public sets down as a palaverer. If the people grow to feel that the preacher says kind things because he thinks kind things, says appreciative things because he has appreciation for them, then will they feel in themselves a sturdy growth in self-respect forasmuch as the minister thinks sweet things of them. Few things are so wholesome as that a preacher go from house to house in his Church saying appreciative things of each household and of each member of the household and of other households. He will by so doing induce an atmosphere of kindness. He will reveal to each person something of strength for God's business and world help, which usually qualifies that soul so accosted.

A preacher must love people solely because they are people, not because they are from his native State, nor because they are from his *alma mater*, nor because they are traveled, nor because they are cultured, nor because they have kindred tastes, nor because they are in an all-round way congenial, nor because they are poor, nor because they are rich—not these are the grounds for a minister's love for mankind. He must love them solely because they are human beings. They are world kinsmen of his, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh. He

must not sham admiration for them, but must admire them and should love them because they are his brother men. They are brothers in immortality as well as brothers in mortality and in sin. The lover of babies does not love a baby because it is prinked up in dainty garments, nor because it is ever smiling, nor because it is always clean. For none of these reasons does he love a baby, but because it is a baby. Babies bewitch good women and good men. You want to get your hands on them because they are babies. Babies are all cute to the baby-lover—Chinese baby, American Indian baby, pickaninny baby is always a blessed baby. This pictures the love of humanity which a preacher must possess. Human life grows drunken, brutal, infamous, yet human, and therefore pleading. Racial weaknesses are a real part of the attraction of mankind. The other day I saw on a train a man straight-jacketed, with ropes on arms and body, safely held by three strong men. To look at him filled a body with such pity. A fatal fascination was on him. He was a man in mental ruin. He would have solicited tears from an angel's eyes. But prone as he was, and lost to all touch of brain and poise of will, had his mother been there she would have loved him, and her dear hands would have furtively caressed him, and her mother-heart would have sobbed prayer out to God, "God, save my son," and her lips would have wept words, "My son! ah my dear son, mother's dear boy!" Her love was not conditioned on her son's reason being regnant. Her love was unconditioned—he was her son. Just so must the preacher feel the fatal, yet glorious fascination of humanity. "These

be men; therefore do I love them." There the preacher stands. You can not jostle a man like that. He is not blind. He does not lie to himself, saying, "All men are good," when he knows some men are good for nothing and other men are bad—lewdly, bitterly bad; but despite this leprosy they are lovely to him.

I doubt not Princess Hur's love for Tirzah knew no abatement because Tirzah was a leper. Her love, if differing in anything, was mightier under that distress.

Some persons have a power of appeal to us which other persons do not have. We say, "I naturally take to such a person;" but that can not satisfy the demand on a preacher. He must have a truer hand-hold on life than that. He may feel the personal tug toward one person or another, but he can have and must have a love for people because they are as himself is—folks, just folks.

If a preacher tries to go on the door-yard of other people's lives he can enjoy it. This man loves cattle. You may not have the cattle trader's instinct; but if that person enjoys cattle you can enjoy them because he does—you can enjoy them by deputy enjoyment. For his sake, from his enjoyment-point you view his herd and have real enjoyment in it. The fact is that this ability to transfer viewpoints and so enjoy what others enjoy because they enjoy it, is the finest possible test of the fineness of culture. Any one can enjoy what he enjoys, but not every one can enjoy what another enjoys. My feeling is that in this, women have a beautiful and divine pre-eminence over men, for they so

joyously and sympathetically and vigorously enter into other people's joys, appreciations, griefs, gratifications —it is a consummate art, the surpassing art of the heart.

Many men and women will lend eager attention while things in which they have interest are under discussion; but the second the conversation veers from what appeals to their personal likes they become obviously inattentive. Their faces and their attitude sink into a blank and reprehensible inattention. This is the very dregs of bad manners. Good manners may be defined as Otherness become operative. A preacher must be a good listener, not only because people usually enjoy hearing themselves talk, but because he ought to possess an authentic delight in hearing people tell their likes and their disappointments, their ailments, their aspirations, and their loves. A woman doting on her husband, a husband doting on his wife, a mother's astonishing delight in her baby, a big boy's aspirations toward manhood's plans, a farmer's love of his farm, and a dealer's love of his store, and a newspaper man's delight in the sight of his paper—these become a straight delight to any man who cares for humanity for its own sake.

"Art for art's sake," is a shibboleth of questionable import, seeing so many silly people use the shibboleth. But "Humanity for humanity's sake" is a sane and comprehensive version of the passion for humanity and a pleasure in humanity.

With a love for a race such as is here set before the thought contact with people ceases to be a bore and comes to be a joy. Folks are the most interesting things in the world. The "flower in the crannied wall" which

caught the poet's eyes and claimed from him a song wet with the rain and fragrant with the wind, will not be comparable for loveliness nor loneliness with the flower of humanity plucked out of any turn of the road from the waste places of humanity. A wilted sun-flower has lost beauty, but has not lost wonder. It was a watcher for the sun. That memory haunts it like music haunts a broken harp.

The preacher who holds in his blood this unsophisticated love for humanity will be very human and humble, and will be much less prone to vitriolic assault on people than to tears and prayers in people's behalf with groanings which can not be uttered. He will be a circulating heart, whose gentle warmth shall waken in many the long-lost wonder in the race and the long-forgotten joy in humanity and love for humanity.

Once upon a time a man prone to acid judgment and exasperating expression concerning those he knew, who did not incline to many but declined from many, said to his pastor, "I find it hard to feel unkindly to people when you are around." Then was that pastor glad and thanked his God, with his face wet with tears and his voice wet as his face. A circulating love for humanity, that is what a preacher must be if he is to be in any wise an evangel to humanity. He can not preach with honor who does not love to love mankind.

If we squeeze the precious juices from Lowell's beautiful "Sir Launfal" we shall find that they are just this—the love of whoever come our way simply because they do come our way. The Holy Grail is ever at the reach of the hand of all such ardent souls.

"The Love of Christ Constraineth Us."

This love for humanity is a preacher necessity, but is not a humanitarian incident solely. That is not the complete history of the matter. A drawing to humanity as a sociological tendency is far this side of the preacher-love for his kind. Some people go slumming for the thrill of it: some people go amongst men to make psychological or literary studies just as a physician might gather pathological data in sickness-ridden districts. Sociological interest may be a very worthy or a very worthless interest. We shall be in deadly peril of becoming irritated with humanity and of patronizing humanity unless we are committed to the passion for humanity. Preachers are not speculative visitors to humanity, nor interested spectators of human souls, nor condescending participants in a battle not their own. They are not merely blood of their blood, bone of their bone, pain of their pain, weakness of their weakness. They do not even, after the kindly human spirit of the poet, build their house by the side of the road, because there the dust from human feet clouds the sky above that highway, but they are girt by a mighty passion—"The love of Christ constraineth us." That is the full biography of the love Christian ministers bring to bear on the human race.

A distinguished missionary said to me one day as

we rode at full speed across wide reaches of American space: "I feel the woes of the heathen: I know the bitter barrenness of their lives; but this would not suffice to keep me among them. One gets used to heathenism and grows callous to its desperate tragedy. Not the love of man sufficeth to keep me away from my wife and from my children through these years. Only the love of Christ is competent." His face was tender: his eyes were wet: his voice was vibrant: Christ was on him. The love for Christ is a necessity to a gigantic love for man. Loving Him makes for loving man. The passion for humanity, in the Christian sense, is begotten by a passion for Theos—for the Word made flesh that dwelt among us.

So that preacher who cares to keep close to man must keep strangely close to God. The entire landscape of preacher activity is presided over by Christ. He walks as seeing Him who is invisible: he talks as seeing Him who is invisible: he reaches a man's hand of help to a man because his own hand is held in the hot palm of Christ, the Lord.

On the lower side the preacher loves men because Christ loves them: He died for them that, whether they wake or sleep, they might dwell together with Him. He sees humanity through Jesus' eyes. He feels His pity for the race. He walks, sobbing, by the side of such as are dear to the Lord of life and glory. I do not care who the man or woman is, sometimes humanity will seem desperately cheap unless that soul be saturated by the sense of the Christ love, which, knowing what was in man and being amazed at their unbelief, yet did not

hesitate to walk straight forward to their redemption. Humanity did not seem cheap to Jesus: hence it must not seem cheap to us; and it will not, howbeit a higher sky than a human sky must lift its arch above man—the sky of love that Christ bore to all mankind. After that we dare not call any common or unclean. The stench from human bodies and the wearier stench of souls will not nauseate us who are living close to this broken heart of Christ which wept over Jerusalem, and over those who, breathing curses, stumble in darkened shamelessness toward doom. No apathy will invade the love of those who wear the love of Christ in the heart. Their hearts will burn within them as they walk amongst the sons of men. Christ loves them—loves them all, bears with them all, died for them all, prayed for them all, and now ever lives to intercede for them all, and is building a many-mansioned house for all who will accept of it. In the light of this revelation we must love the beloved of Christ.

Any man who will inspect his own spiritual history will bear record to this softening effect of the love of Christ for all men on his own heart and on his own ministrations toward all manner of men. He becomes in the heat of this divine passion a mother-spirit, full of all compassion toward the vilest and crudest and most debauched, repeating in his heart like a refrain, "Christ loves him, Christ loves him;" and God's afflatus breathes deep in his own heart. Great love is the only adequate love for man for whom Jesus died for love. Nothing perfunctory will come of a race-love so begot. When a minister becomes perfunctory he is lost. He is not

automaton: he is man. "These are they for whom Jesus died," is a motto written in tears and blood above debauched humanity, which seeing, they become very human and very tender, and must pray with no lassitude in the voice, nor any bitterness, only in incalculable pity set to tears.

But this view, high as it is, is but the lower half of the Christ relation and inspiration of our love for man. The wider consideration and inspiration is the love we bear to Christ, and not the love Christ bears to man. "We love him;" that love for him begets a big heart; and the big heart loves to love all humanity. So that really the only cosmopolitan spirit developed in this earth has been developed by the love for Christ. Aside from that, humanity is a poor provincial. All besides Greeks were to the Greeks barbarians: all besides the Romans were to the Romans barbarians: all besides the Jews were to the Jews Gentiles. This egotism makes races insular. Humanity is an egotist. Heathenism is egotism. Christianity loves a world because it loves God. It has acquired a spacious heart in which the whole earth may dwell and not yet crowd it.

All must see how persons, when in love, become strangely tender to all about them. Love for one made with amazing directness for love for all. Love qualified the heart. In like, yet definitely larger fashion, love for Christ qualifies all who receive it. Frankly, I confess to being agnostic as to how any soul can love God and not love the uttermost parts of the earth. Love transcends limitations. When lovers of God, we are become, in a true and astounding sense, infinite. We

can take the earth—aye, and the universe—to our hearts and still not have a full heart, much less a crowded heart. To love the Christ and not love the heathen world is a heterodoxy: it is a practical impossibility.

As anybody who herself has a baby wants to take all babies in her arms, so with Christ in our love we wish to embrace a planet and love it back to God. Our lower life along the ground is tugged at by the higher life—the life of God. Our love for Him sets us on the right track and on the world plan. "The world is my parish," said one man who had learned of Christ and who had loved Christ. We feel the world below the horizon tugging at our heart because God is tugging at our heart. We are meant for the sea—the sea of love—because we have loved and do love the Savior.

And if any preacher-man finds his love for man growing arid, let this serve notice on him that he is growing unconsciously lukewarm toward Christ. To be close to Christ is to make us ardent to come close to all humankind. "The love of Christ constraineth us."

"Stir Up the Gift of God Which Is in Thee."

The attrition of education is a menace to individuality. For the first twenty years of life the child is being worn away in personality through being educated in information. This accounts for educated persons being so much alike, and is the history of why so many preachers are so little striking in personality. An ignorant man is likely to have more individuality than the cultured man, because, while the latter is wealthier in knowledge, the former is wealthier in selfhood. Any one who is familiar with people to any great extent, can bear witness to the accuracy of this observation. Village life is more conducive to individuality than city life, and country life more conducive than either. In the crowded forest the trees and the forest shrubs are crowded out of their own shape and grow disfigured as regards their real personality and natural grace, by the rush they must make upward for the sun. They can not spread themselves into their just proportions and outlines. The oak, the willow, and the like, are de-individualized. Thus is their beauty abated and their wonder lost. The old English habit of trimming certain evergreens into curious shapes such as a body could see in quaint illustrations of "John Gilpin's Ride," starved nature and starved themselves, they not being

æsthetic enough to know that God knew more about arboriculture than they. Their crime was that they had slain the individuality of the tree. How much more are those to be condemned who slay, or by abrasion abate, the individuality of the soul. Just how culturistic methods and educative processes, which are certainly necessary, pressing on their legitimate industry, the acquisition of knowledge and the attrition on individuality, may be abated, no one knows. Certain we are that, while this world is steadily increasing in culture, it is steadily decreasing in genuine personality, a condition which all who care for what God makes must look upon with genuine and even bitter regret. A man would not willingly go to the college to find individuality, but to some remote solitude, where the self might grow with a wild and glad freedom. Such a delicious book as "The Seven Dreamers" could not have been written of people city-grown, neither could the "Window in Thrums," nor "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," nor yet such a book as "Bonaventure," nor "Louisiana," nor "Pierre and His People," which are all volumes instinct with the wonder of personality. The people there are grown from the ground.

Now, in many crafts individuality may be reduced or dismayed or destroyed, and no harm come to the occupation. The carpenter can build as good a house be he phlegmatic, bilious, or nervous in temperament. He may be a character nondescript and cast a composite shadow, and still build a house. So with plenty beside. The schoolmaster may teach Greek with as little individuality as sawdust—not teach it so well, to be

sure, but teach it. That delicious Hellenist, Dr. Hyde, of Denver University, was all the better preceptor in Greek that he himself was so beautifully abundant in genuine individuality. But a man could train students along the road of the Anabasis at so many parasangs a day, and be unlit by any single ray of personality. But a preacher is otherwise. His value is that as he lives alone, ascends the pulpit alone, preaches alone, so he must at his magnitude be a solitary personality. He must not be disfigured so that he is anybody, nor everybody, but he must be regally one body, and that body himself.

Individuality is the only thing the individual possesses which he could patent. There is just one of a kind born; and one is enough. Now, to that matter of selfhood let each one cling with a tenacity like a man clings to integrity, honor, valor, life. To be like anybody else is a malformation: to be like everybody else is an actual decapitation. If a congregation is to hire as a preacher every preacher, they had as well hire an elocutionist to read other people's sermons, because it is well understood that the chief preachers preach sermons far surpassing anything we lesser men can achieve in sermonic perfection. The sole reason congregations do hire a preacher, not an elocutionist, is that they want his opinion, want to see the ply of the shuttle of his soul. But if he be sandpapered away so that he is nobody in particular and everybody in general, then is his birthright lost irrevocably. It must be noted that originality once lost is never recovered. When an ancient painting has been lost from a wall by a subse-

quent daub misnamed painting, the original can sometimes be recovered. So was the lost Dante picture found for us moderns. But when the individual is once overlaid by the veneer of some other body or some other bodies, then recovery of this lost magnificence there is none. For, say what you will, the only thing which constitutes you you, and me me, is magnificent. It is our real contribution to mankind. One Addison, one Johnson, one Lowell, one Bacon, one Elia, one Emerson, one Holmes, how enriching to essayistic literature! Had they all been Elias or Hazlitts or Macaulays, what an impoverishment!

To be an echo is not to be a contribution. The voice is contribution. Any hill can make an echo. "I am the voice," said John; and whether he weighed the thing he said, we may not say, but that he said a weighty word regarding preacherhood, we must all allow. I am the voice—can you say that, preacher? Or must you in fidelity to truth say, "I am an echo and do n't count?"

In every school of the prophets two chairs might be established outside the curriculum as it now reads. One a professorship of books, reading for reading's sake: the other a professorship of individuality—self for self's sake and for man's sake and for Jesus' sake. But if it be remarked that they do now possess a professorship of elocution and oratory, then is this remark aside from the discussion; for such in reality do de-individualize—not that they mean to, but that they do. You can, as a rule, tell what master tutored a man in speech. His master's man he is, and not his own.

"What are a man's own possessions in the realm of public utterance?" that is the valid question to put to the man's own self. What are the man's own intrinsic qualities?—which, if educated, will flash out into revelation of power like Arthur's excalibur—that is the wise question for each prospective preacher to put to himself. Doubtless it is very hard and next door to the impossible to avoid the overmastering might of such speakers and stylists as one admires. Yet it is possible and ought to be comprehended and ought to be sedulously cultivated. Elijah and Elisha, how good to have those two!

Elisha was not eliminated by Elijah. In the Bad Lands in the Dakotas the picturesque quality of the landscape owes itself to the individuality of the buttes which have withstood the attrition of wind and winter and rain through the longest lifetime of any portion of America or of this globe. Consider that these lands are oldest of the earth, and consider that they have not been subject to subsidence or upheaval, but that they stand as they were put in the primeval era very long ago, and the robust personality of these formations becomes thrillingly apparent. The elements of water, sun, calm, storm, deluge of rain, wild deluge of wind, have only sculptured out enduring monuments which assert a selfhood not made to die. To hold audience with these invincible assertions of individuality would doubtless do the average licentiate more good than a pilgrimage to Europe or the Orient. They would teach preachers-to-be the art of being themselves.

THE PASTOR-PREACHER.

I know a certain preacher, whom to meet is like meeting with a meandering stream. You know not what you will meet. There is in him glorious illusion. He refuses to be invoiced. He is a distinct contribution to your catalogue of elemental forces you have met. He never dimmed along your horizon. He was too granitic, too solitary to be lost in the press of things. He has read widely: he has seen clearly: his faculties are trained: he is college-bred: he has traveled widely: he moves much with men, but he is just himself. He has the audacity to believe something, and not to swallow all things told him. He is not scared of the bogy, "He is not scholarly," which slays so many preachers. He is big enough to stand on his own legs without being jostled by the crush of things. He reads widely, but is not always reading "the greatest theological treatises of the year." His wit is ready: his poise is admirable: his eyes are his own, and he comes at things at his own angle, which makes old things seem new things: he is himself, vigorous, searching after truth and finding it. In preaching he does not cull all his views from books. He can think a thing for himself, and really supposes himself is called of God to be a theologian, and so marches out right gayly along the road of God, and reaches God and man. He is no echo, but a voice. When I am with him, the mountain wind is blowing.

How refreshing all this is! and what a contrast to many a man, whom to meet is to come into collision with phrasings of things which are familiar, with lucubrations which you have read, and with arguments

which are platitudes! Blessed is that man of whom his congregation feels, "We have for a pastor not an echo, but a voice." "Take heed to thyself," was a Pauline mandate, which is close kinsman to the other mandate, "Stir up the gift of God which is in thee." Both phrasings are peremptory. Paul knew that a preacher-man's first commodity is himself. He knows how easy it is to lose the pearl of personality. To keep yourself, is worth battling for. To take culture and thereby not to lose self; to learn what a broad interpretation of the Shakespearean counsel, "To thine own self true," may be; to have a granite in your life which shall withstand wear and tear, but catch all lights and shadows, daylights and sunsets, as a mountain does,—that is worth a preacher's while—greatly worth a preacher's while.

Blessed is that preacher whose congregation feels, We have for a pastor not an echo, but a voice. Take that for a beatitude. Ponder these two Pauline counsels:

"Take heed to thyself."

"Stir up the gift of God which is in thee."

Keeping Alive the Sense of Wonder.

When wonder is dead the soul is become a dry bone. The grim valley of dry bones to which the prophet leads us is not a myth. It is a portrait of many, a picture painted by the sun. Bones dried by the sun and by the desert breath, they have lost wonder. They spread, those bones which used to climb and run and walk whithersoever a soul that led them demanded transportation on the ground. When soul goes away the bones stay and last when the flesh is worn and dried; but they are only fit to be burned to potash. They build no house in which the soul may stay. Can a soul become dry bones? Answer, grievously and truly, yes. Such souls are all about us. They think to live: they laugh, they weep, they chatter, they are wise in their own conceit, they argue, they assert, they do everything but live. What is their malady? The true reply is, they have lost the sense of wonder. Nothing appears strange. They are familiar with all things. They are grown blasé. They walk stolidly among such wonders as had made Jesus, Prince of men, to pause and wait a while and then speak poetry.

Kipling defined a certain woman in cold, deliberate tone, "A rag and a bone and a hank of hair." That is terrific reduction to primary qualities. The poet

drew that picture not with brush, but with sword-point. He etched it on a woman's breast. But a soul devoid of wonder is more naked yet. No rag to clothe the bones' alarming nakedness, nor any hair to fall down and prove a veil in behalf of modesty not yet forgot, but just a bone—a valley of dry bones. The valley is where cities thrive and build their dwellings and merchant houses, and where the tiller of the soil has harvest, and where people dwell; and the fertile valley where the rivers run was inhabited of ungarmented bones. They sprawled under the heavens, nor knew the heavens yearned in blurred amethyst, nor that the sunset overturned its wine along the trailing clouds. Poor bones, which once were men! But can not anybody who has used his ears and eyes answer without a moment's hesitation that he has seen veritable hosts which in the total no valley could contain, who were as blind to blue of sky and drench of sunset's crimson as if they had been bones bleached and tumbled on the ground? They know no wonder; nothing bade them stand. Better to be smitten with fear and have a horror of voices such as the ghost of Hamlet's father made under ground in sepulchral tones, commanding, "Swear, swear!" so that Hamlet and Marcellus and Horatio walked across a human voice and fairly trampled on a human soul until white fear frosted their temples white,—better that, I say, than an uneventful ground and a life where nothing happens.

We are in deadly peril of things understood. We are likely to sit down under the greening tree and never catch the miracle which turns winter branch and trunk

into a bower of perfumed blossom and transfigured leafage. When Charles Darwin recorded with a pang of regret that music and Shakespeare had been dear delights to him, but now they delighted him no more, he did but say his sense of wonder was coffined. We are dwellers in the regions of explanations. Everything has had its explanatory clause, and we are befogged by this. If asked what holds fiery suns and endless systems and the wandering and far-going comets on their lonely ways, the sapient will reply, "Why, gravitation," and thinks himself to have given a sage reply, whereas he only christened a mystery. What is gravitation? It is the power that holds worlds in transit, is the sagacious reply of those scientific souls. But he defines in a circle and, traveling, thinks himself to have made progress. He has actually taken a little ride on a merry-go-round. Gravitation is a name for a fact, but a fact of undiminished mystery; such tragic mystery (to my thought) that we have always to face it with alarm and fear, more than Macbeth knew in fronting murdered Banquo. Newton gave a physical fact a name, but gave it no explanation. We are where we were. We fail to get on. The fact still breaks our spirits with its unspeakable wonder, and we must still wonder how all those central suns are hung upon nothing. Nothing subtracts from that amazing wonder.

To sit smugly down and erase wonder from a universe by giving mystery a name, is simply incredible dullness. The wonder of this universe refuses to abate. For years protoplasm was the childish word lisped in

our ears as the uneventful unit of life. This was the base of all living matter, and reaching it we had come to the bathybius (as Huxley, the knowing, named it), which explained all things. It was next discovered that protoplasm was not the simple base of all combinations, but that each form of life had its own form of protoplasm. Protoplasm is as complex, as varied, as life forms. In vain we try to slip the leash of the wonderful.

Men would crush miracle out. They have not succeeded. Miracle is wonder: and the universe is a miracle. Cogent, perspicuous, profound old Butler has never been overthrown when he argued that if miracles were a departure from the existing order of things, then, when things began to be and the-what-was-not come to be the-what-is, then a miracle was wrought. This is a rock no seas can drown, no icebergs crush. A miracle is a thing beyond us. In actuality, this whole world and the world to come of things is thus become a miracle. Who will explain anything? Who will explain a baby's birth, or a mother's love, or the eventful phenomenon of sex, or the perpetuity of a plant in selfhood, or the vitality with which a starbeam keeps its journey until it journeys across universal space,—who will tell about these? Many will talk about it: none will tell about it.

Men who are to be prophets to souls must not be befogged with definitions nor dethrone wonders from their position. We are not great by virtue of the things we can explain, but by virtue of the things we can not explain. A cow has pretty eyes, as quiet as

a pool of quiet water, but uneventful eyes. There is no touch of wonder in their dreamless depths. The eyes are therefore soulless. A child's eyes are fairly lightning. They are to see things: they are the windows of the brain, and bewilder like a play of swords of fire. An explained world is a world we could not be hired to stay in. An inexplicable world will keep us entranced like those who watch for a new planet to swim into their ken. Blessed be God for the wonder of things! No thing can have its recipe written out. Evolutionists are becoming a trifle chary in explanatories. Heat by expansion moves locomotives and steamships, multiplies the lifting power of the denizens of the earth until it is as if inhabited by a hundred times its population—this fact we note. We have been hauled by this excessive expansion of heat, have been served by it, have in fact become quite at home with it and familiar with this amazing Goliath. But understand it? Why, no. Why heat does expand until it flings up sea valleys into ten thousand feet of sky, that we have not at all penetrated. It does it, that is everything we know. And we shall likely know no more until God in His heaven becomes our Preceptor in dynamics.

Now, a preacher's credential is that he is alive to wonder. Everything seems strange to him, like a city to a country child. He looks and lauds: he wonders and applauds. He is overarched with the blue sky of a scheme too large for him and breathed upon by the west wind of wonder. He looks all things in the face with a keen delight. The edge is never worn from his surprise. The result is that he is always inter-

ested, and who is interested will in turn be interesting. He goes about, one unqualified delight. How good it is to take around a boisterous city a man who has spent his life amid the quiet of the fields and hear the voice of his surprised delight in everything he sees! "How fine that is," he says to everything. How easy that relative is to entertain. But if so be that relative to be entertained has been everywhere, or thinks he has been, and slaps you in the face with the open hand of his remark, "You know that does very well for here, but when a man has been to so and so it is rather flat,"—may we all be delivered from such relatives! Being dead to wonder, a man dies. His eye becomes listless. To have seen Will Shakespeare go anywhere would have been like reading a book of revelation, because all he saw beckoned to him like the sea. It was a wonderland and was eventful. Every step was a delight. In Yellowstone Park the traveler decides, when the circuit is completed, the wonder is not one thing nor everything, but that every few rods the vista changes. It is the most eventful journey, I candidly think, anybody will ever take. You are always on the threshold of the new. Torrent, crag, forest, beaver-meadow, beaver-dam, canyon, eagle nest on eagle eyrie, geysers of terror which had given Dante lessons in Inferno, snowy peaks,—processions of them, solitudes of pine, snow drift which piled the Divide of the continent, and where alpine flowers kindled their radiant lights, yellow dog-tooth violets giving new sense of the versatility of God, and sea crag set amidst the voices of swift waters, long slant of pines, that climb the Great

Divide, fleet-footed deer or bronzed buffalo, the shambling bear, the far, high, glorious, effortless flight of the eagle, the swift, downward rush of the water of the wide river, the sullen gathering of the lake into a narrow mountain pass dusk at noon, the leap of waters over a precipice twice as high as Niagara, the moaning mountain winds amongst the mountain pines, the glassy cliff, the infernal mud geysers casting up forever the slime and dirt, the solitude sublime, the woodland steeps where no ax has swung in the depredation of forests,—the unexpectedness of things, that is what will keep the national preserve a landscape of wonders till the last sunset casts its melancholy light upon the earth.

To the preacher—the right preacher—the earth is like that park of wondrous allurement. The child, shuffling old age palsied and grown blind,—souls grip him and will not let go their hold. Such a man never tires of things or of folks or of doing. There is no routine in his career. He is living on the edge of miracle. Gentle spring will come and push burly, braggart winter out and set the windflower and the trailing arbutus blooming, where winter trampled with his freezing feet and thought to trample all bloom out. He will never weary of the spring. Each day, all days, will evoke his praise. He will sing old psalms of ecstasy to God because God hath done such things and does them by persistent plan.

The preacher will be at wonder how God shuts angry winter out and makes the gentle spring at bird song, conqueror. How sweet the world is, and how

wonder stays! No days, no places, no people will vex him when he is "doulos" of wonder as Paul was "doulos" of Christ.

When he goes and where he goes the sky will be high above his soul. He watches that amethystine arch and marvels that so wide an archway never crashes in: he sees the crowds of people and peers in every face through sheer exhilaration, wanting to follow those strange souls; he sees a mother with her babe, and is dumbfounded by it, as if he saw a haloed Madonna crooning to her child; he sees love dawn and reverently bows his heart in gratitude and acknowledgment to God, who has created such loveliness and poetry; he watches strong men work day in, day out for years, with no complaint, and only gladness at having work to do and some one to work for, and the preacher breaks out into a hallelujah; he sees life succeeding and rejoicing in its activities; he sees death, the cold hand, the blanched cheek, and the hushed voice and sobs—O Death and Life, you are twain mysteries! He sees a leaf, a tree twig, the bark of a willow or an oak, the drop of rain, the solace of the dew or night or dawn or twilight, the stars new lit, the moon at earliest crescent, the seatides, the woods in autumn flame, the drop of moisture gathering on a fern frond on the far edge of a sandy cliff, unknowing of the sea, and yet which leans and drips and with the pathetic hunger of the dewdrop for the sea, goes out on the sea quest; the going of a woman with her lover away from all, yet being with him being with all; the flowering of the child toward woman-

hood or manhood, the decayed faculties of thought, the dying faculties of sinning souls, the fact of prayer, the power of prayer, the hunger for prayer, the house of God with the people gathering, and the baptism of the child, the heartache of the bereft, the clinging to the past, the widow's weeds, the fitful smile, the copious tears, the haunting loneliness of autumn, the sad migration of blackbirds south in autumn and the return of birds at spring—these all bewilder him. He is sore bestead with the unmixed wonder of the world. Were it his first day on earth things would not be stranger nor more alluring nor more fair.

Such a man will preach with a touch of wonder on his voice. He will minister at a strange, high altar. He will not drivel about miracles being unphilosophical. He will see that in this universe of God miracles are customary. He will feel the untiring miracle of the forgiveness of sins which God is performing a thousand times in every day. The resurrection of Jesus and ourselves will appear not abnormal, but sublimely normal. He will know that "Christ could not be holden of it." Death is dead. Life shall live for evermore.

"His name shall be called Wonderful." The preacher will know what that means without any one to give him exegesis of the passage. This wonderful world can be kinged over only by the King whose name is Wonderful. And the King must necessarily be a wiser and wider wonder than the Kingdom. When Prince Ferdinand was at toil, put on him by seeming surly Prospero, and Miranda, coming by made spring a lesser loveliness, the Prince replied to the advent of the

maid, "O you wonder, whether you be maid or no." "No wonder, sir, but certainly a maid," was what the girl said, waiting for a husband. But what might have been said by other than Miranda herself was, "A wonder, sir, but certainly a maid." All who dwell beneath this canopy are wonderful.

This earth-land, what is its name? Answer, This earth-land's name is Wonderful. These inhabitants, what name wear they? Answer, The name of this race is Wonderful. And this land's King, what is His title? Answer, This King of this wondrous earth-land and its wondrous inhabitants, His title is Wonderful. And what is yon gate, like a gateway builded of dewdrops in the sun, stately as heaven? Answer, Yon gateway is called Wonderful. Its other name is Resurrection.

O preacher, walk through this realm of wonder with the wonder-wind fanning thy bare brow. Thou art kinsman of this land of God, this Beulah land where the beatitudes forever fall, enchanting music, from the lips of the age-long Beatitude, the Christ, whom seeing wise souls make ecstatic proclamation, "Wonderful!"

Preacher, venture into this land of wonder where Christ shall greet thee at the gate and lead thee through.

Lord, we bless Thee that Thou art Thou and we are we. Thou, the Wonderful, art Elder Brother unto us and we are younger brothers unto Thee. We must learn to be astonished. Lead us unto Thy holy hill, where all things finite open calmly out into the infinite. Nothing is common here. The woodroad flower, the wayside hut, the wildwood, and the winged things, all

are wonders. Help us to know that, O Christ, Thou Wonderful! Keep close to me, that while Thy hand rests on my naked pulse Thy sense of wonder shall creep like a whisper along my listening palm, and all things shall stand before my soul's eyes transfigured and fit to be set to everlasting song. Hear me, O Christ. Amen.

Pollen for the Mind.

Nothing in nature, intricate as nature is, is more fascinating, if so fascinating, as the cross fertilization of plants. In his volume on that theme Charles Darwin touched the high tide of his intellectual achievement. The topic is positively weird. Doubtless evolutionary writers on the theme have been excessively fanciful, as evolutionists uniformly are, but when all such subtractions are made, the fact remains that a plant is not sufficient unto itself. "No man liveth unto himself," is a true saying of souls of men, but "no plant liveth unto itself," is as true a saying in the domain of growing things. God is dead set against self-sufficiency—is what nature totally has to say. God is Founder of and Favorer of a correlated universe. And that in the fertilization of His flowers and plants He employs as unsuspected workmen the bees and butterflies and humming-birds and winds, decoys them as if to avoid paying them wages, is a thing qualified to make all brains bow their knees to Him, who is God over all blessed for evermore. On His least momentous concerns, God lets loose His most intricate appliances. Of the series of staggering words which must be pronounced to cover the landscape of flower and corn and cereal and tree, the magic word is pollen.

A field of corn is at luxurious growth. And nothing in God's growths is finer for the eyes than a field of maize springing toward lavish harvest. Not even the palm is statelier. The profuse poetries of vegetable growth are here at summer noon. The tall, erect stalk, stately as a grenadier, a blade like a crusader's sword, with a depth of green not possible either to eulogize or characterize, and a plume cresting its erect stalk until a cornfield looks like the advance of some exceeding army. When the ear shoots out, with its silk delicate as a baby's curls and fit for caressing, then is the tassel at its hail prime, and the pollen from the tasseled corn rains fertility down upon the silk, where it is caught like dust in a baby's hair, and the poetry of the pollen is thrown into the white light of the August day, so a world may behold how God does with His pollen for His plants. All sorts of stimulative suggestions are hidden in this mystery of the pollen.

The winds are ministers for the pollen on the corn as the wild bee is servant for the pollen on the red clover. If no pollen from the tassel falls on the silk, if by reason of drought the tassel develops its pollen before the silk has appeared, then will there be a field of earless ears. Pollen must be had.

The preacher's brain and heart and energy need pollen no less than the corn. He can not, in a wisest sense, work for it. For so much sweat of brain you can not count on so much crop of thought. All minds that deal in inspirations know this. Poets have their moods. The afflatus comes or delays. He can not

compel the inspiration. Work is mechanics; and poetry is not mechanics, just as preaching is not mechanics. The preacher is not a shaper of potter's vessels; he is a dreamer, a solicitor of a vision, and a climber up the dark stairs of night, if peradventure he may see the miracle of a prevailing dawn. He can not command the sermon, but must solicit the sermon.

His wisdom is going where he may get pollen on his brain and energy. Does any one smile grimly at the suggestion that a preacher is out a-pilgriming for pollen? "Let him dig, dig, dig," says the hard-and-fast brother, this man who thinks sermons are laid up like a brick wall, hence stick to trowel and mortar and brick and you will get on well. It is not my mood to argue, but to dissent—dissent entirely. No word is spoken against work. The preacher can not be lazy. It would shame God to have a lazy preacher in His vineyard, tarnishing with his touch the frost on the purple grape clusters. But preaching is far past work. Preaching is inspirational. It is a wafting of the wind of God, the blowing of the heavenly winds across the far and star-strown spaces, and blowing strangely sweet and quickening along the prairie of the heart. There will be preaching then! Working at sermons is not always the best way to make sermons. Leaving sermons alone is frequently the best use of time to produce sermons of unusual girth and manliness and meaning. Those who in all their intellectual history never forget that they are preachers are on the wrong path. It is not the footpath of peace, nor the footpath to the sea. All larger things have

a sense of vagabondage about them. Preaching is the largest of large things. It has a freedom as of the sky. It, like a swallow, is pilgrim of the air. The corn silk gathers harvest to its ear of incipient corn by being in the path of the wind when the pollen blows. The preacher might well do as witfully as the silly corn. Preaching is in a regard like the kingdom of God, which cometh without observation. Of Beecher it is set down how, when his mind was as empty as a hay-mow in spring, that he would go to the Brooklyn Ferry and ride to and fro looking in the faces of the passengers and out upon the river, crowded with sea-going boats. He was out when the pollen might be blowing. Wise preacher-poet that he was! and the winds blew pollen on his soul. He came back qualified.

Doing things and going whithers totally disconnected from preaching is doing wisely for a man in the preaching business, because pollen may be there. Going from home to help a brother in a night of revival stress is not only doing the brotherly thing and putting your oar into waters where the lean of your strength may row a soul to God, but such going does gather pollen. Just how, we may not determine, though the fact is apparent. Those preachers who say with a touch of martyrdom in their confession that they never leave their charges, are saying a thing largely unfit to commend itself to the wise. A man will serve his charge better who does go away from it now and then, because he comes back with pollen; and pollen begets the harvest. Sometimes an idle day, a saunter where the roads dim into pathlessness and lose them-

selves in the shadows by the windings of a stream, or sitting on a moving train and looking at the faces of the passengers or at the wild dance of the distant woods, which seem to stagger like Bacchantes from the moving of the train, or watching the panorama of the marching landscape as the train flashes past—an idle day when you let the mind go as you would free a bird from the cage and let it fly at its own will—such a day will have redemption. Thoughts come. Some men deny that. They think nothing comes. They think to dig thoughts like you dig potatoes. Such is not the fact. Spring comes, love comes, God comes, and Christ comes. Larger things are forever advents. The superior event is an epiphany. In that haunting Miltonic line,

"The thoughts that wander through eternity,"

we are turned out with a landscape of eternity in time, which is thought-haunted, and mayhap some of those brawny immortalities shall cross our path while we are taking our solitary way.

The psychologists have found out strangely little about our souls; the new psychologists have found out strangely less. This is not to flout them; they have doubtless done their best. But the older psychology is the wiser psychology. Recent psychology is braggart, like Captain Dalgetty. We have so little after all through their grim knockings at the door of our mentalities. We know not why thought comes, nor whence. There are wide ethers in the dome of the soul's sky as in the dome of the blue sky where God

sets His sun and moon; and of these we know so little. Of that sky where Emily Dickinson flitted like a vesper-sparrow, what can we say? Her voice, sweet as the song the vesper-sparrow sings when day is spent and night comes strangely and sweetly on—her voice we hear, but whence she fetched her thoughts, strong as an archangel's wings, we can not answer with authoritative speech. Trust to the sky. Do not try to measure its height of reach or width of beam, but wonder in it. Let it compass you—the sky of God, the blue, fair sky, but that wider, higher sky of soul, the sky which is God, walk out with Him, in Him, and when the gentle winds do blow or the wild gales rock the cedars with tempest, then and there shall come pollen on thy soul and thou shalt be as one visited of God. Why should we rasp about the laws for such things when the ways are open and opulent with ideas? Great thoughts come. I fully believe that. To be sure, all we have habited our souls to be, all the wide wonder of our thinking selves, all the knowledge which we have acquired through toil of scholarship, all our acquaintances with man and history and God—all these will help, but not all these will explain.

As a man is startled in the dark when wandering on a sea cliff by a sea gull leaping, white velocity, past his face, even so do thoughts come with an unexpectancy akin to fear. Sometimes we fiercely collide with thoughts and are often crushed by them; but blessed be such a catastrophe. Now, brothers, when men begin to preach they are on the highway called eternity, a highway not explained as yet; and on it

are majestic presences and strange potencies of a realm unknown which, passing, leave us a touch and a whisper and then we elaborate whisper or touch into a psalm, into a magnificat, into a sermon which breaks men's hearts and makes them clamor, "I have seen the Lord."

The Search for Souls.

Holman Hunt's picture, "The Light of the World," is a thrillingly noble picture, for one can scarcely look upon it without tears. It means somewhat, we can not answer what. It sets us seeking the meaning we feel sure the poet had who painted the portrait; but we know that it has other meaning than even the painter had, crowding his soul with glory. Such pictures are epochs in a soul. They are not froth on the wave; they are the sea which owns the wave.

To any one who loves Jesus can anything touching Him be other than compelling? Jesus, with a sheep in His bosom; Jesus, with a lamb in His arms; Jesus, with babes clinging to His neck; Jesus, with a lost world on His heart; Jesus, with a prodigal clinging to His knees; Jesus, with a lost Magdalene washing His feet with her tears and wiping them with the hairs of her head, weeping, weeping, and Him suffering her, pitying her, forgiving her, lifting her up to the calm, triumphant love of God in Christ,—Jesus, with a lantern out looking up a lost man—that is the portrait of Holman Hunt's "The Light of the World." But that strange Journeyer is out looking for us all—for us *all*. "He giveth His life for

the sheep." The lost sheep must be hunted up; the lost man and the lost woman must be hunted up, and Jesus is on their track; and when the hunt for the lost man is concluded, lo! Jesus is ever standing at MY door, and always, seeking His lost, finds me!

I read once of the frontiersman who was looking for his own lost child, and saw leopards in the night neighboring a certain cabin in the wood, and his heart was wild within him, and was he not on the quest for his own lost boy, and could he tarry for something other than that supreme quest? But, thank God, his better fatherhood prevailed—he stopped; he slew the beasts; he went in and found his own boy!

How pathetically personal Jesus always is. Impersonality never hides its lean face behind Jesus' seamless garment. The folks, He is after them. He is staying with them; He is boarding round with them. We have no knowledge of His ever stopping at a hostel save once, and then there was no room for Him save in the cattle stalls.

With a lantern, standing at the dark door and waiting—that is Jesus. Whose dark door is this? Sob it out, each heart, "My dark door." The Light of the world seeking for the lost of the world. This is an object lesson. The great Pastor is out seeking for souls. If we were let name Him for whom God Himself prepared a name, we would christen Him the Searcher for souls. Those parables of lost things, the lost money, the lost sheep, the lost man, were told, I think, principally for pastors to hear. Hunting the money, hunting the sheep, hunting the boy—and find-

ing the sheep, the money, and the boy! If this Searcher for souls had left the money lost, the sheep lost, the boy lost, we must have died of heartbreak. "Lost, lost, lost," I hear the dreary dirge bell ring like a bell upon a windy and wintry ocean shore—"Lost, lost, lost;" and "Found, found, found," the bells from all the starry steeples sing, "Found, O found!" Jesus is here. He searches and finds.

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky."

The lordliest man of all this earth had for his occupation the searching for souls. This pastor parable, the parable of the quest of souls and the parable of the finding of souls. The pastor Christ is both Searcher for souls and Finder of souls. We are astonished into thought: we must not omit to search for souls. The night grows late: the preacher is weary: the day is Sunday: there have been various services apart from the routine of the church vocation: the dead have been laid in the ground: the sick have been seen and prayed with: and the night is late, so late, and the call comes, and gladly, very gladly, out into the dark and the sleet and the wind goes the sub-pastor, the sub-searcher for souls, because there is a man dying some place in the city and he knows not the road, but this dying man has heard this preacher sometime and wants him; and the preacher goes. You could hear him laugh out loud if you were with him, he has his lantern (if we hold to the symbol in the picture painted of the master painter), and is out seeking for souls. He comes: the house is still save for sobbing: the invalid

sleeps: they sob: and the searcher goes in quietly; and the dying man, the lost man a-dying, opens his eyes without being wakened. "I am come," says the searcher for souls. "Is—it—yet—too—late?" the lost man breathes heavily. "Late, so late," the searcher says, "but Jesus, Searcher for souls, came with me, and His lamp is lit, and it is not too late." And the lost man sobs with faint breath a-whisper, "Thank—God—not—too—late—found," and puts his wet face against the preacher's heart. "Found—Jesus—hath—found—me—even—me." And the lit lamp of the great Searcher for souls is shining the lost man full in the face. And the preacher is holding a dead face against his heart! O who would weary in this search for souls? Whatever else the preacher does, and he does many things, multitudinous items are in his year-long task, this one thing he does supremely, he searches for the lost boy and sometimes finds the lost boy, and then he hears the ringing of the heavenly bells, and sometimes they sound very clear, like bells chiming across the snowy dead of night.

This world is a found world. This world is a lost world. These are the articles of the soul-seeker's creed. Credo—this world is utterly lost. Credo—this world is utterly found. Sin is a lurid word in the pastor's vocabulary; he did not put it there; God did not put it there; the Church did not put it there; Christianity did not put it there; it just is there. The preacher invents no issues, but he denies no facts. This is a world whose landscape would be as beautiful as Paradise but for one baleful occupant; and that baleful

occupant is Sin. Death is not earth's menace: sin is earth's sole menace. Sin gone, earth would be fair as the island valley of Avillion. Death runs a ferry; sin runs a hell. Where is hell? Hell is where sin is, in the mansion, in the hut, in the places of ill-fame innumerable, there is hell. Sin is putting its foul hands on virtue and fouling it; sin is debauching boy and girl and youth and maid and city and country and commonwealth and continent and planet. "Sin, I hate thee." Say that, preacher, say that. Hurl that defiance loud as a thunder summons. Sin is responsible for every infamy, for every vileness, for every flaunting shamelessness, for every staggering, vomiting drunkenness, for every jail, for every scaffold, for every house of ill-repute, for every manacle, sin is responsible for the death of God! Sin hewed out the cross and sin set it up and nailed the Lord of Glory on it. As said Preacher Peter once, "Whom ye with wicked hands slew." Sin—that is the world's fatal malady. Every preacher must know that, know it so by heart that he can not forget it, else he can not preach. He might remark æsthetically or sociologically and let sin slip from its horror in his soul. But preach? Why, that hot iron must impale his soul if he would preach. Sin is this world's tragedy.

Poverty? Why, no, that is not a calamity. Penury? Why, penury is usually the wages of sin. In America we could care for all penury with laughing ease if sin were put out of business. The Bureaus of Charity in every large city are footing the bills of sin. The hard heart, the lewd heart, the criminal

heart, the penurious heart, the craven heart, the bleak heart, the black heart is always sub-title to the main title, which is "The sinful heart."

If the preacher gets clear on this it will be surprising how clear it will keep his head on so many things which seem not relevant and included. It will set him right on flimsy methods of reformation of current evils. He will know that many of the nostrums for social amelioration are quack nostrums. Allowed, that they are well meaning; they are insufficient. They are cutaneous, while sin is of the heart. Human wrong-doing is not a matter of ignorance; it is a matter of vice—the evil heart, the bad heart. A new environment will cleanse it? Neighborhood houses will disinfect it? New tenements well lit and with a bath will remedy it? A coffee house will cure the saloon habit? No. Once know this world's malady is sin and these superficial methods will not delude the preacher. They would be laughable, but that they are tragical in their incapacity. Soapsuds will not wash away sin. All these attempts are superficial. They ignore the malady. They do not listen to Christ. He knew what ailed the world: He did not die for fun. He died for bitter earnest. The blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from all sin—this remedy is adequate and has been supplied.

Socialism—that will make things right? Why, no; there can be no equality till sin is deposed. The fact of sin held to rigorously will keep a preacher from waste of faculties in insufficient remedies like these. Cancer is in the blood. Sin is a cancer. Therefore must there be a blood remedy.

Then there are all the cults, and every one of them has a defective doctrine of sin. They ignore it; they snub it; they look at it with a sickly smile; they blandly say, "All are good, only trust them;" and history and biography and drama and fiction all laugh their folly down. An inadequate realization of sin will inevitably beget incompetent remedial agencies. Playing the Hindu will not relieve the diabolism of society, will not take the stench out of any diabolism. Ignoring facts is not a sane method of renovation. Engineers bridge rivers, they do not ignore them; they build snow sheds; they do not ignore snow. The stern doctrine of sin will keep a preacher from playing the fool with any of these multitudinous clans which have that for an occupation.

And there is another easy way to treat sin, that is to lie about it, say you have n't it, and you will not have it. This is the Christian Science method. "God is good," is a formulary under which all vice can ply its wicked trade. I do not wonder the doctrine has devotees. It is so easy for you to forgive your own sins. You save the bitterness of repentance though you lack the decency to be ashamed. You construct a shelter for every form of lewdness, dishonesty, and indecency by saying all is good. Your formulary destroys virtue instead of destroying vice. If all is good then nothing is bad, lying is as right as truth, and free love is as righteous as domestic purity. The pastor who has the Christ doctrine of sin will be immune to such undigested rituals for righteousness whose end is as certain to be license as certain can be, be-

cause this easy theory is very old and has born fruitage of immorality time and time and times again. Sin is sin and sin is here, and sin rots the body and rots the soul and goes on doing so whoever trifles with it or ignores it. Sin is our terrific malady, and yet sin (so rich is the grace of God toward us) brought the Savior; when we were in sin Christ died for us.

Men and women sin. "They love darkness better than light, because their deeds are evil." That is Jesus' view of the situation. He was called Jesus because He was to save His people from their sins. How abruptly accurate is this entire system of Christianity. It denies no fact of human nature nor history. It denies no fact, but meets the terrible condition with a Christ and Savior and a Lord mighty to save, affirming with triumphant voice, "Where sin abounds grace doth much more abound." So are we saved from defeat. So are we saved to transport. "Now unto Him who washed us from our sins with His own blood," is what the redeemed in heaven sing; and they probably know what happened to them.

Here is a whole world very fair, given over to trespasses and sin—lost, lost, utterly lost; and the pastor must seek and save them that are lost. He has a remedy because he has a Christ. Week-day and Sunday the pastor is to seek the lost for God. By hazard and holy fidelity he is to seek and bring the lost home on his heart to God. On Sunday he should never close any service without inviting the unsaved to Christ. He should invariably open the doors of the Church. As pastor I never omitted that propriety.

As proof of the honest intent of the service, the seeker should be given the opportunity to unite with the Church. God has been calling him; his heart may be tender; her heart may be tender; hearts may never be so tender again; and now is the accepted day, and now is the day of salvation. Omit not the cast of the net. This does not mean a show of hands; this means a show of hearts. "With the heart man believeth unto salvation." Let the congregation know that you believe your own gospel, that you are on the track of the lost boy and the lost girl and the lost man and the lost woman, that to-night or this morning mercy has an open heart, and that there is no impediment betwixt them and Christ. "Come to Jesus just now."

Then in the week in going from house to house, in passing from office to office, from store to store, and farm to farm, still bring this same ministry. With adroitness, bend men and women toward the surrender to Christ. One day is as good as another for that holy attempt; and one place is as good as another. I have been privileged to see men surrender to God on the street car and on the street, and women surrender in their homes, and men and women surrender in the aisles of the Church and while speaking to the minister at the chancel at the service close.

"The night cometh when no man can work," let that thought haunt the preacher's activities so that he shall seek the lost with something of that solemn yet joyous fidelity which Jesus displayed in that behest of God.

The Preacher—A Mystic.

All greatest preachers are mystics. They are in their finer selves dwellers in the landscape of dreams. This does not mean they are skyey or remote; but though they walk on the ground they are dwellers in the sky. They come down; they do not stay up. They walk and do not feel above the housetops nor above the headtops of people, but live high enough so as to sight with clear glance landscapes of the soul. Phillips Brooks used to be, in the art of preaching, apart from and apparently remote from the presence of those in whose hearing he spoke. His eyes were slanted upward as though he saw some face above him, so that one discriminating auditor said to the writer that Brooks' words had imparted to them from this upward look a weird effect, as if the preacher did but revoice words spoken to him by a voice the others could not hear. In an ordinary man this idiosyncrasy would be worse than a peculiarity; but in this master of souls illustrated this mystic aspect of the great preacher's soul. The preacher hears things from above. "I am from above," said Jesus. This Christ from above is talking to the preacher below; and the preacher reports the converse. When Paul was caught up into the heavens the pathos touching us is that he heard things "impossible to utter." The heavenly voices

can be interpreted only in part. We can vocalize the lesser words, but the wondrous words are impossible to utter. 'T is for such reasons, doubtless, we have no reminiscences from Lazarus. That strange experience found no voice. To use the melting words of the Laureate,

> "He told it not; or something seal'd
> The lips of that Evangelist."

Shall there be quarrel between the preacher's humanness and his remote mystichood? Truly, none. He is man on the dusty, genial road; he is mystic in the dustless, genial sky. He belongs both wheres. He is kinsman to the ground and to the sky. Skylarks which make the high sky their singing space and drowse it with the lotus drug of their lyrics, are birds that nest upon the ground. Their song is begotten of the meadow of the ground and the meadow of the sky.

A weirdness clings round about all high words. We are touched in all wide thoughts by something other than the thought itself. The shapeless beckonings of the thought intrudes that mystic wonderland upon us. It is like fronting a plain and a mountain in the night unlit by other than the stars. We are as if we looked upon a spirit land which would by daylight vanish like a gypsying cloud. To be caught in the maze of dreams, to walk, not caring how far we fare nor how high, will doubtless bring us at last like the circle of the globe back to our own doors, but how unspeakably enriched.

Tennyson's very noble poem, "The Mystic," has the authentic spell of and spirit of mysticism for

which this chapter is a plea. Who read that dreamful poem will feel the wonder where the mystic walks. They maychance may hear the voices, in reply to which the mystics talk. The land of dreams is the tableland where the mystics dwell. "Angels have talked with him," and what is not scheduled, God hath walked with him. He has swung into companionships, as if he had walked along the highways of night with stars for company. Geometry is one thing; journey is another thing. Journeying with God is to loose the eagle from a tether into the sky.

We may not cavil at Jesus' words because they are cryptic. They are undeniably mystic at times and all times His words, which seem to walk the pebble strand, have intimations of wings. They walk, but they could fly as well and have been as natural. We are in nothing surprised when Jesus in the open, glorious sky of a spring day, magical with spring breath and passion of blossoming, walked calmly from off Olivet into the high, blue sky. He was not less one of us in that going than He had been in coming to nestle in a cattle stall. We felt that of Him all this while. He could not be fettered to the ground. He had the freedom of the sky. Prometheus was bound; Christ was free. He stepped from off the hilltop into the eventful heavens.

The preacher may with all modesty affirm himself to be like Christ in that he has the freedom of the heavens. John Bunyan, prisoner in an ill-smelling jail, walked along Delectable Mountains in the dark and found there daylight very beautiful, when all his world

was lost in the dark and wrapped in dreams. So always, brothers, are we kinsmen of the skies. We wear this atmosphere. We tramp along kindling splendors of the dawn and feel no burning of our bare feet in tramping through their fires. For such goings were we meant. "Behold, this dreamer cometh," was the derision of some foolish brothers once long since; but Joseph's dream became purveyor to Egypt and savior of these witless brethren. The dream is the revealer of bread and the distributer of bread.

When the mystic preacher speaks the people feel that he has heard a voice and he has seen a face and we shall hear a word from the vision and oratory we heard not, but seeing he heard, we, too, shall hear, alleluiah! And so the mystic is no foreigner to us. He is our brother, He is our sure frater, our necessity. We read the poets so, always seeing they are open to the dream. They are kinsmen of the things we would be kinsmen to but were not, and thus of a night they who came from far heard for us and then on a day brought to us angel voices.

> "Angel voices ever singing
> Round the throne, a glorious band."

The mystic will ever defy definition, and so much the better for that. Definition may be good substance for lexicons but is poor substance for life. Life is past definition, as are likewise all those words familiarity with which leads the soul to enlightenment and control. We talk of summer, but who defines it? The atmosphere of sweat, and the fashioning of things

that are not into things that are to be, the climb of the year toward harvest, the joy of the world in toil which feeds the hunger of the world and averts famine and sings a psalm of plenty—this is summer, and who will care to put this into a definition. It is a mystery palpable yet impalpable, visible yet invisible, too, which must be lived through, loved through, laughed through, sweated through, plowed through, harvested through to get the blessing and the brawn, and there we leave it still a dream, and call the dreaming Summer. So the mystic is the indefinable man, but the regal man. His voice has timbre; his eyes are alight with dawns beyond the dawn of summer skies, and he laughs out into the road like an unfatigued runner, from we know not where, running to we know not where; but we do know that he "rejoiceth like a strong man to run a race." We feel that of him and rejoice.

After this interval of many days since William Blake went from among us, the thing which fascinates us is that he was a mystic. He took his way through London Town, but was not of London Town. The bustle of that metropolis was less to him than the hum of dim voices drowsy as the sound of bees; and for these dim voices he forever listened. And who sees his pictures, which are more authoritative poetry than his poems, must know that all the mechanisms of London Town were of less meaning to all time than the mystic dreamings of this solitary man. I can not resolve my doubt regarding his poetry—not quite, but am on the edge of belief that all such as have given

William Blake's poetry exceptional emphasis are less mastered by the poem than by the poet. He was such glorious mystic that they will not deny his most vagrant fancy. "This mystic must know," is their verdict. They are snared into being uncritical with the writing of one who challenged the skies for a roadway and found the walking good.

And for Francis Thompson, with his Elizabethan splendor and his uncertain vagabondage of quest, we may say something of the same import. We are creatures of the sun, and its drench of light was in our eyes. Here was a man who walked unsandaled the hot roadway of the sunlight. He is fascinated by the sun. He is so passionately mystic we will deny him naught. His credential is, he knows the world of dream is real, and above every sleeping pillow leaves the ladder, climbing into heaven, on which on any night those who do wake can see angels walking up and down with wings for feet and faces bright and fair. No doubt the world is slyly laughing at the mystic, and now and then giving a good and wholesome guffaw of laughter at him in sheer good humor, but is laughing at him more as a grown boy laughs at his mother, and he is laughing at her for pure love. The mystic —the preacher-mystic—a beatitude upon him, he will bring many laughters from the heights of Paradise.

One such preacher I will describe. His face is lucent, his eyes are qualified, gentle, yet soaked with fire which might at any time leap into tongues of flame like eruptive mountains. His hand pressure is gentle. He owns a bleeding and a broken heart. Much trouble

has trampled his winefat till the blood of those grapes has issued in manhood. His face has smiles, you could not infer his grief by any word or sigh, but were you skilled in the unwritten language you would know—you would *know*. His voice is wistful and has sweetness like a man at dream. His voice is music. He walks the fitful ways of life unfretted. He brings memories of the tempest. The sunlight kindles while he fares along his journey. His sayings are big with peace. Life feels the comfort of him as it feels the comfort of the twilight and the dark. He has had intercourse with God. Angels and he are at rare friendship. His life abides not in sunset but in noon. I wonder sometimes as I meet him, as I hear him, whether I have met angel or man, and then I know I have met both. He is man-angel. He has met the Lord. Along the ways, sore-haunted and beset by drift of tears like wind-blown rain and walking tired ways, where there is neither rest nor sleep, yet he walks with God. This mystic, with his torch of poetry alight, this mystic with his battle shout, this mystic, illiterate in nothing of these earthly ways, but deeply learned in the things which hold their intercourse about the throne of God—this preacher-mystic—God is with him, and he touches the listless lute of human nature to the music native to it, but neglected or forgot. Such mystic—such preacher-mystic—a beatitude upon him.

The Prayer Before the Sermon.

If called on to say which was the greater consequence, the sermon or the prayer which precedes the sermon, a thoughtful minister would find himself in a quandary. Both are so gravely important and so holily important. The prayer is the preacher's special approach to God, and the sermon his special approach to man; but his prayer is an approach to God for the men and women to whom the sermon is addressed and with a view to whom with prayers and sometimes with anguish he framed his utterance so that the two, prayer and sermon, focus on the congregation. The public prayer is not the preacher's prayer of personal devotion, although all the devoutness of his life urges its hallowed way through the outrush of his prayer, but what is intended is that the prayer is not a personal prayer, not the preacher's own, but is a priestly prayer—the prayer of Moses for the congregation or to urge the thought reverently to the highest levels possible for devotion to climb,—to the prayer of Jesus at the Suppertime on the last sad night He tarried under these stars of ours a Man with men. What a hallowed exercise of priestly faculty has the preacher in his prayer before the sermon.

As has been affirmed in these pages, the day of the priest has ceased and passed and the day of the

man has arrived, definitely and not subject to recall; but at the prayer in public the man passes into the priest, using that term in its Scriptural and not in its sacerdotal meaning, the man who forgets himself and becomes a voice, a pleading voice for those over whom the Chief Shepherd has put him as under shepherd. The gravity of the occasion can not be put into words. It is an exaltation so high as that in its presence all we may do is to bless God, who has accounted us worthy, putting us into this ministry.

The pastor says devoutly, "Let us pray," which should be no mere form of words, but should, as it does, express the direct purpose of the holy hour. He is to lead the congregation in prayer. Here his shepherdhood comes into the sunlight of the pasture where the sheep are led by the Good Shepherd. To lead in prayer! He who is pastor of the flock is to lead this flock in thought and heart and contrition out to God, the brave Shepherd, the Bishop of their souls. To take a congregation out to meet God—that is what public prayer at a pastor's lips and heart is. Who shall ascend into this hill of the Lord? Plainly only those who have clean hands and a pure heart. Here, if ever, a minister is crushed by his load of holy care and his own incompetency to do the mighty thing he is set to do, crushed to cry, "Sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." He must be snow-white who leads a congregation in prayer. There they are; and there he is, and—"I, even I must lead them in prayer. I must beckon them out to God by going before them; and

a stranger will they not follow, a stranger to God will they not follow,"—this is the pastor's subconscious colloquy with himself. Here is where a preacher's life flowers out into striking phrase and chaste diction and sacred eloquence. He is marching to the tune of heavenly harps out toward God, with his flock following close after him. Clearly, this is august.

Without argument it will be seen that there is no room in this holy exploit for self-thought. A preacher at prayer with his congregation must lose all thought of himself as an item in the petition he is to raise, save as he calls from a sheer sense of weakness in the presence of the preaching and the pastoring task, a cry for help, "Help, O Lord, great help!" But of himself, his phrase, his personality, he must leave no hint. To obtrude a pastor's self into a pastor's prayer is sacrilege. "He goeth before them"—He is a voice. Whose voice? Why, truly, their voice. One of those unspeakable touches in Elizabeth Barrett Browning's love sonnets, since called "The Sonnets from the Portuguese," is this:

> "And when I sue
> God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
> And sees within my eyes the tears of two."

So is the pastor at his public prayer. His words are not his words, but theirs; and the tears wetting his face are not his, but theirs. He is theirs. His voice is to wear a borrowed wonder and a borrowed eloquence. Pity the preacher who does not know how to pray in public, for therein would he have cast himself off from his real priesthood, the intercession for his people, who

are more truly the people of God than they are the people of him.

He is not praying to the congregation; but his prayer is not a voice of private devotion. He has that. He loves that. Prayer is his native air who walks with God; but now, privacy is passed; publicity, holy publicity, is come. He is a public functionary, God's and man's. "Let us pray"—and then the push outward toward God, the leadership of men and women and children toward the God and Father of us all. Great hour, and very holy!

The prayer should not be too lengthy. What tires, diverts. The sense of the passing of time should not intrude on this quest, called prayer; and if a preacher goes on and on and still on, the people will grow tired. It is useless to say they ought not to grow tired; for they will. A preacher ought not to be prolix when he is pastoring souls out toward the great Good Shepherd. I recall, when reading Joseph Parker's prayers, as well as when I heard him pray in his own church, that he was not long; nay, he was really brief. His prayer was like a lift of wave which billows "too deep for sound and foam," but brought us, whom he led in prayer, to that shore where stood the Christ as in the gray of that unforgotten dawn of Galilee in that dear long ago, when John of the youth's eyes and the seeing heart sang out like a hymn, "It is the Lord." What more has any prayer need of? That is its supreme purpose, and when achieved, the prayer may justly conclude. I once heard Wayland Hoyt pray, and it was so brief that he had scarce begun ere he concluded, yet

was the hush of God on all our hearts; and our souls responded, "Amen." Nor can we forget how the world-prayer taught humanity by the Christ is so brief the little children can say it ere they fall asleep, however tired they may be. And the high-priestly prayer offered that night black as ink, but that night which was close against the dawn which verged not since toward any evening—that prayer was scarce longer than the prayer a novice prays when his lips first frame themselves to audible orison.

The end of prayer is not the naming of all objects on the landscape of life, though many seem to think it is. Their public prayers are an inventory of objects. They think they may slight some cause as omission might slight some Church society. They do scant courtesy to God in such views of his grace and willingness to help. Prayer is not more the art of including than the art of omission. To leave out many things and name some things which shall be meet supplication for that hour—that is the wise preacher's prayer. He will reduce the topics of his supplication so the hearers whose ears are greeted by his prayer in their behalf may not be impressed, "Can there be anything the preacher has not mentioned?" To cease to pray, then, is quite as important as to begin to pray. He must have in his own soul the lift of spirit, else he can not lead them in prayer.

To commit prayers to writing, and then to memory, seems to this writer so grim a travesty on prayer as not to be thinkable, except that sometimes he has heard such advice given. It contravenes all the fine thought

of prayer. Can not a man at home with God and man, who has been in and out amongst these folks of his all the week through, feel what he ought to petition for without set preparation therefor? Pity him if he can not. Here, if anywhere in all the latitudes where the preacher moves, ought his spirit to take wings as a bird does, not because the taking wing was planned, but because the bird then had mood to fly. Some central matter will fall like a gentle, yet firm, hand upon the shoulder of the preacher's heart as he kneels to pray, which shall, as his heart and lips shape the phrasing, be a voice of God to those who bow beneath the music of his thought and voice. He has led them in prayer. He has seen enough of their lives to know without the telling, how to lead them to the heart of God. God does not need informing about the affairs of this earth, possibly, as many preachers think. He is posted. And this they may assume, and may assume besides that God will not omit care for the interests which the preacher omits to pray for. Some deep need which has impressed itself on the preacher's self will, when pressed into the molds of prayer, come out as help to very many.

And this opening prayer may not be reduplicated day by day. If extemporaneous prayer be indulged in, as "is meet, right, and our bounden duty," seeing a son should be able and glad to lay his heart open to his "Father which art in heaven;" then should there be diversity of utterance, seeing earth and life have a diversity of needs. So many hands will push the life outward in prayer if the preacher has care to heed

their gentle pressure, and if he feels that he is God's man, who should be awake to the faint suggestions of the providence of God and of the tempering of His winds to His shorn lambs. To leave his soul open to the suggestion of God is the very surest preparation for leadership in prayer.

There must be in the prayer-offerer for a congregation a swiftness of wing toward the throne of God, an unperfunctory and unconventional approach, which shall take at a touch the world and its dull dust far from their souls and give them leave to crowd up close to Christ. So shall prayer-leader and prayer-led be strangely comforted of God.

And how are we to lead in prayer, Great Prayer-Hearer and Prayer-Answerer? How can we ascend this very high hill of the Lord? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, may dare the ascent? But Lord, Thou seest us and knowest that angels clean and strong are not pure in Thy sight; how much less men, how very much less?

Lord, encourage us and fit us for this lordly task of leading a congregation in prayer, Thy congregation in prayer. May we by Thy grace be enabled to lead them right, we ask in our Savior Christ. Amen.

The Justification of a Sermon.

A MAN has no right to ask the attendance and attention of a people unless he has something to say. Therein lies his solitary justification for asking a hearing. He has a thought which, in his judgment as a minister of God, should be uttered. This consideration will always give dignity to a discourse.

If a preacher thinks a congregation should listen to him because he is a preacher, he may readily pass into vaporing. Michael Drayton in "Nymphidia" speaks of those who talk:

> "Some of this thing and some of that,
> And many of they know not what
> But that they must be saying."

If a preacher should belong to this company, then may he be without a congregation; but a manly man must not and will not assume he has a right to an audience, and be out of tune and in bad temper if he does not have it. He must as a man stand on his own feet. He must not ask to be propped up even by his Master, Jesus Christ. God may be relied on as a help, but not as a lazy man's help, nor an empty man's source of supply. While it is true people should come to church to worship God, yet this lacks bearing on the preacher's case, because if that be his argument it will

slay him, seeing they can worship God when the preacher is not present. The house of prayer is available by week days. Its silence is sublime at every hour, so that, while it is very true a congregation should gather to worship God, it is likewise definitely true that, while the service of worship is knit into the service of preaching, then the preacher is incompetent who hides his flabby utterance behind a screen of worship. If the preacher is a necessity instead of a loquacity, then his place in the divine services is very noble and full of subtle inspiration.

The preacher has to think with souls. This is quite different from thinking for souls. Protestantism has dethroned that false god. The Protestant gospel is not put up in capsules, to be taken without thought, but is a book with open pages asking to be read and pondered. Men can not weigh nothing. A preacher is asked to give the minds of his hearers something to weigh. "Ponder" is a good word for the auditor's side. He must have something touched with ponderability, else he can not ponder. We weigh no vacuums. A preacher's prefatory mood for a discourse must not be, "Well, I must speak twice on Sunday," but, "I must speak something twice on Sunday." This view of his own preaching attempt will stand him very solidly on his own feet. It will give him a trituration to dispense. He will perceive that what is wanted is not to be voluble, but valuable; a member of this preacher's Church will bestir himself physically and mentally to attend Sunday service by, "I shall miss something if I am not present." Blessed is that preacher of whom his people

say, "He always says something." One manly thought will make a valuable contribution to any listener and will redeem any sermon from insipidity. One thought brawnily handled will make a great hour for preacher and congregation.

To pivot sermons on a pretty illustration is shameful. A sermon is not for an illustration: an illustration is for a sermon. Illustrative material has misled very many men. A pennant is a pretty device: but it does not shelter a family from a storm. A tent does that. Homiletic finery is no main matter. To say things daintily, gracefully, forcefully is worthy, but when substituted for things to say becomes melodrama. The central business which any sermonizer has in hand is, therefore, not the clothing an idea, but the having an idea to clothe. Vesture is a mild incident: a body for the vesture is a principal matter. Less study on how to say and more study on what to say will rescue a preacher from the cheapness and meanness of intellectual millinery. It is shameful for a preacher, man of iron and granite he ought to be, to be a milliner dealing in laces and ribbons.

Coming before a congregation, a preacher may honorably say, without a symptom of boasting, "My brethren, I have something to say which appears to me worthy of your thought." Then he will not be a pensioner on the bounty of their attention, but they pensioners on his bounty of truth perceived and truth declared.

The search for sermonic themes, then, will be the masculine search for things that ought to be said.

Things which do not clearly clamor to be said may safely be omitted. This rule does not mean that a minister should only talk on so supposed "great topics." God is not so conclusive on great topics as some men seem to be. Whatever needs to be said is in so far a great topic. Nothing is trivial which pertains to soul or body or behavior. There are majors and minors, but just where God would make the demarcation is not totally apparent. Worship may be a larger issue than the collection, but Paul does not perceive any incongruity of thought in proceeding with a calm voice to say, "Take the collection!" Good manners are as right an exhibit of the gospel thought as to discuss prayer or forgiveness. Such as always discuss only the overtones of the gospel will prove defective preachers, because the undertones of the gospel are so insistent with all manhood and pertinency to life. Hospitality is a good thought, though not so great a thought as the incarnation. However, the world pathos of the birth of Christ was the inhospitality of the earth—"there was no room for them at the inn." The strong man and tearless may be pardoned if he sob aloud when he reads that passing incident not dwelt on, barely mentioned, by the evangelist. But we earth folks can never get over the shame of that hostel which left the Lord of Glory to be born among the soft-breathed cattle.

"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." Read that, who can, without heart-anguish, and we will not covet his heart. Discourtesy, inhospitality merge their indigence with the advent of God.

Truly the lesser considerations are only a step before they cross the threshold of considerations the most majestical which have blest this world by dwelling in it.

Not a greatest thought is required for a sermon, but a thought; and in a very true sense any thought is great, particularly if it have in it immediacy of hold upon life. When a thought is found for a sermon, then the whole intellectual process is redeemed from mere daintiness. Daintiness would slur a sermon just as a pink ribbon would make a cannon appear ridiculous. A cannon which has in its hands the destiny of fleets is not to be tethered by a ribbon. Branches of a tree are, in place, necessary; but branches minus a trunk neither bear fruit nor retain verdure. Branches go with a trunk. "I am the Vine, ye are the branches;" branches must forever affirm that the trunk is the central majesty and meaning.

The philosophy of a text as a preacher's watchword is here apparent. The text, if chosen with any sort of sense whatever, will have some thought. That is why, as a rule, textual preaching is brainier preaching than theme preaching, in which a text is chosen after the essay is written and serves as a mild motto for the theme. Bible texts have much masculinity. To preach on "Apple Blossoms" would be to detract from that delicious piece of scent and tint. The lessons to be drawn would have to be strangely robust to survive such a theme. So "Autumn Leaves," beautiful as they are, and full of all the pathos of the dying year, scarcely commend themselves as a trunk for a sermon. Many things are graciously illustrative which become

ungracious when they are given the chief seat in the synagogue of service or of thought. If the preacher-body take this text, "As his custom was," he is at once possessed of a thought of great strength and beauty, as well as of singular spiritual suggestion. Jesus had a habit of going to church—is the thought supplied, and how worthy to be dwelt on and amplified and enforced with tears! Or, "Neither did Asher drive out the inhabitants of Accho," which, while on the face bearing no stimulating suggestion, when viewed closely becomes instinct with the thought of the lost chance. Accho was on the Great Sea, and God had given it to the tribe of Asher to be conquered for the children of Israel; and they took it not! Therefore had Israel no seaboard nor seashore nor seaport nor any wharf for ships. They cut themselves off from the world by their inertia or cowardice, call it what you will. That text will break strong hearts when its sore point is held frankly at the breast. Or, "God hath shined in our hearts," light put into the heart of life so that we may have daylight on our lives and step no more in any darkness. Think on that, to be bettered by it. Or, "Moses wist not that his face shone." How holy a thought, this, that goodness is unconscious, and that the best people are not pondering on their own piety, and that humility is a necessity of Christianity! "Without are dogs." O, the woe of being forever without! The companionships of hell bid us flee from its vicinity—much more from its inhabitancy. Or, "Lot pitched his tent over against Sodom," and this Lot was barely rescued from destruction of body by the

urgency of angels from the place where he ought never to have been; but he pitched his tent toward it. The pitching of the tent toward Sodom is the advent of disaster to such as so pitch the tent; and Sodom is near village to everybody's life. Beware of pitching toward Sodom. Only one thought in a sermon, and that sermon will be like a sword whose raging thrusts few men can parry.

This, then, is intended as a sermon necessity, that something shall be proffered the brain and the heart of the congregation which shall have validity in the argument of life. Others may indulge in simple tracery upon the window-pane; but a preacher may not. He is not an etcher even with the frost. He is summoner of souls, and while he summons souls may make dim and dreamy tracery upon the window-pane; but it must be subordinate. Preaching is not tracery. Preaching is not "witchery, witchery, witchery," like the voice of the Maryland yellow-throat. Preaching is providing souls with household necessities, farming necessities, sea-faring necessities, with staff and hoe, and sail and anchor. He may have a growth of morning glory vines about his door; but he must make a door, at which life may find the entrance to vast issues. The preacher must never conceive himself to be an æsthetic decorator like William Morris. He must conceive himself to be a builder like the men who have housed the unsheltered world. We plant ivy beside the wall; but we build the wall, and then bewilder it with ivy growth. The preacher must not be spumacious. Foam is beautiful; but the wave, and not the foam, upbears the ship.

"I have a truth," the preacher says to God. "Give me Thy grace to make it heartening and apparent and pregnant." This truth is the preacher's guardian of self-respect, his assurance to himself that he is not a maker of theological embroidery, but a maker of character weapons and character instruments of husbandry for the fields of virtue.

"To-day one thought for man and God," will make each Sabbath's advent a day full of self-respect and self-restraint and sound of heavenly voices saying, "Save the world."

Thee we worship, strong Son of God, and Thy work we would reverently and gladly do. Howbeit such a task is greater than all our summoned powers. We mass them as a phalanx, and then they seem too feeble. What shall we do, our God, that we fumble not this task of Thine?

Stay close beside our comings and our goings. Thou, who knowest all things, knowest that we love Thee and, as we go about in Thy footsteps, want above all beside, to lead the folk to God. Our sermons bleed Thy way into that, our sermons love Thy way into that, our sermons weep Thy way into that; so shall the sermon never be ours and ever be Thine, and accomplish that whereunto Thou didst send it, we ask in Thy Holy Name. Amen.

The Preacher As an Appreciator.

Depreciation is a shallow man's gift. Appreciation is a strong man's gift. The preacher is a strong man. That is, he is to build for that and toward that, and for strength God, who called him, meant him.

Happy that minister who keeps all the windows and doors of his soul wide open. To shut things out is never the policy of the gospel. Jesus in His prayer for such as did love Him and should love Him while time endured, prayed "not that Thou wouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou wouldst keep them from the evil." What a courageous prayer that was! Nor was it less wise than brave. To move among baleful influences and not be snared by their contagion, is the wisdom of the Christ. We are not dodgers of things, but battlers with things. And the attitude of ministerial culture and refinement is not that of shutting out, but of opening toward. As the morning glory opens to the light, so the better sort are to open to all better things. "Whatsoever things are pure, honest, of good report"—read that catalogue, and mark what relation the Christian is to have toward them. And what is it but appreciation? "Think on these things." Be appreciative of these things.

So valuable a portion of life's commodities is to be had by this openness toward all good things. The

watching to see what shall come along this path. The service Ralph Waldo Emerson can render anybody will be that he goes along the road with what Landor, in speaking of Robert Browning, has phrased the "inquiring eye." What a captivating and adequate phrase that is! "The inquiring eye" is the eye which hastes to see. Nothing escapes it. The appreciative eye, in other words, will glass, as on a lake, the vision of the sky and land. Nothing is hidden from its quest.

The appreciation of brother ministers is a good place to plant a flag under which to stand. To rejoice in the success of others, not to moan over it. Of all the follies which wise men commit no one is more folly mad than that view which supposes that by how much some brother minister is praised by that much one's self is dispraised, or that by how much a brother minister is held in slight esteem by so much the greater esteem will come to one's self. The facts of experience give the lie to all such meanness as this. What we do see is that in proportion as a brother minister is popular in that same proportion is it easier for every other preacher to become popular. Popularity gets in the air. One house of worship meagerly attended is no guarantee that the next church neighbor will preach to a crowded house. All pastors of years' standing will know this well; but for young preachers this word may serve an honest purpose and may bring needed help. Wise ministers know that no preacher can build on the failure of another preacher. That is not how things run in the business called preaching. There are plenty of people in any place, ordinarily, to fill all the

churches. Preaching is not a competitive industry. Let that be said in a loud voice, as we preachers say. That is just what preaching is not. The crowded church with one pastor does not need to diminish the crowd of any other minister. After watching the case through years, my belief is that the easiest place to get a hearing is a city where every preacher is popular and every church is crowded. One man gathers one type, and another man another type. Every lawyer tends to get clients; every preacher tends to get clients, only those clients are not gotten at the expense of any other brother, but are brought from those who would not, were he not there, go to church at all. This contingent of a preacher's hearing, of course, excludes his own members. Those he may be supposed to have about him. But the city-full or the country-full of people who attend no service are the commons where each minister has equal right, and where there are more than can be entertained in any one or in many churches.

In the name of God and the name of men who despise to see a preacher little, let every novice in the ministry set himself irrevocably to the right view of his brothers in the craft. Not depreciation, but appreciation, is the working word for manly men. In a certain city there are two men who are natively rivals, as cheap men would reckon. They are both popular. They both preach to large and enthusiastic congregations. They are both lovable men and greatly loved; multitudes speak the appreciative word of each; and these men are large enough to enjoy the good fame of each other, and when they meet, their love is so

transparent and apparent that to see it warms the heart of such as behold it. I have been the guest of the one when—whom should I meet at his table but this other popular brother! They were brothers. And I will venture that nothing these men said, as nothing these men did, was quite so capable as this bigness of nature, which taught the big heart wherever it was seen. There is room for all. I have always grieved in thought that two such preachers as Phillips Brooks and Henry Ward Beecher were not well acquainted. They were the two greatest preachers of the world in their day. Not that they envied each other, but they did not know each other as they ought. Life is crowded, and easily, unless men are specially on their guard, will they lose the solace and delight of friendship. It is good to go apart and rest a little now and then with some elect soul in your own vocation. When Longfellow and Lowell and Parsons and Norton and Holmes met in their club it was good for them and good for us. I love to think of these strong souls breaking bread together and smiting wit with wit and stirring thought with thought. In the life of Grover Cleveland not many things commend him so to myself as the friendship between him and Joseph Jefferson. Man with man, that was all; and the recently translated poet, Richard Watson Gilder, and that supposedly unresponsive man, Grover Cleveland, met and enjoyed one another. This world is big enough for friendship and should be given to that in part. When a man passes through the threshold of the life to be, then we, who might have known him more and did not,

feel a keen and abiding regret. We can not recall that neglect. Friendship for strong souls is an equipment for the strong soul. Tennyson and Browning at friendship, each with a volume of poems dedicated to each, make these beautiful masters of poetry seem manlier and dearer now that both are

"Passed
To where beyond these voices there is peace."

A roomy heart is a great adjunct to preacherhood. Indeed, we may safely say that without that a preacher can never be a leader of the best souls. Envy, wherever else it may have a home, must not come and find a preacher's soul a house swept and garnished, and so come in with its seven devils and take up residence. The lean devil of envy, let him move on, and move on in a hurry.

To love one's brethren is to make him not finical, nor critical, but appreciative. To rejoice in another's success is both worthy a preacher's manliness and is a good schooling for his heart. No man is so ample in his brain-life as not to be broadened and helped by contact with and friendship with such as differ from him by a whole sky in their intellectual methods and delights, and the appreciations which grow natively from the soil of the soul. To enjoy another man's preaching, what a delight that is, and what a sweet gift that is! I know a man who has genius for appreciation. He loves brethren, and brethren love him: he loves to hear them preach; he sees their strengths and passes lightly over their weaknesses, or ignores them.

But he has the sagacity to see not the point of his friend's weakness, but some point of strength. Can a man honestly appreciate totally different kinds of preaching? Certainly, just as he can appreciate totally different landscapes. Why need the prairie quarrel with the mountain, or the mountain with the sea? The great man is he who can with glee fold all this world holds in his arms and give God thanks therefor. So with preaching. The poetical mentality can enjoy the hard reasoning of such as go by steps and not by flights. The bare rock on which this solid world is built is in its stately strength as beautiful as the climb of mountain crowded with the pines, or the sea cliff smoldering under the fire of the heather. To catch the strength of every man we know, is real genius. And it is a genius to which all may attain. The genius for appreciation of others may be mastered as we would master algebra, if we take not to it as an inclination. We may not excuse ourselves from this accomplishment. Poets are born; but appreciation, near kin to poetry, may be acquired. And blessed are all such as do acquire it. Another brother's characteristics of mind or body we may learn to like and learn to love. To begin here is a good thing for every preacher.

Every young evangelist should hunt for the good points in other men in his occupation. Instead of students learning to pick flaws in the discourses of other men—their inferiors or superiors, it matters not—it would be wiser for them and their teachers to school these mentalities to find the perfume and the beauty

and the strength of other men's words. The critical faculty is a much ill-treated faculty, being handled by such gross incompetents. All colleges should teach appreciations of literatures and philosophies, whereas much of the work, unworthily enough, is a dissecting the best things this world has said by its best brains. There be those who find many flaws in Shakespeare, but are laggards in finding those splendors which shame the luster of suns. I would rather find one thought which would fill me with dreams more glad than any dawn, than to discover a hundred frailties and dissonances. One of Shakespeare's phrases makes my soul rock like the bewildered sea. I love him to do so with me. I am more engaged in one such utterance than in the trivial question, "Who is the third murderer in Macbeth?" One is curious and uneventful; the other is radiant and thrilling. Anybody can hunt the flaw; and the less competent one is, the more readily can he find the flaw. Whereas, to find the certain music, the blended light and dark which make the gloaming, to sight the "dim violet" of phrase, and smell the perfume of forgotten flowers, is not that the better part?

The man who appreciates widely will be an interesting man. He will not be conceited; and possibly the world can do without conceit. So many can supply that cheap commodity. To rejoice in what has been said better than we can say it, in things seen when we would have been blind to the sight, in what has been sung with sweetness like the song of the nightingale,—these make us very rich. We shall be saved from what I venture to call intellectual primness. We shall be

let out into the wide, fair land, where all things wonderful are daily occurrences. What a strange gift appreciation is, and how it bears the soul aloft on wings! And when we turn our thoughts to preachers, like ourselves, then to know where they are our masters, and not be sullen thereat, but very, very glad, will be to touch our hearts with some of our larger self.

In a few past years the Methodist Episcopal Church has lost to its visible ranks and has contributed to the Church of the Firstborn, which is on high, certain members from its Episcopal Board, who may illustrate what a wealth untold we have in the varied personalities, as well as personages, whom we meet and rarely know the value of until the day is far spent and the night is at hand, and what is sadder, when the day is all spent and the night has shut down.

Bishop Merrill died. He was a calm man. Self-contained, pointed in speech, accurate in thought, clear in utterance as if a clear sky had been a voice; not easy to come close to, an administrator of singular ability, who makes one think of John Marshall, so clear and forensic a brain he had. "Judicial" seems about the wisest word to use regarding him. And when he passed out of our sight we saw what a wealth the Church had in having him. That he was unlike others was a distinguished part of his value to us and for us. There he stands at the end of the avenue, a master of gatherings in that he never is perturbed, and that men of all sorts of capacity recognize in him the capacity for captaincy. He stands calm as a statue, yet vital as spring.

Then Bishop Joyce preached himself out into the eternal life. At preaching did he receive the stroke of death. How could there have been a finer appropriateness in the passing of an evangelist such as he? His feelings always spoke. He was creature of occasions in large way as orators have been wont to be. He sagged or lifted with his audience, even as it sagged or lifted with him betimes. But he went around this planet preaching in tongues known and unknown, himself his own orator and interpreter, or some other voice his interpreter, and in all places whither he came people were melted under the gospel which he preached and were brought to the Christ he loved. What a gift! and how he reveled in this delight of seeing his sons and daughters in the gospel multiply! Why quarrel with a gift like that? He was a voice for which the Church could, with devout heart, render thanks.

And then Bishop Andrews was of us, and went out from us into the heavenly land. And he was himself. His manners were a trifle ornate, his type inclined to the feminine. He was a gentleman of the old school. His powers appeared to grow with every day of life. Odds the richest of his vintage was tramped out when he was near fourscore. His was a phenomenal mentality in that regard. His mind was alert; he was awake to his era; he was unafraid of any new thing; he was what was named progressive in theology, but with such a clear, keen hold of the everlasting essentials as to make them blaze like clustered suns. His address on "The Bible," delivered not long before his

death to a body of theological graduates, must wait long to find its equal, not to say its superior; and the Episcopal Address he wrote smites like a sword and warms like a flame. He was dainty and exact in the use of ideas and words, and a serene, courageous, captivating soul, the possession of whom by a Church was riches.

And there was Bishop Fitzgerald, a brain of statesman sort, an intelligence of rare sagacity. He played chess as few men could, which argued the mind of the soldier and the statesman. Behind his white beard he hid himself as behind a fortress. You could not know what that man who was behind there was cogitating. He knew law and was a president of great assemblies, who could not be stampeded nor dismayed. He held to what he thought was the central truth of the gospel with a fidelity and austerity which minded a man of the Puritans. His was a heart of warmth and manliness, and a mind which grasped and held with an iron hold; and on a journey about the world looking the gospel in the eyes and seeing its conquest he died, and swept in quiet majesty from a foreign missionary strand into the land of God.

And afterward was Bishop McCabe. He was a whirlwind! He blew, and the world fell before his sweep. He was unparalleled. It mattered not what he said, the country wept and sung and laughed. He was in everything torrential. He found the pocketbook of Methodism. He was laughed at as a visionary. He knew that dreams about the kingdom of the Christ were staple of triumph, and dealt largely in the staple. He

sung; and the hard-hearted were not their own, but were bowed down like a strong man weeping over the body of his dead child. The voice of him had its indescribable pathos. Whatever he said or sang had its weird and irrevocable witchery. He is indescribable, unduplicatable. A heart so big it held the world with little effort, and a swing of triumph in his soul which, whether it spake for country or for God, made what he dreamed pass with leaps like a wild steed leaps, into fulfillment. We had him, and in having him counted ourselves richer than Crœsus. And we were.

And then Bishop Fowler. Who shall utter the word robust enough to characterize that man of iron will and sweep of thought and movement far-going like a comet's sweep? It was worth years of life to see him plume him like another eagle for far intellectual flight. In no haste, without rest he swung out on his far orbit. He held in solution mighty moods and mighty thoughts, and was to appearances a gigantic brain only, and in actuality, to such as knew him, one of the warmest, truest hearts that ever beat. To him God was very real and very great, and the gospel mighty in power to forgive sins and redeem sinners. His power of apt, unforgettable statement has seldom been equaled, and it is to be doubted whether it has ever been surpassed. He overbore you with his weight. He pushed you down as a mountain might be pushed over by the shoulder of an angel. He was a mighty asset to every mighty cause which the world's need called into operation, and when he spoke for Missions he had a world-sweep which left no choice to brains but to believe and to proceed.

And now in recent days we have had Bishop Goodsell, of whom this writer telegraphed to the *Central Christian Advocate:*

"A distinguished and versatile intelligence: an unusual conversationalist, a choice humor, a writer of rare English, a clear brain, a lover of the outdoors, a fast lover of Methodism, a man of deep and fine feeling, a wearer of the world in his heart having visited the whole planet in the interests of the Church, a religious nature of depth and sanity, an 'espiscopos' in every honorable sense of that word,"—a characterization which, while brief, is just and, as words run, adequate. His head was massive, a Webster cranium, I used to sit off and admire as I would a noble bronze. He was a tower. You felt he could not be jostled. His presence was commanding. His strength was strong at all times, stronger at some times, strongest at rare times, and he could climb high Alps when the occasion called his name. His final oration, for so it is now seen to be, namely, his Episcopal Address presented to the General Conference of 1908, was a princely word said by a princely mentality. How great it was as it resounded in the soul as we heard it from his lips, now dumb in death!

Now the inculcation is clear that these men, each in his place and all together, were worthier riches than any one of them or any one type of them could have been. We do not need to choose between them. We have full liberty to have them all. "Whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas, all are yours," is a very wide saying worthy of all heed.

THE PREACHER AS APPRECIATOR.

To appreciate a diversity of talent is pretty certain to lead to a splendid life of our own; whereas, to say with a critic mood, "I do n't care for this style; my kind of oratory is thus and thus," is a special and grievous style of egotism, which we do well to throttle lest it throttle us. To appreciate the strong man's strength at the point of his strength, is so wise and so fair and so brotherly withal, and will lead to ourselves being more the men these larger men have been. Thank God for every form capacity has shaped itself into for the bettering this world and the helping all of us to the development of the best in us, so that what we do may find favor "in the sight of Him with whom we have to do." Study to appreciate thy brethren. Why might this not be a commandment each man may pronounce to his own soul? Life will be sweeter, loves from our brethren will accumulate upon us, cynicism will find no standing-room in our spirits, and we shall be gratified to find how very much sanity, fervor, vigor, beauty, and help we shall receive from every source; and our brethren in the ministry, whenever they preach in our hearing, shall become real evangels to our hearts. An admiration for the talents of others shall be not an affectation with us, but a possession and a passion. Our brother's success shall be our own. We shall feel through all that these broad lines on which we are building our ministerial manhood, qualify us to look man and minister in the face and greet him, "Brother beloved."

Lord, help us that, whatever preacher we hear, we may hear Thee through him. "Out of the mouths of

babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained praise." We gladly recall that saying of Thine.

And in ourselves and for our brother preachers we rejoice that Thou canst speak far above the preacher. Thou art his Lord: he tries to say Thy say. O Holy Ghost, speak Thou through all Thy ministers to my heart and keep me far removed from the captious spirit. May I hear for eternity. Amen.

The Preacher—A Man of Prayer.

The preacher is in a special manner God's man. He is not his own. He is truly "bought with a price." He is a sinner saved by the blood of the Redeemer, and he is called of God as was Aaron. He is as the tribe of Levi, which had its sacrament of loss in addition to its sacrament of grace. "Thou shalt not number the Tribe of Levi," but he shall be for a guard to Israel—not counted, but counted on. The preacher is apart from, as a part of, man. He must not for a moment forget what he is apart from, nor what he is a part of. He must know his place, and he must take his place.

He has a calling with God. It is the highest amongst men. He must stand like an anvil. He must be a rock. He must be a voice. He must be a touch. He must be like Christ all the day long and all the night through. He is not an intermittent man: he is a perpetual man. The processes of the years must not be more persistent nor consistent than he. Always going about doing good, always wanting to be a helper of mankind, always wanting to know things from God to tell things to man,—that is the pastor-preacher.

Now, to state his task is to prophesy his need. He has a vocation too big for him. Hercules is pictured as leaning, stooped, holding up the world. The crush

of the preacher's load would break him to the earth except he have a "Very Present Help." To see how mountain pines are broken by the weight of winter snowfall on their tops is very pitiful. In coming among the rugged mountains and climbing The Divide, where rivers are turned toward the Atlantic or Pacific, I have seen there many demolished majestics broken, with their green tops like a banner shot from its staff and its trunk standing like a staff from which no banner shall float evermore; or I have seen the green top dangling like the helpless arm of a mutilated soldier struck with saber in battle-charge so that it will never lift a sword or hold a flag again. So these pitiful tops hung. And some great trees lay face downward in the dirt like a slain soldier without the courtesy of burial.

These are pictures of what the preacher would be were he the sole wearer of his enormous load. No man could wear people in his heart and love but for the power unspeakable which upbears the weak and makes them equal to their tasks. "My grace shall be sufficient for thee," was the word of heartening which put Paul the Apostle in a mind of resolution to abide and "faint not," though the "thorn in the flesh" thrusts him through day and night like a dart. God is with the man of the immense load if he wants God; and the preacher wants God more than the earth wants daylight.

Whatever be the philosophy of prayer, this thing is conclusively shown by reading the life of Jesus and the lives of all serious helpers of this world, that prayer

is a necessity. "The place where prayer is wont to be made" is the most dynamical power-plant on this earth. Here swing in tireless though not effortless precision and control the dynamos that suck from the atmosphere of God the power which may be transmitted to the race of man and minister to its necessities.

The Bible men of worth all prayed. It is likely that if we knew the inner tragic story of the downfall of Judas Iscariot we should find that he was prayerless, that he said the Lord's Prayer instead of praying it. The man prone to prayer would not have had the callosity of heart to have received bread and hospitality from Jesus' hand, and then have gone calmly out into the secret dark to sell the Lord for thirty silver pieces. Nor, had he been a man of prayer, would he, with the clatter of silver coins rattling in his ears like distempered bells ringing on a stormy night, have hanged himself. Praying men are not suicides when they are in their reason. I have often sat in subdued speculation, seeing the ground is so holy, and considered with myself what reception had been accorded Judas by the Christ when death was past and Resurrection come, if he had sorrowed, yet not as without hope, and had repented with tears bitterer than we may guess, and only such as those who have repented of their sins can catch black vision of, and had had a broken and contrite heart, whether instead of the tragic pathos of his story it might have been that instead of, "And Jesus appeared first unto Peter," then that the sacred writer might have written, "He appeared first unto Judas, then unto Peter," and I

firmly believe it of my Christ, so mysterious a love is His—that great Forgiver, who past seventy times seven will pardon—"though our sins be as scarlet," would have taken Judas back into His heart of love and would have wiped away those rushing tears and said, "Take heart; show thyself My man." Such love is not past our Christ. It is like Him.

Judas did not pray; but Peter prayed. He denied Christ; he cursed, saying, "I know not the man;" then, feeling the Savior's sad eyes riveted upon his blasphemous cowardice, went out and wept bitterly—I hear the drip of those hot tears fast falling as the rain—and then he prayed! Thus he found his way back to Jesus, and became a captain for the Christ, and "endured hardness as a good soldier." That miracle had no explanation save by the one word, "prayer." The Prodigal Son finds his weary way back to the Father's house. "Father, I have sinned," and then his prayer is drowned by the father's kisses on his lips.

The men of the kingdom, whosoever these men may be, were all men of prayer: Enoch, Abraham, Moses, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Amos, or that innumerable "company of whom the world was not worthy"—all were mighty men of prayer. "The prayers of the saints" is the incense of the heavenly temple. The martyrs prayed. Men at the stake had ecstasy because they held communion with God. The Rutherfords, the John Eliots, the John Walshes, the Luthers, the McCheynes, the Hanningtons, the Hebers, the Livingstones, the Asburys, the Morrisons, all have prayed their troubled ways through seas of heartache. These all have mas-

tered the liturgy of prayer. Nothing about City Road Chapel brings tears to the heart like John Wesley's prayer-room. That is the cathedral.

Luther's motto was, "*Bene orasse est bene studisse,*" —"to have prayed well is to have studied well." It is the magnificent motto of a magnificent man, which might be trumpeted skyward to all strong men of God. He does not make prayer a substitute for study, nor use prayer as a lazy man's substitute; not that, but that from prayer and in prayer comes vision, comes might, comes approach, comes the secret of the Lord, which may be rendered literally, "the whisper of the Lord." So close to God that the whisper of the Lord reaches the heart of those that fear him. So close to God as to hear His whisper. Such a closeness comes from prayer.

If at groping moments of the soul's infidelity it ever comes upon us that prayer is subjective and has no real activity and energy with God, let Christ's prayers beckon us back to reason and religion and access. He prayed. On the mountain, by the sea, in the garden, in death chambers, by the grave of His beloved, before the breaking of bread, at the parting of His disciples, and on the cross, Christ prayed; and Christ came forth from the Father, with whom He was before worlds were. Christ's prayers are plain pleas for help. He wanted God: He needed God: He knew God helped: He knew that prayer was the mode of access and success with God. These things He knew. Christ did not speculate on any subject, much less did He speculate on prayer. He never acted on the as-

sumption that God had to be persuaded. That is a weak and wicked view of prayer; but He was persuaded that by prayer new and wonderful things were possible with God. He knew. You can not conceive He was beating the air when He prayed. "Let this cup pass; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." How Jesus packed His life with prayer! From first to last His life was an anabasis of prayer. Who come close to God, must pray. The preacher must get close to God.

There are no rules for prayer. There is no schedule for a preacher's life for so much prayer and at such a time. A preacher's life is not a time-card. "Pray without ceasing," said one specialist at prayer. How prayer attuned him! To keep the vernacular of heaven not only on the lips, but on the hands and in the feet and in every faculty, "I want the Lord," that is prayer. "I am God's man; I love my Lord; I must be close to Him; I want to talk with Him,"—that is prayer, and that is an atmosphere, rather than a printed rule.

Thomas à Kempis was in an ether of prayer, as any one will be impressed that reads him with respectful attention. The preacher does not come to the phrase, "Let us pray," in the privacy of his own life. Nothing interrupts him: in the day, when crowded on by many thoughts: in the evening, when the shadows fall: in the night, when he wakens for a moment, his lips will pray aloud, "Blessed Christ, I love Thee and Thou lovest me;" and this is prayer.

A little child was asleep by her father. The night was dark and far spent; and when it was at its darkest

the baby, awaking, reaching out, groping, arms found its father's neck, snuggled close, saying, sleepily: "Oo dere, Daddy? Oo dere?" "I am here, dear heart," the father said, wide-awake at the touch of the baby's hand, and his arms were about her. "All right, dear Daddy," said the sleepy voice, and snuggled the head close against the father's heart, and fell, in a moment, fast asleep. That is a parable of prayer, the preacher's prayer. "Are you there, my Father?" "I am here." "All right, my Father which art in heaven." This is prayer at petition and at reply, all there.

The preacher is a man of prayer. That is his constant employment. He does not stop to pray: he simply does not stop from prayer. And when God hears his voice, He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth him out. O blessed beatitude of prayer! be thou on every preacher's heart.

The Preacher and the Ages.

This talk about the present age is mainly parrot talk. We are all a little tired, when truth is told, hearing about the "Zeitgeist." It sounds a little foreign and is decidedly German, which would have endeared it forever to the heart of Joseph Cook, who fairly beamed when he tumbled the name of a German or the phrase of a German on his tongue. That was a pleasing idiosyncrasy of a great brain: for a great brain was what Joseph Cook had. The spirit of the age! Eheu! as Brother Æneas would have glibly said. To hear that phrase bathed in as in briny water, is really a trifle humorous. It is so easy to get lost in a phrase, especially when some one other than yourself built the phrase. Phrases current are really microbes and do much damage to the immature.

No hint is here given that there is not such a thing as the spirit of the age. Every age has its atmosphere, which is only another way of declaring that every age has its own personality. A thing worth remembering because it puts a thinker on its guard against lumping off any number of centuries together. But the perpetual basking in the sentence, "the spirit of the age," becomes very misleading to such as have the spirit of the ages to consider. The spirit of an age is one thing: the spirit of the ages is another thing. And those who

are inebriated by the spirit of the age are very liable to the disease of being insular and inconveniently contemporaneous.

The preacher has more to do with the spirit of the ages than with the spirit of the age. The latter is sporadic: the former is endemic: and the endemic movements and moods are the world moods and the world movements. A preacher must not be engulfed in the now. He must be at home in the now; but his real residence is in all times and in all eternities. A preacher is universal. His speech is polyglottous. He hears the reverberations of all the waves that ever beat on shores of human story. While a century or a generation has a characteristic tendency, we must not be allured by that false light. The tendency which is perpetual is the chief consideration to every worker in the world's widest life. Human nature is the same it always has been. Human morals are bettering, human ideals are growing more sunny, altruism is becoming more general and powerful; but the subliminal life of mankind, both in mind and soul, is identical the world drama through. We feel absolutely at home with Shakespeare's men and with Shakespeare's women, and with Chaucer's men and with Chaucer's women, with the gloomy characters of Æschylus, with the many mouthing men of Homer, with the Bible folk, with the noisy conquerors of the world, the personages of Plutarch and of Cicero's letters. There are no moderns and no ancients in souls, nor any spirit in the long run but the spirit of the ages. It is wonderful as one thinks over the history and biography and literature of the world, how alike life is

from age to age, how the dissimilarities of race and time are ironed out and the vast similarities of soul and soul issues are regnant all days and all wheres. Women are women whatever language they speak, or whatever color they are. The heart is the same with them all. We are brethren from age to age. We would feel quite at home with Abraham or Ezekiel or Isaiah or Daniel or Saul of Tarsus or David the shepherd king. The whole round world is knit together, and the whole round of history is related. Whatever the actual status of the doctrine of evolution may be, we may know assuredly that there has been no evolution in the character of the human being since that race has chronicled its first dim memorabilia. To read Plato first and last seems so modern a matter that when a body has lifted his weary eyes from the Greek page whereon these old reasonings were writ, he can scarcely wipe his eyes open to the belief that he has read old-age philosophizings or if he read the most modern doubt which takes to itself airs as being something quite astounding, it sounds so like the ancient skepticisms that he thinks he is hearing the rehearsal of antique doubts; or if one waste a space of time in reading some modern sophistries, misnamed science or religion, as the case may hap, he will inform himself that here is an old heathenism and Hinduism once more lifting up its lean visage to the light.

Now let us settle it that the world in all ages is really its own contemporary. In more ways than one are we brought to face the giant word of the Holy Book about God—"a thousand years are as yesterday

when it is past, and like a watch in the night." The flight of years has indeed changed surroundings, but not occupants. We dress differently, but we act coherently with the actions of a race. How did the politics of Julius Cæsar's time differ from the politics in William Taft's time? The demagogue then is brother to the demagogue now, and the man out was eager to be in, and was certain that the man in power was a rogue, an arrant rogue, and the man out of power was the high patriot, and the crafty Cassius, with his lean soul, was directing the energies of the subalterns toward the enthronement of himself. No, we are at heart by nature as we were. Who knows not that knows little of history and has need to school himself in the alphabet of character. Our morals are better; our behavior is better; but what we are better we are by the grace of God, and not by the grace of our own nature. The state of human nature is fitted to give the question to evolution as a theory. We are as they were: they were as we are.

The master matters then are the master matters now. The fact of sin then is the fact of sin now. Men have with the red ax hewed wildly at the heart to cut its leprosy away; but the leprosy can not be cut away. It must be cleansed away. The remedies which have been offered while the race was shaken with its ague, which no change of climate could cure, nor in any marked degree abate, are incompetent. They are not drugs; they are nostrums. Pity the preacher who thinks the present the engrossing fact of theology. Theology is flaunted with making little of this pres-

ent time and of this present world, which is a pointless sword wherewith to thrust Christianity, for the reason that the best friends this present world has are these same Christians. They are the ameliorators of the world. Christianity can get out a patent on philanthropy. They are the sole world lovers. Such as are humanitarians and are not Christians have learned their philanthropy from Christ, though they are not strict in their acknowledgment of sources of their inspiration and enlightenment and leadership.

But the basis of the accusation against Christianity is that Christians do not believe this is the only scene. They see the long ages coming as well as the lost ages going. They know that the vast issues of the soul are issues of eternity. They know the kinship of mankind. They need not to hear any one affirm that God hath made of one blood all races of the world. Their reason teaches them that: their observation of pyramid and coliseum and tournament and throne and habitation and graveyard teaches that. They feel the cohesion of peoples. They know that a present time has the background of past time and the foreground of eternity; and hold this sense of the august vastness of the landscape on which we dwell, and the mighty horde of adventurers on the far journey with which ourselves are mixed, and whose footfalls make ocean-mooded music to which we time our soldier goings as to thunders set to music. And they know the coliseum in which the centuries gather is the coliseum of eternity.

This is what the preacher keeps in the foreground

of his consciousness; he never forgets it. He is addressing immortals on the theme of the ages. Does any preacher now, preaching repentance to any sinner, diverge from the clamor of Peter's voice? Why truly not. The same gospel is preached, please God, with the same power, because the same old ailment is on the same old hearts. Men of the agnostic temper and the materialistic temper are fond of hooting at the idea of the depravity of the race and the fall of man; and crass thinkers are swift to show how evolution has superseded the theory of the fall. But when their lip-deep laughter has silenced a little you may hear from the throats of the men who are not dull nor dumb to their own hearts the cry, tear-soaked and wet with blood, "Who shall deliver me from this body of death?" Who made that cry? Saul of Tarsus made that cry. No, William of America made that cry. That is a world cry. That is the cry of Augustine and Socrates and of St. Simeon Stylites and Wesley and Luther and your next-door neighbor and yourself, whosoever you be. The sense of world depravity stays. It can not be permanently ignored any more than disease can permanently be ignored. It is a world stress. Depravity is no theological ghost-face. We could ignore that; but it is the lone cry of the wan centuries. "We do not ignore the facts," is all that may be set down about the preacher when he refuses to be jostled from his feet by the present age and elects to stand with all the ages. You can feel one time; but you can not feel all times. The sanities will in the long run own the road.

This planet on which we are at work and play is wise. Its astronomy is just. The planet refuses to stay on one side of the sun. It swerves not from its path till it has circumnavigated the sun. A silly soul in summer time might declare from his present position that the world was all summer, or a visitant in winter could with equal cogency affirm the world is all winter, but who stay here all the twelvemonth will be able to record the totality of fact, which is that the world swung clean round the sun, nearer and remoter. The history of the entire ride round the sun was the accurate history. The rest was fragmentary history and therefore inaccurate, and in a last flat word, untruthful.

"What have the ages to say?" is the sane inquiry. The Spirit of the Ages, that is the valid zeitgeist we are after, who are bent on the quest of souls and the right interpretation of history.

The preacher must not be brow-beaten by the volubilities of the superficial who are content in this present and who want a man to discuss the affairs of this world only. All who surrender to that plea will find themselves chirping cheap music like a cricket in a field. The gospel these men profess and desire is little. It need not now be said that it is anything else. Littleness is a crime when the world is big. A little theology, you may depend upon it, is a false theology. Men are century plants, the everlasting century plants, and must have the sunlight from the far-off and far-up heavens to light their far-goings; and they must have the wisdoms that are wiser than all men, and the sa-

gacities more sagacious than earth knows how to supply, lest they miss the road, the long, eventful, perilous, glorious road that walks out across the landscape of eternity.

> "Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day and cease to be;"

but the larger system, the vast unexplored system of God, has not a day to come and shine and pass, but has the immense orbit of the æons, and shall never cease to be.

So the preacher is not worthy of commiseration who holds to the spirit of the ages in preference to the spirit of the age. He has in so doing done as Mary, chosen the better part, which shall never be taken from him.

The Poet and the Preacher.*

The preacher is every man's good brother. He is God's licensed lover of the best. The best men, measures, manners, places, vocations, avocations, neighborhoods, doings, sayings, all catch his eye and heart, and hold them in loving fealty. This it is that makes the preacher's business and life unapproachable for beauty. His vocation is as stately as Edinburgh, as beautiful as Naples, and as bewildering as a great metropolis. He is not common man, nor hath common method nor intent in life. He comes to help the cause of goodness on. He challenges men and women, saying, "Have ye seen God to-day?" He has the apostolate for virtue, ethics, Christ, Christianity. He belongs to all worlds. He speaks in the vernacular of the highest thought and love and hope and dream. No things lie below his horizon. He marches toward the eternal dawn, and so has all the daylight along the path he takes. Like Saint Christopher, he serves the highest; and his commission is signed of Christ. Now, seeing the preacher is such a man—so boundless in purpose and high in his aspirings, and blood relative to the divinities in time and eternity—it can but be

* This chapter is reprinted from this author's volume on "Lowell."

that he will find himself homesick for the most elect fellowship earth supplies. We would think it of him in theory, and find it of him in fact. This is the halo about a preacher's head—that good things beckon to him as familiar friends. There is no compliment like that—none. Preacher, if you saw Elia going along your street, would you not hug up to him? Or if the broad-browed Plato meditated along some academe, would you not beat time with your feet to his measured goings, and with your brain and heart to his wide sayings? Or if Æschylus, with his winter locks, should mumble to himself some strophes from his "Agamemnon," would you not listen? Or if Francis Bacon read over to himself his essay on "Atheism," would you not thank your stars that you were there to hear him read it? Or if Alexander Smith were writing "Dreamthorp," or Emerson his essay on "Beauty," would you not say the day you spent in their society was a marked day in your calendar? A preacher's affiliations are princely. He belongs to all fraternities of noble worth without the trouble of joining. He is born to them. Every high thing fits his hand as if it were a sword made for his sole using. Botany, astronomy, philosophy, biology, psychology, chemistry, literature, painting, architecture, eloquence, poetry, do not need to plead with him for a hearing. He sits an eager auditor to all they have to say. When I think what a preacher is, how far and high his thought may aspire to soar, how long a journey he enters on with his own feet, how unequivocal his position on all things pertaining to virtue, how certified a champion

he is of weakness and worth, how God lets him talk about His own and one Son, Jesus Christ—then I laugh out loud, nor can forbear my laughter.

Prayer I assume to be the highest expression of the human soul, and next to prayer is poetry. As a method of speech, then, poetry is the soul's highest form of utterance. What need, then, to suggest that poetry and the preacher are necessitated friends? I assume that since the apostolic days preaching, as preaching, has never soared so high as in Henry Ward Beecher. There were in him an exhaustlessness and an exuberance, an insight deep as the soul, a power to turn a light like sunlight for strength on the sore weakness of humanity, a bewilderment of approach to the heart to tempt it from itself to God that I find nowhere else; and it has been my pleasure to be a wide reader of the sermonic literature of the world. Compared to him, Berry, the English preacher, whom Beecher thought most apt to be his successor in the Plymouth pulpit, and who was invited by that church to such successorship—Berry was an instrument of a couple of strings matched with Beecher's harp of gold. Phillips Brooks can not in any just sense be put alongside him; and Simpson in his genius was essentially extemporaneous and insular. Beecher was perpetual, like the eternal springs. In Robertson of Brighton are some symptoms of Beecher, but they are cameo and not building stone resemblances. Beecher was the past master of our preaching art. Storrs and Beecher were contemporaries in the same city. Storrs was a field of cloth of gold. Gorgeous he was, and a man

of might. But you can not get from the thought of effort in him in his effects. In Beecher is no sense of effort, any more than in a sea bird keeping pace with a rushing ship. As I have seen birds sail hour on hour and never flap a wing, and yet dig down into valleys, and rise high, where the blue sky was dappled with its clouds, so Beecher does. In him are the effortless music and might of a vast reserve of power. Now, this estimate of Beecher may be right or wrong. I give it as my estimate of him. He has no successor, as Samson had no son. Now, how did Beecher stand related to poetry? I urge this concrete case because it affords an expeditious way of getting at the vitalities of this theme. Beecher never quoted poetry. But Beecher never quoted the Bible, the reason being that he was not possessed of a memoriter memory, just as Joseph Parker was not. But he held the Bible in solution as the sea holds salt, or the sun holds iron and gold. All things told, it were better to be saturated with a thing, and hold it in your blood, than to be plastered over with a thing. Beecher in his earlier Plymouth pulpit days preached Bible, its spirit, urgency, central loveliness, light, penetration, not less certainly because he seldom gives an exact phrasing from the book. He does the same with poetry. Neither from hymn book nor volume of anybody's poetry do you hear Beecher quote; but he is soaked with poetry. He is a poet.

Hear him pray, and you must see that. In extemporaneous prayer I have observed that the actual spirit of a soul becomes apparent as in no other part

of life. When a man prays he is, so to say, off guard. He looks out and a long way off. Himself is left in the wake like the shimmer in a vessel's track. His spirit walks without help. Reading prayers cuts the life off from its highest opportunity of taking its truest flight and highest. So in Parker, nothing is quite so noble as his praying; and Beecher—his prayers have wings, as God's doves do. What music and touch of deep truth—only a touch like an angel's wing might give as the angel swept too near a child asleep; but the touch was a revelation, and was, therefore, sufficient. Beecher was a poet, and poets do not need padding.

The poet sees. That is surely what a preacher needs to do. The poet sees the stars and the flush on cheek of woman or of cloud, and the dim violet and Indian summer and hooting owl, though he hides in shadows, and the cornfields and the marshes by the sea, and the "flower in the crannied wall," and the dishevelment of the old ocean, and the pomp of autumn, and the needs of men and their hungers and their thirsts, and their trials and their bitterness, and their upleaps and their downfalls—sees men and things, and fates and futures. Know you anything the poets have not seen? Goethe saw, though he knew not that he saw it, that sin was its own Nemesis. That is "Faust." Tennyson saw that environment as the explanatory clause of life was frivolous, and wrote the "Idylls of the King." Wordsworth saw the hills and Rydal Water, and learned the wonder of them by heart; and some of us have loved him for the thing he did, and

shall love him all our days. In a vile age Edmund Spenser saw that virtue alone was beautiful, and wrote "The Faerie Queene," than which no sweeter proclamation has ever been made of the white beauty of truth and goodness save by Jesus only. One of the elect spirits of the world, who had kept his life white, a devotee of duty, who had been in elbow touch with England's greatest ruler, Oliver Cromwell, who, when he saw the Puritan defeated not by arms—the Cavalier could not do that—but by the insane hunger for a king, when his blindness made his life a starless night, yet not so dark he could not see great Cromwell exhumed and hung on high for villainy to laugh at, when himself thought each step coming to his impoverished door was an officer's step which meant his arrest, then he gloomed his great soul in the tragedy of "Paradise Lost." He housed all the Puritan failure in that gloomy, glorious house, but came to his larger self once more and strove to write "Paradise Regained," which should in reason have blazed with glory, but did not. He could not so rise from eclipse. Those poems are the story of a great spirit in eclipse, struggling yet to trample the darkness down and stumble into light. Chaucer is a man who sees and enjoys his world, and in him is a lusty love of life much worthier than the feminine view of life sometimes afforded us. Bryant is the poet of outdoors; and we are outdoor folk. Longfellow is the poet of indoors and twilights and the lighting of the lamp; and there are indoor folk to whom ministers must minister. Poe is the poet of intoxicants, and lives in a weird world,

which we must look full in the face as men. Whittier is the man in love with goodness, and at one with God, and sure of the eternal boundaries of the homeland of the soul. Lowell is the scholar breaking into life. Burns is a man blurting out his weaknesses and woes and, like a selfishness he was, bringing himself uppermost at every breath, and yet a man whose words had bird song in them; and songs of birds are worth more than gold to a roomy life. Dante was sure of retribution, unless pardon stepped in for a soul's release. Sophocles is crushed with a sense of something outside ourselves which makes our lives. But enough is said to justify my words, "The poet sees." Having eyes he uses them, which is quite the reverse of most men and women. The novelists who write those tender and heavenly episodes from common life are simply folks who have eyes to see those things we are blind to. The preacher should be at one with poets, because they have seen the land, and all of it. Among them, they have missed nothing. If we were to ask for a dragoman who should interpret us to earth, and earth to us, and leave no lonely cranny unvisited, whom should we seek but poets? They have hit all the keys having music in them. They have gone wherever life has gone, or nature or God. I think it practically impossible to read all of Tennyson, for instance, and not have a wide-open eye to nature and to its interpretive quality. I think it impossible to read Shakespeare and not fall in love with life. I think it rare to find a common reader of Shelley without the sense of the jar and lack of destination in him, or of By-

ron without a haunting sense of the deviltry of perpetual selfishness. In themselves, or vicariously, if I may so say, poets have been or seen or experienced the round of life. To be with such sight-seers is to fill the soul with windows open on every street the wide world has. Preachers use books of illustration instead of being books of illustration, for the simple reason that they were never trained to see things and men and wonders. Homegrown illustrations are manifestly better than tropic illustrations, just as homegrown fruit is best. To the seeing eye, the universe is at our door. Here is Emerson's value. He is disjointed, mumbling, ambling, but sees things, wades where the grasses and flowers and thistles of life are knee-deep. Seeing is another name for insight. Insight into care, want, humility, foolish pride, sham penitence, hid grief, intemperance of attitude, hysteria in static if not in dynamic state, mental parsimony, or mental ill-breeding, the hopes which may legitimately be placed in man—insight into these things is so major a necessity with a preacher as to belong to his alphabet needs. Where shall he learn them with so little sweat and in such royal company as with the poets?

The poet feels. And life is feeling. Life is not ratiocinative process any more than the world is a field of ice. Life scorches. It has volcanoes that blister the pavements, and choke the air, and summers that thaw winters out, and breed flowers and aromas. He who has not felt has not lived. The human touch is the touch of feeling. These lonely mountain peaks of

mind are breeders of snow fields, not forests. It is with exertion that one convinces himself that Kant was a man. He might have passed for a logical or philosophical machine. I can hear the wheels turn in him, and they need oiling. The frigid zones are not marketable as the temperate zones. The mind market may be deserted, but the heart market is always crowded. Christ was a Sun and thawed life. There are no ice-bound coasts where Christ is risen. The reason why Jesus was not a thaumaturgist was that His wonders were spilled out of a bleeding, genial, compassionate heart. He felt so that he stopped the widow on her way to the house where her children and her husband lay together dead, and would not let her put her only son there yet. "He had compassion on her." Men can not forget those words. His miracles were wrung out of Him for pity's sake; and that keeps them human, and makes them divine. To feel is what changes trees to animals. The hacked tree makes no moan; the hacked man bleeds and swoons and moans in his stupor of sleep. Feeling is the mighty fact of life. He who would have ingress and egress with lives must feel. And the poets have felt. They among them wear the world on their heart. Just as we have seen bell-ringers run the gamut of intricate musical compositions among them by reaching the bell that held the note their music called for, so the poets ring out the feeling of this world of hearts, and among them have missed no note. David felt; and that is why he sobbed out penitential grief which leaves no need for any penitent to invent a tear or any anguish. He may borrow all of

David. His sobbing helps the world. Homer had the blood of forty thousand battles in his veins, and so has set battle for the centuries. The "Iliad" is the battle-field of mankind. Tasso had crusaders' marches and triumphs and wounds in him, and so "Jerusalem Delivered" is the crusader's epic. It matches the crusade of soul to this last hour. Homer had innumerable adventures in his breast, and so wrote the "Odyssey," which is the laureate poem of adversity and adventure and discovery, and will have no competitor. Ulysses lives forever the antagonist of angry seas and foreign shores. Jean Ingelow felt, and so has found the heart of life listening to her. Mrs. Browning felt with that wild wonder of a woman's love, and so man and woman want her as they want a mother. Keats felt aspirations, dim, dreamy, unclassifiable; and he makes a sky for dreams to soar in. How does life feel? Well, poets know. Life does feel—are we always very sure of that? Jesus was; and Jesus was Chief of poets. The poets are, if I may put it so rudely, a hospital ward in which lie all the feelings of mankind, and walking through that ward you shall hear the laments and pæans life is capable of. The preacher who does not feel sin, and feel woe, and feel heartache, and feel the anguish the penitent knows, and feel the hunger which eats into the flesh, and feel the laughter a child and a lover exult in, and feel the progress of heart from lower to higher, and feel the languor which makes men fall asleep while they walk the road with their knapsacks on their shoulders, and feel that life needs heartening, and feel that life is

competent for help—that preacher might as well be dead.

The poet has dealt with the most vital problems. And the preacher, provided he be true to his legacy of divine serviceableness, has the most vital of all vitalities to present. He and the poet, then, are close of kin. I think to illustrate the truth of this proposition from one poet, Browning. Browning has dealt with divorce, marriage for position, heredity, environment, and the failure of both in both directions, sin as a palpable and monstrous fact, forgiveness, hypocrisy self-justified, the failure for the largest by the lack of deep feeling, the passion and power of music, the defect of the artistic temperament, motherhood, herohood, old age beautiful and beneficent, old age crabbed as gnarled wild crabapples in early autumn, lust, scholarship, humbuggery, intellect, the poet, smirched virtue, conscience, consciencelessness, love, bewilderment, life as a whole, duty, unknown helpers of life, love above position, the moral sense, natural theology, Christ, belief in God, triumphant optimism, joy in life, husbandhood, wifehood, longing, hope. His soundings are deep, and stretch over wide areas of the sea of the soul. He dredges where he sounds. I have not enumerated his themes, but have suggested a sufficient number to indicate how vast the themes he battles with unbewildered. The preacher who has the great theme would do well to fraternize with those to whom great themes are very natural, and who live in the same house with vital problems.

Poets know the soul. I will illustrate this from

Shakespeare. I make bold in saying, that no study of psychology, under any tutor, with dark room of physiological psychologist, can compare with a study of Shakespeare, for a preacher's help. He knew the soul, and walked around through it as a man walks through a familiar street risking no hurt, because he knows the way so well. Shakespeare knows no impediments. All roads are open to him. "As You Like It," while some preachers might think the forest of Arden, and Rosalind, and Jaques beneath them and their study, is worth more than some dry course on theology or economics. You get to know womanhood and manhood in Shakespeare. You can not go from him, in my belief, and not be something of a savant in human nature. He shows the thing rather than tells it. Coarseness of nature, fineness of nature, intense thought, lack of any thought, honor of dubitative cast, and honor which has no lack, the simpleton, the maniac, the conceited donkey of two legs, the asininity of drunkenness, the nemesis of courses of sin, the hellishness of sin-mixed genius, the dolt and the genius, the gentleman and the libidinous beast miscalled a man, the differentiations of vice in individual make-up, the clarity of virtue especially in women—these and more make Shakespeare the preacher's schoolmaster in psychology.

The poet is creative. Giving this matter thought, that is a distinguished credential. God is Chief Creator as He is Chief of everything good. His versatility is our amazement and His glory. He is the Maker, the Poet. He is to make all things new, and has made

all things new. His leaves and fruits and ferns and cliffs are creations which make words poor in telling their grace and beauty. Poets emulate God in their limits. They are men. He is God. But what they have created is a fabulous wealth. "The Faerie Queene" is as certainly a creation as a star is, and its light as gentle and enduring. In poets is creative genius as above all other artisans. They are making so that even their rehabilitations are creations, as one may know by noting Shakespeare's historical characters and studies. Who shall say that Mark Antony is not as original a person as Rosalind? Life leaps in the veins of what the poets do; and their poems and stratagems and characters are fresh contributions to the thought of men. The preacher is creative. No sermon is a work of art, which is a hewed thing whether from marble, wood, or words, but a formed thing, a life which grew with urgency like the willows by the stream. Not to feel that a sermon is as certainly a creation as a telescope or a poem or a book, is for a preacher to find himself among the rubbish of the world's camp. Men who hear should feel that whom they hear is a creator, and what they hear a fresh thing filled with life like a trailing arbutus. For a preacher to feel so is to kill the drudgery of sermon making, and to lift it to the realm of music and sculpture.

The poets breed inspiration in a life as a sunrise breeds morning. And do I need to adduce illustrations of this? I wot not. "Abide with Me," was like a first sight of the sea to me. I recall its dawn on my heart as if it were not years ago in college days,

but last night. Preachers ought to give off inspiration as central suns give light, heat, power. A preacher who does not inspire is not worth his keep. To inspire means to keep close to inspirations. Nor is it to the point to say that a preacher has all inspiration in his Master. That is quite true; but it is also true that Christ is the poet's Master, and sets the fire a-glowing in the poet's heart; and as Jesus gladdened His eyes by looking on flower fields and fields of stars and on the sweet faces of little children, while and because he was God's Son and fellowshiped with his Father, knowing that God ought to exclude nothing from us, but include all things for us, so preachers are to get inspirations from everywhere, and by being in Christ and for Him are qualified to get the most out which Christ has put in, just as a musician can best understand the music of a master. Poets are one of our Master's ways of saying His say to our souls.

Therefore, of all folks preachers and poets may well be the best of friends. The poet is he who stands above us nigher to the dawn, and calls down, like to old watchers from the temple's citadel, "The morning breaketh; day is here."

Cicero and Paul—A Contrast.

When I first read Cicero's letters I was thrilled, not less, by the letters touching his proconsulate in Asia. In his reciting the stages of his progress in the occupancy of his office he makes mention of so many places with which I found myself totally familiar, but not only familiar with them as a student of classical history and geography, but familiar with them because I had learned them in reading the itinerary of Paul, the apostle of Jesus Christ. And I confess, though it is years now since I first read those Cicero letters to his beloved Atticus—and though it is years now since I first felt that strange thrill, often as I have reread the letters, I can not yet dispossess myself of the old-time thrill that marches through my blood like beating drums. That Cicero of Rome, and that Saul of Tarsus, each in the occupancy of his office—no mean office—each as a Roman citizen, each as a statesman in his own sphere, that these men in the occupancy of their several offices crossed each other's track, I am not quit of it, I will not be. I would impart to hearts a little of the thrill that came and comes to mine when I consider Marcus Tullius Cicero, greatest Roman orator, and Saul of Tarsus, greatest Jewish citizen, going from same province to same province, one man on his own business, the other

man on God Christ's business. The one man working solely for himself, the other man working solely for somebody else.

Cicero served a year in the proconsular office. His proconsular part of Asia was Cilicia, which embraced not only Cilicia but Pamphylia, Lycaonia, part of Phrygia and the Island of Cyprus, and territories of the province of Asia not positively known. Cilicia had as capital city, Tarsus; and at Tarsus Saul was born. So that Cicero, greatest of the Roman orators, was proconsular prince over Cilicia, in whose capital was born the greatest of Hebrew orators. Cicero landed at Ephesus. Cicero marched through Syria, through Cilicia, through Cappadocia, came to Iconium, marched to Lycaonia, took his army through Galatia, and finally came down to Tarsus, native city of Saul, thence to the Isle of Rhodes, came thence to Athens, went, homesick, hurrying toward Rome; and in the neighborhood of Rome he died, slain by the sword of Mark Antony, friend of Cæsar. And in Rome Saul of Tarsus died, slain by the poisoned sword of the Emperor Nero. Two men, two pilgrims, two statesmen, two orators!

Let the cities, localities, or governments Cicero touched or governed be set down in a list, so that we may have a bird's-eye view of his Asiatic itinerary. His recital of his goings and comings has been given with painstaking exactitude in his letters to Atticus. Cicero was nothing, if not verbose. He spared no words, which has been an inestimable boon to the succeeding ages, because his gift of prolixity has afforded us the most precise view we possess of the Roman world. He

spent ten whole days in Athens, "having made," as he tells Atticus, "my journey through Greece with great applause." He was ten days in sailing from Athens to Delos. He proceeded from the port of Athens, the Piræus, in a Rhodian vessel, which he thought little of, it being undecked and not calculated to resist the waves. He came by Zoster, Cea, Gyarus, and Scyros en route to Delos, and was met by an astonishing multitude at Samos, and landed at Ephesus on July 22d, expecting to reach his province by August 1st. He reached Laodicea on July 31st; thence he came to Lycaonia. Three days he spent in Laodicea, three at Apameia, three at Synnada. He says Cassius is in Antioch with his whole army, that he himself is in Cappadocia at the foot of Mount Taurus. He reviewed the army near Iconium, he received pressing messages from the Parthians, he entered Cilicia through the passes of Taurus (from the north), and came to Tarsus on October 5th; thence "I went to Mount Amanus, which divides Syria from Cilicia. My name was respected in Syria," he naively remarks. "I went from Tarsus into Asia, I can not tell you with what admiration of the cities of Cilicia, and above all, of the Tarsians." He held sessions of state in Pamphylia and Lycaonia. He comes via Rhodes to the Piræus once more, and his year of Asiatic banishment is ended. So here is the catalogue of places he has named or visited which touched the spark of our Scripture memory. Athens, Piræus, Rhodes, Samos, Ephesus, Antioch in Syria, Laodicea, Cappadocia, Parthia, Lycaonia, Iconium, Cilicia, Tarsus,

Syria, Asia, Pamphylia. We seem to hear the steady tramp of Saul of Tarsus as he went across the Roman world.

Now, whatever estimate you may retain concerning Cicero, you can not leave him out of the history of Rome. If you belittle him as Mommsen does in the greatest history of Rome written; if you load him with panegyrics as Middleton does, still you must reckon with him. You can not write a history of Rome and leave Marcus Tullius Cicero out. He was born 106 years before Christ, and was assassinated in the year 43 before Christ. He lived in the most eventful half-century of Roman history. He was a contemporary of Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar of the first triumvirate; and it is bruited abroad, with how much truth we can not answer, that Cicero might have changed the triumvirate of Rome into a quaternity. He was fast friend of Cato. He was the sworn friend of Cassius, the murderer; he was heart friend of Brutus, whose stab was the last stab that walked into the heart of Cæsar and left it dry as a broken bottle in the sun. You can not escape him. He was not the greatest man in his day, but he was the most versatile man in Rome. I take it he was the greatest man Rome produced, save Julius Cæsar only, who was a Hercules. All other men only reached to this Hercules' belt. Cicero was an orator. We lads and lassies who studied Latin in the schools know that. The oratorical gift of Cicero chimes through the centuries. He was a writer of books on philosophy. He was writer of the greatest series of letters that came

down to us from the noon of the Roman world. He was the greatest epistolary master that ever lived. Though books on books of his letters have been spilled into the seas, wrecked upon the violent waters of the centuries, yet we have over a thousand letters of Marcus Tullius Cicero, which constitute to the present the ablest biography of Rome yet written.

I have read many of the histories of ancient Rome. I have gone nosing around in the nooks and crannies of that ancient day, when the men upon the seven hills of Rome mastered the earth and put their arms around the then known planet and were the first authentic masters of the mighty world, Europe, Asia, and Africa, and I always confess that for the inside history, for the downward look that sees the floor and for the upward look that sees the ceiling, and the outward look that sees the streets and mobs and armies of men and women and the enduring look that sees Rome as it was, those letters are without peer, and ring ever with unconscious fidelity. The Cicero letters are the most masterful exponents of that day and life. This man, therefore, you can not sneer him down. You may think him weak, weaker than water. Let that pass. You may think him to lack political conscience. Let that pass. You may think him to be unspeakably garrulous. Let that pass also. You may think him to be unspeakably vain. Let that also go. Yet across that landscape, gone long since, when you look to see the personalities who towered high as the Alps, amongst the faces which are indelibly limned against the blue of the far-off Roman sky, is that of Marcus Tullius

Cicero. An excellent face, a clean face, chiseled out as by the sculptor's hammer; lips that seemed as if they were only the door through which the raging words might rush in torrents toward the sea. And that man, who enthralled Rome with his eloquence of speech in the then two masterful languages of the then world, Latin and Greek, and spoke not only classical oratorical Latin, but wrote books in the Greek of Athens and the Latin of Rome; that man whose friendship Julius Cæsar and Pompey courted; that man who was fêted and loved for the time by the men who would kill Cæsar and over his corpse march to supremacy, that man, we can not shunt him from the scene. We must listen to his voice. He was one of those types of men that knew he had two hands for a purpose. He knew that no one thing ought to include a man's life, but to be a man was to have room for a world. Therefore, though he was a statesman, though he was a consul, though he defeated Catiline's conspiracy, though he had many callings, though his law business was pressing and very lucrative, though he was so busy, he had time to write multitudinous letters; he had time to be the greatest stylist of Roman literature; he had time to talk and say those words which bulk large in Roman letters, he had time to buy up libraries, ample for that time, he had time to buy statuary at the hands of his friend Atticus, he listened to the Roman world and said things which interpreted the life of the then world to the now world. And, whatever your antipathies toward Marcus Tullius Cicero, you can not wipe his name from Roman history, nor

can you push him out of the doors of Roman literature. We have learned much of our Latin from him, as we have from the "Commentaries" of great Cæsar, where the words seem as a soldier marching to the fray, where we saw races die and felt their gasp for breath. And we pass from this writing of the battle-mooded Cæsar into that quiet mood of the stylist Cicero; and yet while we hold conference with him we seemed to be breathing the air of Rome.

He saw the sky of Rome's great capital. We walked with him down to the sea, and heard him converse with the leading spirits of his age. And Cicero was a man bulking great in Roman letters and in Roman oratory and in Roman statesmanship. He had his faults. He had many faults. He had great faults, and yet when we consider whose son he was; namely, Rome's son, and remember that there were scarcely a dozen men alive in Rome exempt from graft, and that to this great end Christ came along the roadways of the world and whitened our lives, and taught us that a man had to be clean as a woman in morals, yet in such an era this man Cicero was clean. He was a beautiful father. He loved his son and planned for him, which was a Roman characteristic. He loved his daughter, and when Tullia dies his heartache was poignant enough to make us feel his anguish yet. And with all his foibles and all his faults you can not be oblivious to Marcus Tullius Cicero. After he had been consul, and after he had saved the life of Rome, and after he had been banished for sixteen months, he made his way back to Rome amid welcome such as seldom

comes to man. After he had been given proconsulate in Asia he was homesick to see Rome as no man in Roman history ever was. And Dante, wandering away from Florence, gloomed like a child because he could not see his city streets, was blood relative of Cicero, who, when he is out of sight of Rome and can not see the Palatine, is as homesick as a child. And the patriot is bigger than the cosmopolitan; the man who has lost the art to love his home and his nation, so that absent from his flag and shore, he is not like a child absent from his mother, seems to me not big, but little. And this man Cicero loved Rome, so that when he was away from it he was as homesick as a child, and all he asked in his letters to Atticus and to all his friends at home was, "Bring me home again." And all he asked for in the proconsulate was that it might be brief. And so he came unwillingly but not unwittingly, and landed at Ephesus and came to Iconium, came to Lycaonia, came to Pamphylia.

Inquire what was Marcus Tullius Cicero's business, and with what sort of pageant did he come to this business? Well, let us consider it. He came as a representative of Rome. He was a Roman. And we have read that to be a Roman was greater than to be a king. And to be a proconsul was greater than to be an emperor. And this man, when he landed, deputations of citizens of Asia met him on the seas and did not misname him, but called him great. And when he came to Ephesus the people crowded out to meet and fête him. He was a clean ruler, though he made much money in his political office, which is a matter

known in our own day. And he held such cleanness of political sway in his proconsular service as was unknown in the annals of Rome. But, mark you, he was a king. He came not because he would, but because he must. He had vanity; but his absence from Rome slew even his vanity. And he came, and great deputations saluted him. He came not as a man whose life was in jeopardy, but he came as a man who jeopardized the lives of many. He came as the exponent of Rome. He came to crush out common citizens. He came, and his coming was ruthless in the Roman fashion. He came for his own aggrandizement, to lord it over the East. This was his first consideration. I am not speaking unkindly nor untruly, but simply in the name of fact. He came to Asia to rule it, to be its autocrat.

He came in the second regard to see if, in his brief period of office, he might win a triumph. He wanted to be "imperator." Like many another man he had been a success in one thing and desired to be a success in another thing. He had been allowed to be an orator; and now he designed to be a general. He had won a kingdom, and it gave him an opportunity to try his hand at holding the sword. And his sole desire in battle was not so much to aggrandize Rome as to aggrandize Cicero. And he told his friends that he wanted in Rome to be saluted "Imperator." And when on the fields the ragged voices of his soldiers called, "Cicero, imperator," then those stolid features of Marcus Tullius Cicero broke into a smile and laughed out loud. And he turned on some free tribes in Cilicia, because nobody made war on him, and he could n't

get to be a general very well fighting nothing; he thought to pick on some defenseless citizens in the hills, which he did, without much danger, and with large success. And he marched to their mountain fastnesses and hammered their gates down and broke their walls level with the dust, and on a certain Saturnalia day; namely a day of festival, sold prisoners into slavery and put into the pocket of the Roman world past half a million dollars of Roman gold. That was Marcus Tullius Cicero's business. And by and by, having done this year of service, he marched down to Cilicia, set sail from Tarsus with a happy heart, past Rhodes, came over to Athens, and hasted on his way back to Rome, a general to have a general's triumph! Clean as this man was regarding money matters, he had the superior lust for name, so that if he could win the name of imperator of the Roman capital he would wipe out freedom from the Cilician mountains. That was the career of Marcus Tullius Cicero, in the proconsulate of Asia.

Paul, apostle of Christ, was the widest traveler we have note of in the Roman world of his day. The points of his journeys are here set down, that we may see how prodigal this man was in the simple item of travel. He was in or touched in his journeys the following: Jerusalem, Judea, Tyre, Cæsarea, Ptolemais, Antipatris, Sidon, Damascus, Syria, Antioch, Seleucia, Phrygia, Laodicea, Colosse, Pontus, Pamphylia, Pisidia, Antioch, Attalia, Perga, Cappadocia, Cilicia, Tarsus, Lycia, Myra, Patara, Caria, Miletus, Cnidus, Lydia, Thyatira, Sardis, Smyrna, Ephesus, Philadelphia, Tro-

gyllium, Mysia, Troas, Pergamos, Adramyttium, Asia, Ionia, Assos, Cyprus, Salamis, Fair Havens, Galatia, Lycaonia, Iconium, Derbe, Lystra, Parthia, Paphlagonia, Bithynia, Thrace, Macedonia, Philippi, Neapolis, Apollonia, Berea, Amphipolis, Thessalonica, Corinth, Cenchrea, Achaia, Athens, Chios, Samos, Rhodes, Clauda, Melita, Lesbos, Mitylene, Rhegium, Puteoli, Rome, and it is more than probable he journeyed to the western part of Southern Europe and came as his heart desired, to Hispania.

Mark you this man Paul. We know him blessedly well. He is the most potent personality in the New Testament, always excluding Jesus, who is divine, and owns the New Testament as He owns the stars and the heavens and the earth. This man was born in Tarsus in Cilicia. He lived about half a century after Cicero. He was born a Roman citizen, though he was a Jew by blood. Born at Tarsus, lived there, went to Jerusalem, was educated there, became a Pharisee of the Pharisees; heard about the sect called Christians, was angered by them, was no half-way man, was no namby-pamby man, was no mugwump, went to slay the Christians, met Christ, saw Him once, marveled at Him much; loved Him, so that afterward he gladdened to say, "I am a bond servant of Christ;" and in the event died for Him.

And we have thought to track this man Paul and track this man Cicero; both marched through Cilicia; both marched through Syria, through Tarsus, through Pamphylia, through Cappadocia, through Galatia, through Lycaonia, and this man Cicero is marching for

the one purpose of aggrandizing Marcus Tullius Cicero; and this man Paul, who used to be Saul of Tarsus, hath on his breast, and his arms hugged around it, and the blood streaming down it, a Cross! And as he marches through Syria and through Cilicia, and as he goes to his own home town, Tarsus, and as he goes to Galatia through the mountain passes, as he falls among robbers, they always see a lonely soldier, not with a sword, but with a cross. And when the day is dark and dull toward night, he stands upon the fringe of the town and holds the cross on high and calls: "Behold the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." And I can hear him yet. And when he goes down the lonely highways where the robbers linger and wait for him, he smites them with the Cross and calls, "The Cross of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." And as he marches along the mountain fastnesses, and as he goes solitary along the starry night, he goes holding up the Cross, and men can hear him giving hallelujahs and singing psalms far away, can hear his calling, "The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

And so we witness the one man, Marcus Tullius Cicero, went to stand for Marcus Tullius Cicero; and the man, Paul, went to stand for Christ. And the one went to enrich himself and to glorify himself, and the other went to impoverish himself and to glorify Christ. And one man went for the ego and the glory of self, and the other man went to slay the ego and to eradicate self. And he is going into Ephesus. Did you mark that? This Paul had a voice, and for years went to and fro preaching the gospel. And he went

to the town of Ephesus and preached there day and night with tears, and visited from house to house. And I think I will say, what is in my knowledge to say, and what is in my heart to say, that the parting of Paul from the brethren out beyond Ephesus is one of the most heart-breaking episodes that ever spilled out of the breaking heart of literature. Paul went to Ephesus for the glory of himself? No. Is he met by great companies and great welcome? No. Is he greeted by applauding throngs? No. He goes into the city alone, or with one man. He goes into the city not to be supported by public bounty, but earns his board by tentmaking, and his fingers are often bleeding from the wiry fibers. Paul, what do you do? "Earn my board, that I may live my strength for Him." And you shall see him at Lycaonia. If you will read in the narratives of Cicero you will read that he marched through Iconium, but if you will read in the narratives of Paul you will find that his footprints are marked with blood, because he was stoned in a certain city and dragged out for dead, but after awhile he got up and walked back into the city that stoned him and left him for dead. And he is going about talking about another, whose name is Christ. He is working for his board that he may tell the name of Christ. He is working his own passage that he may tell the name of Christ; he is on shipboard, that he may preach Christ. And wheresoever he pilgrimed, Paul and Another came to town. Wheresoever Paul pilgrimed two men came to town, Jesus Christ of Nazareth, and Paul, the apostle of Christ. And a voice

said, "Christ," and the voice was Paul's. And people once came to worship Paul, and he said, as he tore his garments, "God forbid! Worship Christ." Not as a random arrow from a random bow, this represents the difference between the dispensation of Rome and the dispensation of Christ, heathenism and its civilization, Christianity and its civilization. The business of the one, the aggrandizement of itself; the business of the other, to demolish self and to love and glorify Christ.

And Paul was at Tarsus, his birthplace. And Paul was at Syria. And he went through Asia. He knew Asia Minor better than any governor. He walked most of the way, whether he had money or not. And finally, when his heart hungered to come to Rome, not for his own glory, but because his heart ached to name Christ in Rome, he appealed to Cæsar. Not that he cared for Cæsar's office or for the Roman capital, to walk through crowded streets crowded with history, but because he wanted to bear his cross and wear it there. He came to Athens, came on a voyage, and what he did in Athens was to march up Mars' Hill, and say, "Him whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." And he came to Rome and was glad as a lover who comes near to the woman he loves, though when they brought him he was in chains, and he had been shipwrecked, and the garments he wore were so stained and sea-soaked, and chains dangled from his wrists. And he came up to Rome, not as Marcus Tullius Cicero did, with great éclat and callings of the throng, but he came with his chains to the prison.

And he was so glad, that you may hear him calling aloud with rapture, "Home, home, home." And they thought he said, "Rome, Rome, Rome." And he was a messenger who knew there was a short cut to the kingdom of God; and in that prison he was to lift up the cross and say, "The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." He was in his own hired house chained to a Roman soldier. They by and by put him in the Mamertine prison. The prison cell was damp and dark. The windows were only slits with bars across. And he sang songs, not as interludes or preludes, but all the time kept singing, "His name is Christ, His name is Christ." And once men came and said, "Who are you?" And he said, "Paul, a bond servant of Jesus Christ." And one day they fetched him out, and he came with steps that leaped and ran as a man running to the triumph awaiting him, for a crown, and he ran toward the hill, and he leaned his head, and they smote him hard and a chain dangled from a dying man's wrist, but on the dead man's face there was a smile of rapture.

Down near the coast line of Italy, borne of slaves, is Marcus Tullius Cicero; and he is fleeing for his life. And behind him come clamoring the horsemen of maddened, drunken Mark Antony, who has forgotten much, but not his lust for Cicero's blood; and at last Cicero leans his head out of the carriage and sees the sword and says, "Strike!" It was the manliest word he ever drew breath to utter. But Paul was not caught fleeing from his enemies, but toward them; and when he stood upon the hill about to die,

he held up the cross and said, "The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." And the men said, "Be still, be still!" And he said, "Men, you know not what words you utter. I glory in the cross of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, whose bond servant I am. Amen." And he leans his head to the ax.

Cicero lived for self and self-applause and self-enrichment and self-service. And Paul lived not for himself, but unto God. Good night, Marcus Tullius Cicero. Ah, Brother Paul! Good morning!

The Debt of the Republic to the Preacher.

This chapter purposes to be a brief summarization of services rendered to the United States of America by ministers of Christ. The subject is scarcely broached; and its discussion will, in any case, open a gate to a suggestive field. In this country, Church and State are absolutely distinct. The State has its function, the Church its function. The State is to protect the Church; the Church is to drain the malarias from the social swamps so as to make the State's continuance a possibility. The Church of Christ is much more vital to the State than the State to the Church. The United States collected a ninety-one-thousand-dollar indemnity from Turkey for outrages perpetrated against missionary interests. As relates to the Church this is the legitimate office of government. When a Church wants more than protection it is become a beggar. In England, however, where Church and State are commingled, the House of Lords being composed of hereditary nobility and the higher ecclesiastics, credit to the clergy has been a habit; whereas with us in America the total separation of Church and State has made the shallow politician and secular writer suppose themselves the chief functionaries of the Republic, and has lent them patronizing airs toward the preacher of

the gospel. For this reason the discussion of the clergy contribution to American civilization may be both timely and necessary. The geographical limit of this inquiry is the United States; the time is from the founding of the colonies until now. The personnel shall be preachers, irrespective of denomination, who have made contributions of any sort to the well-being of our native land.

Morality is the main condition of national longevity. This we take to be so evident to students of history as to need no argument. Immorality sins against the State as against the individual. What makes for immorality makes for national anæmia and ultimate death. What makes for morals makes for health and continued life and vigor. Morals do not, historically stated, propagate themselves. Except a religion be behind a moral inculcation, that inculcation is operatively insufficient. Socratic, Platonic, Stoic, Senecan, or Aurelian morals have scarcely made a ripple on the surface of history or mankind; but the morals of Confucius and Mohammed and Buddha have been propagated because religions were behind them. That the Church of God with its *impedimenta* of Christian ethics and its propagandism of holy ardor would make for the health of the State, is therefore apparent. The clergy of a city are of more economic and police value than all the police force or city employees. Every preacher walks his beat indefatigably, policing a territory for the city's good and the State's weal. Every child brought under the salutary influence of the Christian Church, in so far as the Christian influence has

had its honest, operative effect on the life, has been a contribution to citizenship. Christianity makes good citizens. A Christian costs the State nothing. The gambler, saloonist, harlot, criminal of any order are constant boarders at the public tables. Every Sunday-school and mission and Church makes against vice, as vice makes against the public plenty as well as against public health. Vice is to be likened to the lean kine Pharaoh saw in his vision, which consumed the fat kine. No statesman can estimate the police power of the Church, and beyond that the power for constructive citizenship the Christian inculcation affords. Because it is abiding, invisible, and voiceless, like gravitation, the surface economist fails to notice its prodigious force and efficiency. Now, the minister being such as he is, the leader in the Church, the mouthpiece of its purpose, and guardian of public health, must be accredited a man's part in whatsoever work of moral uplift and benefit a fair estimate may concede to the Church. Now, this suggestion is not included in the argument, but is placed as a sort of concrete basis on which the argument rests; and no one acquainted with the incalculable repressive and stimulative power of Christianity can for a moment gainsay the validity and force of this preliminary contention.

First, in the discussion, we must recall that the United States was settled by religious colonies, and in a day when the parson (meaning, as Lowell has told us, the chief person) was a sort of citadel figure in a community. Huguenots under Coligny settled the Carolinas; the Puritans, Massachusetts; the Bap-

tists, Rhode Island; the Quakers, Pennsylvania; the American Puritan emigrated to Connecticut; Gustavus Adolphus and Oxenstiern founded New Sweden; the Dutch Protestant founded New Amsterdam; philanthropist Oglethorpe founded Georgia; Roman Catholic Lord Baltimore founded Maryland. In Virginia, which was at the first a settlement of decayed gentry and refuse from the jails of England, the Church was an afterthought, and the clergy comparatively inconsequential and lacking in popularity, as witnesses the legal case in which Patrick Henry defeated them, in their just attempt to collect what was but their legitimate salary, when the community wished to pay them in fiat money. Roger Williams, preacher, founded Rhode Island. William Penn, preacher, was the father of the Friends' Communion in America; Oglethorpe brought with him from England John Wesley as evangelist to America. John Robinson at Delft had more to do with the launching of the *Mayflower* and the emigration of the Pilgrims and the liberty their province fathered than any man, or than all men. That is to say, John Robinson, preacher of the Puritan Church, was more influential in shaping the subsequent history of America than Carver, or Winthrop, or any other Puritan governor. America will always be in his debt. He, to use a figure, helped to freight the *Mayflower*, and then pushed it from the shore. His sermon on the embarkation of the Pilgrim fathers is lit with a glow of statesmanship and prophecy. Thus the clergyman was in the veins of American life. He was not injected. He was and will always remain a

constituent of the blood. Diagnose his case, and reasons for this efficaciousness will become apparent.

The preacher is elevated in type and tone. The *Sky Pilot* might serve as the biography of thousands of preachers whose names only an obituary list makes note of. This sky pilot within society elevates it, is larger, serener, than it is, and goes heavenward with his mountain village in his two hands. The "Rabbi" in "Kate Carnegie" is silhouette of a clean, strong, manly, unselfish lover of the Christ as minister of Christ. And these characters are fictions in name only. They are true as truth. From them may be inferred the characteristics of the minister as he develops in society. He is a cultivated gentleman. There are exceptions; but this contention is that he is on a par with the community in which he is, and beyond it. Emerson, in *The American Scholar*, speaking of the clergy, says, "Who are always, more universally than any other class, the scholars of the day."

The preacher is intelligent and makes for intelligence himself as interpreter in the community in which he is and its leader. Men do not long listen to their inferiors. He is usually a gentleman. He has a wide fund of knowledge, and is frequently a wide traveler. He is well read; quoting from our friend Keats, of blessed memory, much has he

> "traveled in the realms of gold,
> And many goodly states and kingdoms seen."

So it comes to pass that the preacher distills inspiration. He brings knowledge from remoter points

of the intellectual horizon than any living man. J. G. Holland, in his letter to Benjamin Franklin Jones (in the *Titcomb Letters*), on his habitual non-attendance at Church, says in effect that, though his association had for many years been with leaders in the literary world, he had received intellectual life and stimulation from no class of people in such a degree as from ministers. A testimonial coming from such a man, whose intercourse was with the best literary intelligence of his time, and his time recent, is weighty and worth pondering. The newspaper disseminates all sorts of information, legitimate and illegitimate, with entire impartiality. Information the newspaper gives, but frequently fails to give illumination. The preacher goes to the best quarters and brings back the best news from the regions visited. He hobnobs with the largest and best life of the world, and is in sympathetic touch with every holy and laudable appetency of the soul, and therefore gives expression to the finer thought and fancy and fact of his era. He is a preacher of righteousness, but as well a preacher of rightness, morality, intelligence, culture, courtesy, womanliness, manliness, patriotism. His field is the world of larger aspirations, purpose, control; and he speaks of this world as of it, so that his words are a manifest philanthropy. He stands for absolute morality. He is against the sweating system, is in favor of social equality, and of all public servants knows most of the extremes of society—inasmuch as every day his line of cleavage is through all the social strata. In the morning he may pray with a dying pauper; in the after-

noon preach to male prisoners, a little later to female prisoners, and in the evening officiate at the marriage of the millionaire's daughter. His knowledge of society is thrust on him; he is in the nature of his information and vocation a unifier of society. Then he is under bonds to goodness: "Whatsoever things are pure" appeal to him as spring appeals to the poet. He is allied to all good things. He is humanitarian, friend of birds and dray horse and ill-used child, and homeless and forsaken woman, or outcast man; he is labor's friend, friend of and pleader for intelligence. He is opposed to coarseness and lewdness and intemperance, the foe to coarse and unmoral and immoral literature and theaters and lewd spectacles generally. His attitude is determined and unwavering. He is the known foe of intemperance and the liquor traffic root and branch. The polestar will change its place among the stars sooner than the preacher will change attitude against evil. That such championship of society's right must tell for society's good goes without argument.

The Clergyman as Father of a Family. God has not shown a better place to be born or nurtured than under a manse roof. The preacher is a contribution to the public wealth in his children. No man is better qualified to rear citizens than he. Virtue, sobriety, godliness, prayer, Scripture reading, the incense of a grateful spirit, the air of culture and refinement which pervades the home, the presence of a pure and gracious woman, the neighborliness of books—these, and many concomitants of the same sort, all conspire to give

a preacher's child a supreme fighting chance in the world. The Roman Catholic celibate priest herein sins against the common good. A minister deserves to have a family, and in failing here fails in public service. Luther was right not simply in Scripture theory, but in actual practice; and if from this happy home circle of the ex-priest and the ex-nun had come no other voice than Luther's Christmas hymn, written for his little children, that home had been forever sanctified. Preachers' children as a class make high-grade contributions to the social, intellectual, and moral world. At this point it is discreet to recall how settled a friend the preacher is to culture, and with what uniformity the preacher's family is accorded a college training, though his circumstances are of the poorest. The preacher's son and daughter are much in evidence in college catalogues. Whatever sacrifice may have been made at home, the child is apt to be in the college; and so a cultivated youth is what proceeds, as a rule, from the parson's doors into American life. Among the representative members of every business and social community will be the son and daughter of the preacher household. As illustrative of this, notice that Peter Stuyvesant, ablest of the Dutch governors of New Amsterdam, was a preacher's son; that Adoniram Judson, greatest of American missionaries, save William Taylor, was a preacher's son; that Jonathan Edwards was a preacher's son; that Timothy Dwight, who turned American youth away from French atheism, was a descendant of Jonathan Edwards; that the second Timothy Dwight, a renowned college president, was a

preacher's son; that Henry Clay, the great compromiser, was the same; that Fitz-Greene Halleck, the poet, was descended from John Eliot, "Apostle to the Indians;" that Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of telegraphy, and in consequence one of the greatest benefactors of the race, was a preacher's son; and that Senators Dolliver and Bristow are the sons of Methodist clergymen. Presidents Arthur and Cleveland were preachers' sons; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was a preacher's daughter; the Field family—including Henry M. Field, the editor; David Dudley and Stephen J. Field, lawyers, and Cyrus W. Field, of Atlantic Cable fame—were a preacher's sons. So were Holmes and Lowell, poets whose names are perfume sweet. The poets Frederick Lawrence Knowles and Richard Watson Gilder, so lately deceased, were Methodist preachers' sons. President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, is son of a minister. Louis Agassiz was a preacher's son. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher were daughter and son of a preacher household. But why go farther? The Beecher household is proof positive of the amazing contribution the clergy make through their children to the public benefit.

Preachers as Founders of Colleges. The Puritan, among whom the preacher was puissant, gave America the public school; and preachers are friends of education as a whole, as is evidenced by their paternal relation to American colleges. They were among the chief founders, and are among their chief supporters. Denominational colleges have everywhere been pensioners on the preacher. Harvard, first college in

the New World, was founded by Rev. John Harvard, who gave half his estate and all his library for such founding; it was likewise indebted to Bishop Berkeley for a rare set of the Greek and Latin classics. Yale was founded by ten ministers, who "each contributed a gift of books," Bishop Berkeley being also among its earliest of patrons. Bishops Coke and Asbury founded the earliest of Methodist institutions, namely, Cokesbury College. Baker University, the first college founded in the Territory of Kansas, was organized by preachers and named after Bishop Baker. Indeed, the multitude of denominational colleges is the creation of preachers who believe to the point of enthusiasm in Christian culture. Dr. Leonard Wood was founder of Andover Theological Seminary; Drs. Dempster, Barrows, and Bishop Baker were founders of Garrett Biblical Institute; Rev. Thomas Kirkland founded Hamilton College; Rev. John Livingston founded Rutgers College; the Goucher College at Baltimore, which now takes rank with the leading woman's colleges of America or the world, is virtually the creation of Dr. Goucher; Dartmouth College was founded by Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, pioneer of Christian Education for Indians in New England.

Preachers as College Presidents. For many years, and until very recently, college presidents have been largely selected from the ranks of clergymen. This was under that conception of a college president which held him to be an educator and a man who would be prodigiously forceful in shaping the youthful life passing under his influence. He was pre-eminently a

shaper of mind, ambitions, ideals, and character. Just now the chief aim in securing a college president seems to be to lay hands on a money-getter. He must be magical in getting endowment. He has little or nothing to do with the student community over which he presides. He is, in other words, a college agent, spelled in a more impressive fashion. This changed ideal of a college president is an experiment, and one that does not savor of scholarship or college ideals. Senator Ingalls once said to the writer that of all men who had controlling influence on his life, President Mark Hopkins was easily chief, which utterance may stand for multitudes of experiences. When youth is young an ounce of influence is more potent than a ton might be later, and when a man of moral and mental might is in the president's chair the good resulting to those whose lives he touches is past computation. In a word, for a multitude of years, as trainers of youth as college presidents, preachers have been almost monopolists. At the head of this list of beneficent forces in American civilization, though chronologically he does not come so early, I place Rev. Francis Allison, because he was a pre-Revolution educator of distinction, under whose tuition were Charles Thomson, secretary of the Continental Congress during the Revolutionary period, and Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Harvard had Increase Mather as one of its great presidents, and Edward Everett, who was a preacher. Yale had Ezra Stiles, of precious memory; Timothy Dwight, of the Revolutionary period; Theodore Woolsey, Noah Porter, and again

a Timothy Dwight. Princeton glories in such presidents as Jonathan Edwards; Dr. Witherspoon, patriot, member of Congress, and signer of the Declaration of Independence; and Dr. McCosh, metaphysician and master of men. Williams had Mark Hopkins, who himself is a catalogue of great moral, intellectual, and spiritual force. Union College had Eliphalet Nott, who for sixty-two years—the longest college presidency in the history of America or the world—was at the head of the institution. Brown University had Francis Wayland; Dickinson College, John Price Durbin; Wesleyan (the oldest living college of Methodism) has had Wilbur Fisk, Stephen Olin, Dr. Bangs, founder of the Methodist Missionary Society, while from the presidency of this college Dr. Foss passed into the episcopacy. Rev. Thomas Allen was the first president of Allegheny College. Henry B. Bascom, the brilliant Southern orator, was president of Madison College. E. O. Haven was president of Syracuse University; Dr. Cummings of Northwestern. Matthew Simpson, Thomas Bowman, Dr. John P. D. John, Dr. Gobin, and Edwin H. Hughes were presidents of Asbury, now DePauw. Now, this list, not exhaustive, is yet sufficient to show the elevating effect on the Republic of such a host of choice spirits dealing with the plastic mind, and is clearly beyond computation.

The Preacher as a Literary Man. The preacher has ever been a man of letters. Making sermons is as clearly creative as making poems. The preacher is capable of expressing thought with clearness, force, and eloquence, so that for him to become an author is a

natural sequence. The clergy has produced some distinguished editors, such as, among Methodists, Abel Stevens, Nathan Bangs, John P. Durbin, Edward Thomson, Daniel Curry, Gilbert Haven, D. D. Whedon, and William V. Kelley. In other denominations have been such men as Irenæus Prime, Lyman Abbott, Henry Ward Beecher, Washington Gladden, and the late gifted William C. Gray. Among writers of books enroll these names as illustrative of the preacher's prevalence and potency in the field of letters: Abiel Holmes, author of *Annals of America* (published in 1805), and pronounced by Lossing to be "as a work of reference one of the most valuable publications ever issued from the press;" Rev. Timothy Flint, author of *Recollections of Ten Years' Residence and Travel in the Mississippi Valley*, a book which received much attention in its day, afterward became editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine;* Jared Sparks, who edited *The Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution* and wrote the *Life of Washington* and the *Life of Franklin*, and in 1830 established the *American Almanac*, and edited the *Library of American Biography;* Rev. Jedediah Morse (father of Morse, the inventor of telegraphy) was the first American to issue a geography; Jacob and John S. C. Abbott, celebrated as writers for young people; John McClintock and James Strong, who in editing the *Cyclopædia of Biblical, Ecclesiastical, and Theological Literature* rendered a service to the Christianity of the entire world; Jonathan Edwards, the theologian and metaphysician; D. D. Whedon, editor and metaphysician, whose book on the *Freedom of the Will* ren-

dered his name immortal; Samuel Longfellow, himself a poet, though less distinguished than his brother; Timothy Dwight, known to every lover of the hymns of the Church as the author of "I love Thy kingdom, Lord;" Thomas Starr King, who has kept the summer light abundant on the White Hills by his book, *Wanderings* among them; Samuel F. Smith, author of "My country, 't is of thee;" President Hopkins, writer of books on moral philosophy and religion; President McCosh, voluminous author, whose book on the *Divine Government* thoughtful Christians can not afford to miss in their reading; Theodore Parker, aberrant, pugilistic, yet, as all must confess, brilliant; William Ellery Channing, chaste in life and thought and expression, a poet of no mean repute; Professor David Swing, whose sermons were less sermons than æsthetic essays; Dr. Abel Stevens, the historian of his denomination; Jones Very, a poet of twilights, some of whose sonnets rank first in any anthology of American sonnets; Ray Palmer, who has impressed himself upon the world of gospel singers; Phillips Brooks, who held himself with solitary fidelity to his preaching craft, yet wrote "O, little town of Bethlehem," and whose sermons have the literary instinct; Henry van Dyke, late minister of the Brick Church, author of *Fisherman's Luck*, which contains some of the daintiest human touches which have of recent years spilled tears upon the cheek, and *The Other Wise Man*, which is doubtless destined to be a classic, like *Rab and His Friends* or *Fishin' Jimmy*, and whose dainty volume, *The Poetry of Tennyson*, the poet himself thought was the noblest interpretation of

The Idyls of the King that had been made during his life; Newell Dwight Hillis, whose books are always helpful; Edward Everett Hale, whose brochure, *A Man Without a Country*, had in the days of our national peril a beautiful and effective usefulness; Edward Eggleston, whose American novels help set the pace for delineation of character indigenous to our American life; Henry Ward Beecher, whose sermons are substantial contributions to literature and are of marvelous range and expression, so that if Robertson of Brighton is to be placed among the literary worthies of England, Henry Ward Beecher must be listed with Hawthorne and Motley and Cable and Howells as exponents of the literary conception of America. Distinguished clergymen, and multitudes of those not distinguished, have spoken through a book to the thought of the country. Shedd and Phelps and Hodge and Raymond and Barnes, and legions more, have written standard books. Preachers have made large contributions to the literary thought of their generation. Mention has been made here only of some who have wrought distinctively in the field of literature apart from theology, which was their native province.

Preachers as Inspirers. The preacher more than most men has been fertile in suggestion to others in things to be accomplished, as Cotton Mather (of unhappy witchcraft fame) suggested to Dr. Boylston the feasibility of introduction to Boston, and so to America, of inoculation for smallpox. This power of suggestion is to be considered as among the finest powers of the soul. To make others think, or dream, or aspire,

or do, is genius. Dr. Peter Akers preached a sermon to which Abraham Lincoln listened, and which led that remote and yet neighborly spirit to cherish the dream of annihilating slavery; and Dr. Gunsaulus only a few years ago preached a sermon which inspired his parishioner, Philip D. Armour, to build the Armour Institute, of Chicago. Such instances are not infrequent, but might be multiplied if space permitted. Bishop Simpson pronounced the funeral eulogy over Lincoln; while Bishop Andrews performed the like service for McKinley.

Preachers Who Have in a General Way Contributed to the Nation's Life. This list shall contain names sufficient to afford a basis of suggestion for multitudes of the sort not here mentioned. Rev. Jesse Glover presented a font of type to Harvard in 1638, and induced Stephen Day to go to America, where he issued the first book printed in America, namely, the *Psalms in Meter*. William Brewster, the first minister of the Puritans of Plymouth Rock, whose house in England had been the "meeting-house" of John Robinson's Separatists prior to their emigration to Holland, set sail with the *Mayflower* company and was their minister for many years. John Eliot, "Apostle to the Indians," educated at Cambridge, came to America in 1631, and being moved with compassion toward the twenty tribes of Indians known to the English settlement, began preaching in Newton in 1646, and translated the New Testament into the Indian tongue in 1661. At the age of eighty, when too old to continue his Indian missionary efforts, he taught the colored

servants who could be gotten to him, and entered into heaven, saying, "Welcome, joy." Roger Williams, apostle of religious liberty, an Oxford man, intensely intolerant in his time, but who became tolerant, and settled for religious liberty what the Dutch called "Roodt Eylandt," establishing therein a purely democratic government, founded a state where "freedom to worship God according to the dictates of the individual conscience was made an organic law." William Penn was a Quaker preacher, and author of a colonial policy such as places him among the best colonizing agencies in the New World. Thomas Hooker, "The Light of the Western Churches," became the leading spirit in colonizing the Connecticut valley. Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, born in Connecticut and educated in Yale, founded the first school for the Christian education of Indian youths in New England in 1743. Rev. Increase Mather, father of Cotton Mather, was president of Harvard College, and was the diplomat through whose skillful offices New England, after the expulsion of Governor Andros, secured the celebrated charter of 1691, and was given a vote of thanks by the first Legislature assembled thereafter; he was opposed to the persecution of witches, and his opposition was finally effective in the suppressal of such proceedings; he was the first man in America to receive the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Rev. Ezra Stiles was in 1777 elected president of Yale College, and was allowed to be one of the most brilliant occupants of that famous chair. John Carroll, Roman Catholic Bishop of Baltimore, when all America was in that diocese, was during the Revolution-

ary period a proved patriot. William White, second Episcopal Bishop in America, and inaugurator of the Episcopal Church in America, was presiding bishop of his Church when his bishopric included America. Rev. Samuel Kirkland, founder of Hamilton College, was for forty years a missionary among the Indians, and among the most potent factors for good in negotiating treaties with the Indians. David Brainerd, eminent Indian missionary, and a saint whose writings are among the standards of devotional reading, was a friend of Jonathan Edwards, at whose house he died at the age of twenty-nine. Jeremy Belknap, about 1798, wrote a carefully prepared "American Biography." Rev. Mason L. Weems was Bible agent among the colonies in those early days, and wrote lives of Penn, Franklin, Marion, and that life of Washington which served so notable a purpose in shaping the life of Abraham Lincoln. Rev. David Jones was associated with General Clark, conqueror of the "Territory of the Northwest," and was chaplain of the army when Cornwallis surrendered. He was a fighting as well as a praying parson, and was chaplain to General Wayne when he took command of the Northwestern Territory. Rev. William Gordon, an English clergyman, wrote what has been characterized as the most faithful and impartial history of the American Revolution written contemporaneous with it; his book was published in England and afterward in New York. John Witherspoon, president of Princeton, helped to frame a republican constitution for New Jersey; he was a member of the Continental Congress, a signer of the Declara-

tion of Independence, and remained a member of Congress till 1782. Ralph H. Livingston, minister of the Dutch Church, was a stanch friend of the Government during the time of the Revolution. Rev. James Millnor was one of the founders of the American Tract Society and a stanch friend of all eleemosynary institutions. Adoniram Judson, one of the founders of the "American Board" of Missions, was the first missionary to go to Burma; he was the first translator of the Bible into the Burmese tongue, and made a complete Burmese-English Dictionary, either of which was a task of sufficient magnitude to entitle a man to an immortality of thanks. Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet introduced deaf-mute instruction in the United States, and was president of the first deaf-mute society in America; this society was located at Hartford, where a monument has been erected to his memory by contributions from the deaf-mutes of the United States, both designer and architect of the monument being deaf-mutes. Bishop Francis Asbury, Methodist pioneer bishop, a man of sublime devotion to his Master's business, of untiring energy, of superior executive ability, of statesmanlike forecast, helped to change barbarism into civilization, and, in any fair estimate, of those factors which were chief makers of the republic, must be given a leading place. Edward Everett entered the ministry in 1813, but was chosen the succeeding year to the Eliot Chair of Greek in Harvard, was conductor of the *North American Review*, was a member of Congress for ten years, was in 1834 governor of Massachusetts, in 1840 minister to England, in 1845 president of Har-

vard, and in 1852 succeeded Daniel Webster as Secretary of State.

The Preacher as Patriot. He is a friend and advocate of temperance. The Protestant clergy in general are in favor of and practice total abstinence. They are, as a rule, prohibitionists (I do not mean third-party prohibitionists). They are against the canteen. Their opposition to the liquor wickedness is known and possesses solidarity. Now, in this thing they are patriots, because who is a friend to the country with the largest friendship must oppose intemperance, which sins against economy, decency, home, childhood, womanhood, manhood, municipal righteousness, and the enforcement of law. Saloons are lawbreakers and breeders of anarchy and housers of it. All patriots, and accordingly all preachers, must therefore be opposed to intemperance and the liquor traffic. To Methodists it is a pleasant memory that from the inception of the Methodist Episcopal Church it was a settled foe to slavery and intemperance, and in the first General Conference, in 1784, composed entirely of preachers, pronouncement was made against the iniquity of slavery; and Bishops Coke and Asbury were the first Abolitionists in America, presenting to General Washington for his signature a petition for freeing the slaves. The attitude of the General Conference toward liquor was aggressively hostile and has never varied a hair's breadth to this hour. As friend and civilizer of the Indian the preacher has been among the most satisfactory and useful factors. Preachers have been his instructors. Theirs has been the most

generous service, touched with no rust of gold. The missionary, from the days of Eliot, through Brainerd, to now, has been a civilizer, and a quieter of those turbulent spirits beyond any one's ability to estimate. Prior to Christian ministers' efforts with the Indians in America proper there was Las Casas, the apostle of Christianity in Cuba, a friend of the American aborigine, a priest of the early Cuban days, who was the special pleader for the rights of the Indians as against the enslavement by the cruel Spanish; and ministers as a class have been hostile to such Chinese exclusion laws as are unjust. Henry George, of Single Tax fame, promulgated a fine saying just before his death: "I am for man;" but the saying was not his invention; it was Christ's. Environments are to be reckoned with in shaping the history of the person of the minister, but as a rule he is against lynchings and violence. The hatchet policy finds scant courtesy at the hand of the more thoughtful member of this holy craft. He stands for sanity, fair dealing, manly opposition to wrong, and for the amendment of codes to fit the moral needs. The preacher is in evidence as a spokesman on all sorts of occasions. One preacher of prominence in a city will, as a rule, render more service on diversified occasions than all the lawyers and other professional men in the city. Consider in the late McKinley obsequies who, in the main, the orators were. However distinguished the other professions in any given community, still the preacher is the customary speaker for the great occasions, as Dr. Storrs at Brooklyn Bridge. And as a patriot the preacher has been, and is, a power for

good. Chaplain McCabe spoke for the Union for forty years with his unique power of speech in the familiar "Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison." Bishop Fowler was a compelling patriotic force in his justly celebrated lectures on "Lincoln" and "Grant." Bishop Simpson, in his lectures on "Our Country," set thousands on fire for the Union in the days when the kindling of such flame made for the life of the nation. Beecher and Bishop Simpson were the two unhesitant voices for the Union in the dark days of secession. The attitude of these two ministers is a standing rebuke to that of Wendell Phillips, who in the darkest days of the Civil War, instead of standing fast by President Lincoln, faulted him at every step, and bolted the ticket when he was nominated for his second term; and though he returned to his allegiancy in time to vote right, his influence worked for hurt rather than for help. Simpson and Beecher were not so, but with a prodigality of effort seldom seen flamed up and down the land, making for faith in country and the triumph of the Union cause. Beecher's British campaign may frankly be considered the greatest oratorical battle and victory ever achieved, not forgetting the Demosthenic Philippics. Dr. Werter R. Davis, a Methodist preacher in Kansas, president of Baker University, first president of the first college of arts in the Territory of Kansas, was chaplain of the Wyandotte Convention, which framed the Free State Constitution. He was a member of the first Legislature, a friend of John Brown, of Ossawattomie, and of the strange and gifted Jim Lane. During the war he was first chaplain and afterward colonel of a com-

pany of Kansas volunteers, and became commandant of Fort Leavenworth. Colonel Allen Buckner was a fighting parson and Methodist preacher from Illinois. He was first chaplain and afterward colonel of his regiment, and led that amazing fight of Missionary Ridge, when the charge began under nobody's order, but swept on wild with victory. Bishop John H. Vincent, as the originator of the International Sunday-school Lessons and of the Chautauqua movement, takes rank among the educators of the world. Dr. E. H. Chapin was a power for good in New York City for thirty years, and an antagonist of slavery when antagonism counted, and a voice for the Union when voices were as valuable as gold. Pere Marquette was a discoverer whose name and services are among the happy memories of the New World, and his spirit haunts the Great Lakes as the shadows haunt the woods. Father Beissonies, who recently died in Indianapolis, was a Roman Catholic priest sent from France while Indiana was under foreign Catholic sway, and belonged to the see of Vincennes. This priest for the past half century went to and fro a minister of God, till his name was like "ointment poured forth" and a multitude, irrespective of denomination, rose up to call him blessed. Phillips Brooks was such a dynamic force for national and international righteousness that he was like the blowing of a strong wind from off the sea—men felt him and were glad. The late Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, was in a day of great men great. He was scholarly, eloquent, and prodigious as a force for right doing in Brooklyn as was no layman in the city's life.

DEBT OF REPUBLIC TO PREACHER.

This chapter must close. Enough has been said to make evident the accuracy of the title, "The Debt of the Republic to the Preacher," and enough, it is hoped, to give to every preacher a sterling sense of self-respect as he takes his place in the leadership of this New World.

Some Preachers I Have Known.

The power of the concrete is very great. Despite ourselves we will drift backward like a smoke and find the day of the lordlier souls to be this world's yesterday. Alfred Tennyson's man of men was man of yesterday. King Arthur is well nigh lost along the shadows of the night, or, if a figure of the day, well nigh lost among the sea fogs which gather by "Far Tintagil by the Cornish Sea." And we, with the tug of the tide toward yesterday upon us, feel (we do not argue it, we do not concentrate our knowledge and reduce it to the substance to history), we feel the peerless in character must have been denizens of yesterday. At all events, they are not citizens of to-day. Yet, blessed be God, here they are, and in this chapter I mean to set a group of men myself have known, all pastors in one State and of the Conference myself joined on entering the ministry of Christ. I here set them down because I loved them and shall love them in the kingdom of God, but with the wider reason that under our eyes almost everywhere are strong souls like them, whose lives will keep us attuned to those better things of which preacher-souls are capable, all days, all wheres. These men are not widely known to history: they are widely known in heaven. Those things a preacher stands for at his manly best these men stood for. They

have left a torch alight and have made a path of light for my own weary and sometimes vagrant feet. Over one of these blessed men, dying, I tried with tremulous voice to sing:

"If on a quiet sea
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O Lord, to Thee
We 'll own the favoring gale."

And with closed eyes that dear preacher heard, and tears dripped down and spilt upon his pillow, for his weak hand could not wipe the tears away, though they were happy tears.

"But should the surges rise
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm
Which drives us nearer home.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul."

So quavered my fitful voice; and an Amen sweeter I never heard came from lips that were smiling: and his eyes were wide open now. While tears were in them, smiles were shining through the tears like sunlight through the rain. "Amen." And only a few nights ago I asked his daughter to play this hymn, and she said, "I can not play *that* hymn." So does love remember through the long, sad years.

And for the clearing our eyes a little, if it shall please God, so we shall look about and see the saintly

and strong souls who neighbor with us and we heed them not, this chapter has been set in this preacher-book. The Church is richer than it knows.

GEORGE S. DEARBORN.

George S. Dearborn is dead. This will be a grief to very many hearts. Though he lived among us the past eighty years, we were in no wise ready to let him go. The best men and women we can never spare. However many of them we have, we are penurious with them. They are incalculably dear. They belong to the necessary furnishing of our hearts. We miss them if they go as we would miss a mother. To this company belongs Brother Dearborn. I am grieved to think he is gone as if I had been a member of his own family. These years now he has been superannuated, living quietly with the wife who was dear to him and to whom he was so dear. The Conference of which he was such an ornament and so honored a member could not feel that he was superannuated. There was in him such a fund of virility as that it was unthinkable it would waste. His sagacity, his integrity, his freshness of spirit, his alertness of interest, his fearless frankness, his half-taciturn, half-voluble friendliness, his reserve of power, his fidelity to honorable interests, his giving of time and strength without stint to such causes as demanded them, his financial generosity, his fast friendships—are they not all before us as we wipe our eyes in thinking of him? I always felt Dr. Dearborn as alive. How often he was in my heart and his name on my lips! I knew he must die, but did not feel he

must. That episode in his career did not appeal to me. Life was his belonging. You could not superannuate a man like that. He held youth in solution in his blood. From time to time, though not seeing him in years, I would drop him a line. I like to touch his hand even at that distance. That calm of his, that vigor evidenced in voice and look and step, were strengthening. They were good to be with and good to think of. They refuse to die. In taking stock of Dr. Dearborn's mental characteristics, the thing most prominent was his sanity. You could not well jostle that sane sense of his. He kept his head, as we say. Particulars did not confuse him. He refused to be confused or lose sense of proportion. I think him one of the sanest, best balanced men I ever knew. Those keen eyes saw plenty of things, and saw them in relation. Who has seen the irrational vagaries of the fanatic must feel the immense serviceableness of a man who would not lose his head. Though not a man of business, his business judgment was so wise as that for many years he was the competent president of the Board of Trustees of Baker University. He was as regular as the striking of the clock. He was not clouded by clouds nor elated by sunshine, but deliciously steady. He felt the greatness of the interests involved in education. He never veered in his fidelity to the institution. No sophistries could deceive him. Loyalty was a religious belonging of his, and he thought that faithfulness in a God's steward was both worthy and necessary. He was not ejaculatory in piety; but those who knew him would no more have questioned his religious goodness and the

depths of his Christian life than they would have questioned the brightness of the sun. He "fainted not." He was walking up the hill of God, keeping step with Him who showed that hill and the way to its crest. In all, I think Dr. Dearborn was like the hills from which he came. He was a New Englander. These steady mountains, granite, inflexible, unafraid of winter, aware of springtime with its green and gladness, fronting dawns and sunsets and the shining of the stars, at home with solitudes and tempests, set there of God, retaining their primal dignity and their impress of the Almighty. Those mountains were symbolical of George S. Dearborn, only what high hills could not know he knew, and what their lips could never utter he could speak; for he was "a good minister of Jesus Christ." He has "kept the faith,—henceforth!"

STEPHEN G. GRIFFIS.

S. G. Griffis was an unusual character. He was a character, and that, in times when all educative influences unfortunately tend to whittle personality down, is a divine asset. There was no twin to Brother Griffis. Bishop Walden and he were fast friends and life-long friends, but in no wise similar. He was just himself, always himself, happily himself. He was one other of the fraternity of Kansas preachers, a fraternity which in my own knowledge of them was richer in the genius of character and manliness than the brethren were generally aware of. We live calmly amongst men who might be put into brave books and be the bravest figure in the book.

Brother Griffis I knew at the first of my Kansas Conference history. He was, with Richard Wake, my examiner for Local Deacon's orders when I joined Conference at Holton. With what wholesome glee has he often rehearsed the "how" of that examination! The story was good, but can never be told by any other as he told it. Then I was on my first charge, Brother Griffis's successor. He was afterward my father's pastor. He has been my good friend since first I saw his dear face; and I miss my reckoning on holy things if we shall not be good friends through all the glad, eternal years. He was such a boy, was S. G. Griffis. Blessed be the boys who never cease their boyhood! I can not think this dear old lad was old. He was so jocund, so full of the din of rampant boyhood, so breezy like the blowing of wind across the corn, so redolent of the life which knows not any sere and yellow leaf. It was worth making a journey to hear him blow off steam for five minutes. That laugh of his, that loud call across a block or so, that twinkle of the eye, that pushing of the lock of hair across his bald spot with his left hand, that sweet insistency on loving people, that ready and abundant wit, that keen sense of the ludicrous, that hale "Amen!" of his, which was the man keen in sense of love of man and God, that never-fading love for youth, that caretaking of Baker University, that love of the Methodist Episcopal Church which was no second nature, that awareness of men and things and events, that grip on Methodist history, that spiritual nature which needed not to talk about religion all the time to let men know that he had religion, that

constant heart of his which never forgot the wife of his love, the glee he had in his friends, and the accuracy of his human judgments, his faith in man and his faith in God, and his glad hope through the abundant mercies of God of making the good climb into the hill of the Lord,—ah, me! this catalogue brings him before my eyes until I can scarce write for weeping. When shall I see him? I must hear that happy, hearty voice ring out across the street of gold. I must, I will. He had had much sorrow. His children had run into the heavenly house. But that only made this dear man more the brother. The broken heart had made him capable to be very neighborly to all broken hearts. I knew he would die, but did not think so. He seemed here for always, when on a sudden there came a telegram that he was fallen asleep. Sleeping or waking, we love him. Wait a little; the morning breaketh!

WERTER RENICK DAVIS.

A MAN'S character is his contribution to history and humanity. What a man was is larger than what he did, for the reason that the one is the product of the other. As a person each man counts one in the census of the world; as a personality one man may outnumber fourscore. It is this quality of SELFNESS that makes a man central and influential. If a man is but an echo he is common-place, for echoes multiply. But if he be a voice—men stop, listen, marvel. And in the music of human voices and activities the exceptional becomes marked and important. It is this we name in-

dividuality; and in the possession of this or its lack is the difference between the common-place man and him whose powers are prodigal as spring. After all, when a man leaves us and goes into some far, strange land, it is this that lives with us. The what he had and was which others are not and have not and so can not supply, this it is that leaves us estranged without him. The individuality which leaves no successor is the one whose loss can never be supplied.

A mastering yet unassuming personality is a rare possession; and it is this which so marked Dr. Davis. He who studies his character will find a play of complex forces. This is in a sense true of all. Enlarge a man's capabilities and his sphere, and these facts become emphasized. It was in a high degree true of this minister of truth. He was no simple study. His life seemed revolving around many centers; and he must know him well who would undertake the task of rightly estimating his powers of character.

He lived in a heroic period. There are eras when heroisms are at home and make no apology for their presence. The Church and State had crises in his day which will scarce come again in all the future. When armies are to be led, when forces are to be conquered, when new civilizations are to be molded, when great principles are pitted in a battle to the death, when a new land is to be seeded down to ideas of right and God, when a system of statescraft, education, and religion is to be established in a land untouched even "since the making of the world,"—then heroisms come as the kiss of steel and flint is fire. In this is food

for suggestive thought. Methodism can never go back to its boyhood. A new Kansas can never be opened to the world. Such doors are shut. But those who were alive and equipped to enter when those doors were opened might well play an exceptional part, such as we may never reduplicate. Dr. Davis was soldier, educator, orator, saint. This is a strange combination, but such as grew naturally out of what he was and when he lived.

Werter Renick Davis was born in Circleville, Ohio, April 1, 1815; died in Baldwin, Kansas, June 22, 1893. It will thus be noted that his life was concomitant with an illustrious era, one which for commingling of strange opportunities and the consequent invigoration of unaccustomed powers will not in all probability be reproduced in all history. At the age of fifteen he entered Kenyon College, a school under the control of the Episcopal Church, of which his father was a member. His mother was a Presbyterian, a woman of strength and tenderness, as his father was a man of fine qualities of mind and heart.

When but fourteen he strayed into a Methodist meeting and heard the truths which had set on fire the hearts of Luther and Wesley, was convicted, went to the mourners' bench, was converted; and all the currents of his life set to a new center. To that day this man of God always looked with profound delight. It was with him a favorite phrase that "paternally he was an Episcopalian, maternally a Presbyterian, but a Methodist by the grace of God;" and these were not words with him: they rather expressed the unchanging

conviction of his soul. To him Methodism represented so much of divine truth, life, and fervor that it was an altar worthy to sanctify many a gift. In that day Methodism was a term of derision. To become a Methodist meant what in our time is inconceivable. Then there was obloquy connected with it. Specially was this true of the attitude of the Episcopal communion. His life in Kenyon College became so unsavory through this spirit of intolerance that he left without graduating, and at the age of nineteen began life as an itinerant and entered the goodly fellowship of toil hallowed by such great souls as Asbury, Lee, Foster, and Durbin.

Consider what it means to have bridged three quarters of a century—and such a century! From 1815 to 1893 is an era which has scarce a parallel in the annals of time. He was born before Waterloo sent Napoleon to his desert rock to die. He was born before the close of America's second war for independence. He was born prior to the coming of the locomotive and the appliances of our modern civilization.

If a man could have chosen that period of history in which to have lived, what so memorable and important an epoch could have been selected as the one in which this servant of God was permitted to engage in holy toil for the redeeming of the world? In this three-quarter century was such a mighty impulse given to progress in every department of human activity as the world has never dreamed possible. The political experiment of sixty centuries was but begun. England had not yet learned America was free. The territory of the Union reached but from the Atlantic to the

great Desert of the East interior. The Mississippi was an untrodden pathway till steam pressed it with its burning sandals. In 1835, when this young itinerant entered the Ohio Conference, Kansas, the field of his most extended labors, was a Sahara to the world. There were but eighteen States with a population of eight millions. He lived to see forty-four States with a population of over sixty millions. At the time of his birth there was not a college in Methodism; there were but 214,000 members of the Methodism he loved, with 690 preachers, and three bishops. He lived to see a multitude of colleges, 2,292,614 members, 10,750 ministers, and 18 bishops. Such civic and ecclesiastical growth has no counterpart.

Two-thirds of the continent were practically unoccupied by civilization when the young itinerant rode into the hill country of Virginia as a Methodist preacher. He nor any knew what throes of mighty pain were requisite ere the civilization of the future could root itself, and before the Magna Charta of our Independence should speak the truth. For more than fifty years this man gave the vigor of an unflagging devotion to the spread of the Church and the uplift of the State.

On June 6, 1835, at Hillsborough, Ohio, this lad was licensed to preach by James B. Finley. He was but nineteen, a stripling, like young David strayed from the sheep cote to the field of war. On August 20, 1835, he joined the Ohio Conference at Springfield, and was appointed to a circuit in Virginia; and from that day to the day of his death, was one constant activity as a preacher of righteousness.

On May 4, 1843, he was married to Miss Minerva Russell, a lady of beauty and accomplishment, with whom he lived fifty-four years, she being to him a constant inspiration and joy.

He was, as himself said, "a member of the Cincinnati Conference by division, of the Missouri and Kansas and Nebraska Conferences by transfer, and of the Kansas Conference by division." At the time of his joining the Ohio Conference it contained such men as Morris, Hamline, Thomson, Finley, Trimble, Moody, Power, and Strickland, of whom it may be justly said, "There were giants in those days;" and among such he soon became a man of mark. His was a presence which would attract attention anywhere. In form tall, slender, erect as a pine; a face of rare intelligence, penetrating eyes that looked love and tenderness, but could flash like drawn swords when occasion demanded; hair black as the raven's wing, and for the closing thirty years of his life white as almond blooms, military in carriage till the day he died. He was such a man withal as would attract attention in a throng, and attach the faith and love of woman, than which no rarer compliment can be paid any man. In these days of his early ministry he looked the orator. His faculties were all alert. Fire was in his heart, tempests in his blood. And the anti-slavery agitation, then in its incipiency, demanded his fealty and received his hearty allegiance: he at one time being imprisoned in Virginia for preaching anti-slavery sentiments.

Dr. Davis on an important occasion said, "I have been in the ministry half the lifetime of the Church."

That was remarkable, and true as remarkable. His life had been contemporaneous with the splendid growth of the largest American Protestant ecclesiasticism. In that Church which this man loved with an affection perennial and beautiful, for which he labored with a loyalty which knew "neither variableness nor shadow of turning," and whose doctrines he both preached and lived—in that Church he lived, wrought, and died; and by that Church were his services appreciated and himself honored. He was a member of three General Conferences, a delegate to the Æcumenical Conference in London, and the Centennial Conference in Baltimore. Driven from college before graduation, he possessed no degree; but Indiana State University recognized his scholarship by conferring the A. M. He received the M. D. degree from the Cincinnati College of Physicians and Surgeons, and the doctorate of Divinity from Asbury University in 1859.

In Ohio he served the Church eighteen years on "Old Union Circuit," at Dayton, Sandusky, and such appointments. Men are now living who remember the young man eloquent. Marlay and he were associates on the Old Union Circuit. Marlay was noted for his reasoning powers; Davis for his oratorical gifts; and the people were wont to speak of this rare combination as "Logic set on fire." In those days the people called Baptists were inclined to be argumentative, and young Davis came to be in demand to debate the question of baptism; and among his bound pamphlets I find some of these discussions printed by the communities in whose services the debates were held. Indeed,

for many years it was a tonic for his blood to give a word of exhortation and sound doctrine to his friends of immersionist persuasion, and on such occasions they were treated to something besides water. When he was among the makers of Methodism in Kansas, this gift was in frequent demand, for Campbellism was ubiquitous; and the Doctor no more shunned an encounter of this sort than a warrior the battle. All things being equal, he enjoyed giving these antagonists a taste of sound theology. In the days of the making of the Church this controversal spirit was necessary and wholesome. Methodism has preached practical predestination from the face of the continent. The Methodist preacher of forty years ago could do two things outside of his ordinary ministerial functions with cheerfulness, alacrity, and delight, viz.: argue baptism and foreordination. In Kansas, Mitchell, Rhodes, Rice, Pendleton, and Davis were willing to take up this cause and give proper enlightenment on these topics; and in so doing they virtually changed the face of theology, irrespective of denomination.

In 1853 Bishop Morris transferred him to St. Louis and stationed him at Ebenezer Chapel, then the only Methodist Episcopal church in the city, at a time when that metropolis needed a man of superior powers, of brave and judicious mind which could conciliate when conciliation was right and passable. His next remove was to McKendree College, whither he went as Professor of Natural Science. This position he filled for three years, at the time acting as pastor of the Church at Lebanon, the college seat. For one year he was act-

ing president and was offered and refused the presidency. At this time, and often thereafter, vigorous efforts were made to draw the eloquent preacher eastward. Bishop Thomson specially insisted on transferring him to New York. Dr. Davis, however, believed it God's will that he should identify his life with the life of the Church in the great valley of the Mississippi; and in June, 1858, being elected to the presidency of Baker University, he accepted the election as a call of God, and in September of that year came to Kansas, where for more than a third of a century he labored with a zeal that was as unwavering as his love to God and man was warm and tender. Baker University, to whose presidency he had been elected, had been chartered in February of 1858 and was, consequently, the earliest founded of all the colleges of arts in Kansas. This institution was located at Baldwin, which was peculiar in this: the college came first, the town afterward. Baldwin alone, of all the college seats in Kansas, has this unique peculiarity. This city is the result of the college, which fact has had a marked influence in forming both town and college. President Davis was empowered to bring his own Faculty, and in September, 1858, Baker University began its labor—a toil which has known no respite to this hour and which bids fair to endure while Methodism has a place in the annals of the world. To this work Dr. Davis gave the vigor of his manhood, then at its high noon. He was a man of mighty faith, of heroic courage, of industry which knew no weariness; and every power of mind and heart he flung with spendthrift prodigality

into his noble labor. To the day of his death Baker University shared with his family the love of this manly heart. He no more forgot it than a mother her babe. Sleeping or waking, in the days of peace or on the field when sounded the alarms of war, he hoped for it, gave to it, labored and prayed for it. He was wont to read at chapel service in those early days, when the prairies were one virgin waste, that rose-tinted prophecy, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them;" and he lived to read it again many times when the college for which he had toiled with such unremitting devotion had reached an enviable pinnacle of influence and assured success. He lived to see Baker University a power in the State, with the loveliest campus in Kansas, with good buildings equipped with the appurtenances of successful work, with a Faculty of twenty-one teachers, and an annual enrollment of over five hundred; and as he lay on what proved his dying-bed at the Commencement season of 1893, his love still clung to the college as the father to the hand of his child. He would ask the president regarding the welfare of the institution when his voice, which had been like a battle trumpet, was little more than an echo of its old-time self. He would wake from his slumber and say to that dear woman whose love and fidelity had been to him more than words could frame, "Is it near Commencement?" And when assured in the affirmative, he whispered, "It will be the first I have missed in more than thirty years save when in the army." Such loyalty as this captivates like a vision of the sea.

In 1858 and later the Kansas and Nebraska Conference included Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado to the peaks of the mountains, New Mexico, Texas, and Utah. To such vast regions Methodism and freedom had come, the inhalation of the breath from such spaces seemed to beget a mighty manhood; and when President Davis came, the fever of a great struggle was on. Kansas was the forerunner of freedom. What Plymouth was to the old American, that Kansas was to the new. Historically it is true that Puritanism has deserted Massachusetts to pitch her tent on Kansas soil. Because Kansas was the battle-ground between slavery and freedom, great souls strong with splendid Puritan spirit came, nor could be detained. What seemed but a baptism of blood proved a baptism of life and power. Kansas received the noblest colonists that ever came to an uninhabited waste. Sumner, Phillips, and other souls of kindred greatness, spoke in words that burned like lightning bolts and pointed men to the new battlefield of liberty; and so New England emptied her treasures of money, brain, and heart that Kansas might prove a barrier against the encroachment of that power which knew no satiation, but an infinite hunger like the sea. In such a crisis this preacher came; and it is safe to declare that of all who came, no man was better equipped to play a man's part in the drama. He was by nature chivalrous. No knight had more of refined courtesy. He was the soul of honor. His was a poet's temperament. The occasion seized him. He was the intimate associate of Lane, Robinson, Goodnough, Montgomery, and other free-state men of those great days.

He was chaplain of the Wyandotte Convention, rendered historic as the body of anti-slavery men which drafted the constitution of Kansas. He was a member of the first Legislature. His voice sounded like a prophet's speech. He was in the secret councils of those stormy days, and was politician as well as educator and preacher. As president of Baker University he preached a sermon on the murder of John Brown at Harper's Ferry; and the Hon. Everett Dallas has told the writer it was the most remarkable effort to which he ever listened. The man and the occasion had met. His genius for speech would be set on fire at such an hour. And thus it was, by circumstances of momentous sort, by ability which was far removed from mediocrity, by powers stirred by the exigency of a nation's crisis, he became a legitimate "part of all that he had met."

In those days illustrious for action, in that conflict which brought, though with sword and blood, peace from war and freedom from slavery, "Werter Davis" was a household word. When the rebellion opened, he, then presiding elder of the Baldwin City District, enlisted, and three-fourths of his preachers with him. The battle-hour did not call to him in vain. He was appointed chaplain, was afterward made colonel of the Sixteenth Kansas Cavalry, and became the commandant of Fort Leavenworth. He was always a man of military bearing, and when mounted on his black charger with the trappings of war, was every whit a soldier; and to the old soldiers he is always "Colonel Davis." After the surrender of Lee he was commander of an

expedition against the Indians in the Black Hills. During the campaign so characteristic an incident occurred as to be well worthy of mention. Great annoyance arising from dancing continued all night to the discomfort of those who did not participate, Colonel Davis issued an order to the effect that in dancing the gentlemen would occupy one building, the ladies another. It is needless to remark the dancing immediately ceased.

Among the mementos which his wife and children prize most highly are a brace of gold-mounted revolvers presented Colonel Davis, and the ivory-hilted saber, presented by his regiment, which used to clank at his side.

He was as faithful and valiant a soldier for the Union as he was for his "Master, even Christ." Fear was a word he did not know. At different times in his life he was, unarmed, attacked, and mastered armed thieves in his house. At another time, his eldest son falling into a deep well, he made a perilous descent upon a rope, rescued the boy, was drawn up, and his hands were burned to the bone by the attrition of descent. When preaching in Virginia he, unaided, took from jail a young lady teacher imprisoned for the heinous crime of reading the New York *Tribune*. During the expedition to the Black Hills he quelled a mutiny among the soldiers, appearing before them and declaring that unless there was a return to duty by such an hour he would turn the cannon upon them. With him duty was autocrat. If duty called, nothing could stay his goings. His eyes could flare like watch-fires in the wind, and the glance of his wrath was terrible.

Yet he was by instinct and grace a man of peace, and when the war was over he reassumed the presiding eldership, and for fourteen consecutive years served the Church in that capacity. He rode districts when he could reach home only once in six weeks, when the flooded rivers cried, "No thoroughfare!" but he, as intent on the discharge of these services as if an earthly general had commanded, swam streams like the Asbury of old. Nothing daunted him nor stayed him. The heroism that was his possession never forsook him. Unostentatiously he kept his line of march, the goal of which was the seizing of Kansas for Methodism and God; and it is as safe to say as has been declared, by one who is entirely conversant with the facts, that to no one man is Kansas Methodism (the greatest denomination within the borders of the State) so greatly indebted as to Werter R. Davis. But whatever his service, he did it without thought of self-sufficiency or invidious comparison, but rather was driven onward by the love of his life, which was to do the will of God. During those years of the planting of the Church he was at three distinct times president of Baker University, assuming that responsibility when others left the post unoccupied. He at one time, as Captain Lew Green has recorded, saved the college from mortgage foreclosure by giving a note (in company with others) on the demand of the creditor that if Dr. Davis would stand surety for the debt he would be satisfied; and this note he alone paid. He was associated in these early ministerial labors with those men of God: Dennison, Mitchell, Rice, Fisher, Dearborn, Lawrence,

Bowman, Dennis, Shaw, and others. To the setting of his day his love for these men was warm as a summer noon. With Dr. Fisher he lodged the first night of his sojourn in Kansas, and for him he always retained a tender regard. He clung to his friends with that tenacity of affection which was a distinctive feature of his noble character.

For the closing thirteen years of his ministry and life he was in the pastorate. His last charge was served five years; and his flock mourned his going like the departure of a father. Since his coming to Kansas in the fifties, wherever he lived he had looked on Baldwin as his home. Here he hoped to come at last to die. And it was esteemed a special blessing from God that the last ten years of his life were spent in or near Baldwin. Men could tell the Sabbath was near by Dr. Davis taking the train for his Sabbath appointment, and that Sabbath was past by his turning his dear, genial face toward his home.

Here he saw his youngest son graduate from the college of the father's love and devotion, saw him (as the fruit of unnumbered prayers) enter the ministry of the Son of God, and with tears of unspeakable thankfulness heard him preach his first sermon. Here he lived. Erect, hair and beard white with age, voice strong, smile genial as spring, step elastic, heart like the heart of youth, hope eager as if life were a coming rather than a departing glory, helpful, without censoriousness, with a nobility of pride which was dignified and manly, with only love for his brethren and rejoicing in their labors and successes. He was a man of

firm, unwavering convictions, not dogmatic, nor self-assertive, but absolutely loyal to the truth, of unswerving courage, in whose vocabulary fear had no place, of dignity without haughtiness, of modesty as lovely as the violets of the spring, of courtesy natural and perennial, of faith fixed as the stars, of loyalty to country, home, and God, unswerving in its absolute fidelity, of love warm as noon and genial as evening. Such a man he was, and such he moved in and out among the students, an inspiration and a blessing, and in the last group of all the students photographed, the benignant face of this friend and brother makes one of the company, a fitting place for him whose heart was young and whose sympathy was a perpetual spring. Here he lived, and here he passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

As an educator Dr. Davis shaped the destiny of the first college of Kansas and placed an indelible impress on the educational work of that State. As a preacher he was fervent, faithful. For years he was allowed to be the most eloquent man west of the Mississippi. He was an extemporaneous speaker. His flow of speech was wonderful. The writer has heard many speakers, but none whose fecundity of utterance surpassed his. His thought walked on high levels. His eloquence was like the rush of streams on the mountains. It had voice and majesty. He was, as must always be true of the orator, unequal; but when the occasion seized him, the man was sublime. The writer heard him preach on, "We beholding as in a glass the glory of God, are changed from glory into glory," and the

sermon was, conservatively speaking, the greatest to which he ever listened. To this discourse, he delivered in the days of his decaying strength, Griffis, Pendleton, and such men listened; while hallelujahs broke the sermon with their tumult. Truly, as his beloved friend, Rev. C. R. Rice, said, "His were eloquent lips." It is to be regretted that he had a distaste for writing which kept him from recording the facts of his variegated career, for they were interesting as a romance of chivalry, and had possessed a rare historic interest. He had associated on intimate terms with the leading men of the Church, and his memory was a wilderness of fresh reminiscence. Often importuned to write, he as often refused, and left no record of a life so filled with incidents of an unusual sort as to have made a narrative of abiding interest. He was soldier, educator, preacher. But he never esteemed himself other than preacher. That was his life. To him life without preaching would have been death. It was the oft expressed desire of his heart that God would let him die in the work of the active ministry. And those of his family who loved him with that depth of tenderness which his nobility of soul, transparency of nature and wealth of love, made imperative, give thanks to God that his prayer was heard and answered and that as a pastor in charge he died.

He had an exalted conception of the Christian ministry. To have preached Christ was a glory which could not die. To use his own words: "I know of no greater honor, no greater dignity, and no greater privilege than to be a minister of Jesus Christ." There

was virility in his conception of the gospel. The great root thought of redemption possessed him. The atonement of the blood of a divine Christ, as Dr. Fisher has acutely remarked, was the undercurrent of prayer and preaching. His gospel was one of power, not a commingling of weak inanities. The power of God "to save to the uttermost" was a doctrine he loved with an unwasting love. As was logically necessary, there grew from this foundation principle a gospel of victory. With him redemption meant triumph. He believed victory should shout in a man's heart above the din of conflict. Indeed it was "a glorious gospel" to which he yielded obedience, one full of comfort, praise, and unspeakable triumph. Heaven was not faith but fact, and as real to his heart as his home on earth.

Above all else Werter Davis was saint. These true gospel views colored his life. He was helpful and heavenly minded. To him love meant self-renunciation. He was never false to a friend. He was never other than the soul of courtesy. To him impurity was ignoble, hellish, unthinkable. He could not stoop to trickery for self-aggrandizement. No man can name a dishonorable deed this man ever performed. This is making a remarkable claim, I am aware, but it is made for a truth and a challenge. To those of his own household, he was unspeakably dear and prized beyond all measure. The saintliness which shines like far fair stars, unwavering and undimmed, in the daily routine of domestic life, is the saintliness that Christ has told us of. As a man, as a husband, as a father, this man left little to ask. And it was a solace to him that on

his dying bed he saw all his living children as he was to see those who had died long since, when death should be swallowed up of life. His home-coming week by week was looked for as the coming of the spring, when long delayed. There was that in him which made you feel *safe* in his love. He was a spendthrift of affection. He gave all. Nothing was too costly for those he loved; and if any man was ever a father whose character was citadeled beyond all blame, this was he.

This aged servant of God lies dying. His house is in order, as it has been for longer than a half century. "I wait my time—His time," he says. To this man the preaching of the Christ has been "more than meat and drink." He knows nothing else. "This one thing I do," has been the motto of his whole life; and now that he stands so close to heaven as to hear its many holy voices, in his slumbers and dreams he preaches and administers the sacrament. As life had but one thought—his weary, sick-bed slumber continues it. His lips slowly utter, while his hands are spread out before God in holy ecstasy—"The atonement of His blood is all-sufficient," and his half uttered word breaks off in weariness. His hands seem breaking bread to kneeling saints, and then he whispers, "I can not finish the table, I grow so—so weary." As the end grows near, when asked by a friend of former years, "Will you give us a word regarding your hope?" the dying saint said in terms of mild reproach, "Have I not told you I have left all to *Him?*" So confidingly he trusted all to Him, whose he was and whom he served.

His breath is labored. Life struggles hard with death. Then he breathes easier. At last his breath comes like the breath of a child. Midnight passes. Easier, softer the inhalation. He folds his own hands upon his bosom. His eyes close. Peace unspeakable settles on his face. Men and women with breaking hearts lean over him to catch the sound of breath and feel the beating of his heart. No struggle, no sign to tell when life is gone and death is come. Only the heart beats faint, fainter; and a saintly spirit has slipped from its earthly moorings and leaves hearts filled with an unguessed sorrow at his death, but the world the richer for his life. On his dead face there was a smile, as if in his going he had met a Friend he loved.

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

And is Edward Gill dead? Is that kind gentleman with his sunny heart and sunny face not to pass the time of day along our street again? Frankly, this seems incredible. He has gone on a journey and will be back soon—this is how we feel it. Not dead, but journeying. And this is the larger and therefore truer view to entertain. He has gone out, seeing the beckoning of the Christ. He is journeying far. On his dear face is glorious morning light. All the weariness and fainting are vanished from his steps. He walks with alacrity up the long glory of the mount of God.

Edward Gill was a Manxman, who came to America as a lad, learned the blacksmith's trade, enlisted as

a Union soldier in the Kansas artillery, fought like a man, loved his adopted country with a fealty good to see and feel, was called of God to preach, and spent the major part of a life of sixty-seven years preaching the gospel in the Methodist ministry of Kansas. He was a man of no educational advantages, having gone to school scarcely at all, but had an alert intelligence, a capacious memory, a love of truth and knowledge, a predisposition toward historical studies, a sense of the worth of the world, a love for people, a knowledge of the human heart which read the soul with great accuracy and with much tenderness, so that while to himself his lack of formal education was a handicap he never could rid himself of, those who listened to him did not feel it. They knew they were listening to one of God's larger souls talking of the things of heaven.

He was a pure man. I have not known many men his equals in the art of purity. Knowing him as no other living man knew him, I can say his was a clean heart. You felt when with him that you were enveloped in sea air. You could not learn evil from Edward Gill, but, though you were never so dull a scholar, you could scarcely fail to learn purity from him.

Living with him as a child, knowing his every-day life through many, many years, I must in truth say I have not known a whiter spirit. It would be impossible to think of Edward Gill doing a mean thing. His life was fashioned after a different model.

He was genial. His laughter was contagious. I

think of it now. What a rollick there was in his glee, that fairly set sober people to hilarity! He saw life's funny side and enjoyed it as all best people do. He enjoyed life. Things seemed good to him. The world was not so much a vale of tears as a goodly place where life grew in the sunlight and the storm as the flowers do. In him was nothing dyspeptic, nothing morose, no thread of sullenness. He loved the world, had large familiarity with it; the more he knew the more he enjoyed. He was joyous. Sunshine had come when he came. People, seeing him, thought, "It is sun-up now."

He loved people. He never tried to like them. He liked them. He was not so much a student of psychology as he was an expert in psychology. He knew folks as they were. He felt men's souls. He neighbored with their experiences. He never intruded, but slipped into the lives of people as the sunshine does. He loved people, and in fairness people loved him. A lady came to the chancel of my Church one Sunday morning and said, "How is Brother Gill?" "In heaven," I sobbed; and she went away with not a word, but with great weeping.

Some people we can not spare even to go to heaven. Life seems good when men like Edward Gill are around. Something is always lacking when such as he are gone. We go around with a lonesome feeling at the heart. He is gone, gone.

No man ever lived with less of self-seeking in him than this man. It was unthinkable of him. He never planned for himself. In the years of his ministry he

never lifted a finger for an appointment. He had no need to. He was wanted. A warm heart, a strong intelligence, a sound sense, a practical dealer with living hearts, a lover of children, an apt enterer into the experiences of others, a soothing voice in the house of sorrow, a sense that all had that this man cared for them and their griefs, made him one of a thousand ministers to bring help to the broken heart and strength to such as had fallen by the way. And these things made him an eloquent preacher of the Cross. And his prayers were very gracious. His religious life was steady. He never ranted. He spoke out of a true and manly heart. God was with him. He loved to make mention of that. He preached what he had—namely, experimental religion. To me, when his voice was as thin as a whisper, he said: "I want you to know that the religion I have preached to others sustains me now." That is the very wine of Edward Gill's spirit. Sincere, and possessing the things whereof he spake, and speaking because he possessed it. A true man living with God, happy in the fellowship, ardent in his love for his vocation, glad for a chance to help God save His world, preaching to almost the last week of his life, taking in money for the Lord's work with his dying fingers, as I myself saw him, and going out into the land of God as quietly as a little child falls asleep at the close of a long day, so Edward Gill closed his ministry. He was happily married to Nettie Warren, of Puritan stock, who has been to him a joy and help and strength these years, and whose ministries at his death were so precious that

he would have no other. He leaves a daughter and son; and two little sons met him at the heavenly gate.

It was a beautiful life this man lived. Strong, tender, very true, democratic, loyal to his friends, almost if not altogether without enemies, happy in his work, fitted for that work, having incalculable wealth in friends and work honorably done, sure of God, setting straight course for heaven, hearing the Pilot's voice and rejoicing in its music, answering through the fogs, "Here am I, this way, and ready," and going near the end of his Conference year with a last work accomplished, his life ended like a poem, and reads like one. Dear heart, till we see thee, in the morning, good-night.

"For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah."

The Destination of A Sermon.

What is the business of a sermon? is a pungent question any man wants to get an answer to before he goes so far as a pulpit. He may not experiment with a sermon. The sermon is a community affair. Just as an investigative mind must not experiment with explosives out on the open street, because himself he might run risks with, but the community is not his to imperil. Immortal issues are presumptively at stake in the sermon. It is not a literary production, though possessing literary form. Since Christ came and went, a sermon is God's way of getting God's thought and God's law and God's will prevalent among the inhabitants of this earth, object of the redemptive death of Christ, the Son of God. Now, we are in the presence of a mystery and in the presence of a community mystery and in the presence of an immortal mystery. A sermon bridges eternity with its arch. So great a sermon is. Fear must be on us when we attempt a thing which has such tremendous interests in its neighborhood. A sermon defined is: A definite attempt by a man called of God to get other mortals like himself to God and keep them with God. If this definition stand, then we may eliminate many things and yet retain the real thing. The sermon has God as its objective. A sermon has man as its field and the sow-

ing of holiness in his heart with unremitting toil to bring that lost territory back to the sovereignty of King Immanuel.

It is doing battle by means of good seed. What a strange battle that is! Truly strange, and, by that, the more dangerous. You might capture a city with mining and sapping, or with storming, but in any case with battle impulse and battle enginery. Not so the city of Man's Soul. The seed, which is the Word of God, must be sown. A preacher is the sower, going forth to sow. He wants man for God. He wants to pre-empt the rank field for the Heavenly Master. The city of Man's Soul is a field, therein the mystery obtains. This field-city has one inhabitant, only one, always one. One man out fighting for one man for the one great God.

A sermon so apprehended becomes a new literary expression to this world. It may have in its presentation of the message of God all sorts of beauties, fascinations, literary charm, adventurous thought, sublime passages rivaling the summits of the Andes, music like the wallowing sea at stormy climaxes, but that is purely incidental. If an essayist possessed the power to do any one of these things here enumerated, he would be held fast by fame and led among those who are too great to die. But any one of these, yea, and all of these, do not suffice to make a sermon great.

The essay needs no goal. It may wander where it will in witless vagabondage, as Holmes or Elia, and be none the worse, but rather the better. The essay is not making out a case; it is saying its say. The

how of the saying is plenty, leaving the what is said out of the account altogether. Who on earth cares what Elia says, or Lowell? What do we mind whether we agree with the essayist of the "Upton Letters" and "From a College Window?" What he says is his matter; how he says is our matter, and a very engaging matter it is. Walter Pater we say is a stylist. And that is the word to use when Walter Pater is discussed. Stylist he was. And is there a sneer in the word? No sneer. But he being stylist, we are content. We read Maurice Hewlett preoccupied as to what he says and waken as from a day-dream, saying—I did not quite catch what he said—but we read him for the vivacity, the verbiage, the dash, the virile word, the swift glance running more than half round the sky. We read Hawthorne as we listen to a bobolink, not as caring to interpret his tones into words, but half drunk with his melody. We do not read Poe for thoughts, but for the sense of swooning there is on his opiate river. These men named might all have more than has been symboled here, but needed not to have more. With a single credential they have access to the presence chamber.

The sermon is not so. It might have all these essential lovelinesses of the essayist at his sunny morning might, but the sermon lack—all. These things might be present and thereby drug the sermon. The sermon, whatsoever else it have, must present the passion for souls, the tragedy of eternity realized; aye, and an eternity without God. The sermon is two hands, sinewy, wounded, blood-drenched and bleeding

yet, two hands lifting, lifting, lifting at a human soul to lift it up where it might catch sight of the cross of God. In a certain story of wide renown and wondrous pathos, a woman is holding her child up toward a prison window and bidding it look; for at the window stands the baby's father, but the woman is weeping, so she could not see the prisoner's face were she to front it. The preacher in his sermon is ever lifting the child, the woman, the man up, up a little higher, if it might come to pass that body might see the Face. And the sermon lifts and calls with words that drip blood, "See you the cross, yet—see you the cross and Him upon the cross?"

The sermon, then, is the most serious form literature has assumed. It is hot on the quest. It does many things, but only on the way to the main thing, which is invariably the getting and keeping the soul with God. Fervor is in this mighty task. The sermon has all tragedy lingering about its theme and all comedy (using that word in the sense in which Dante used it) in the outcome of the gospel venture.

This main intent of any sermon eclipses all things else. With this is the preacher's mind and heart crowded as the sea chalice with the rushing waters when the tides are full. God's man, making God's appeal to God's humanity to bring them to God and to keep them with God. Such design may be set down as the most pregnant purpose this whole, great world knows. He must be holy, and must be brave, and must be unswerving who undertakes this task sublime.

In Barrie's "The Little Minister" is a passage

of thrilling import. It is where the little minister is sundered by the flood from his parishioners and thinks himself, as they think him, doomed to die, and in those moments of farewell, when any minute may be his last, he lifts his voice, which rises above all the strident voices of the storm and flood, and talks not of himself and his death, but of them and their deep needs. He is their minister; and to that ministry his last words are dedicated. I hear his voice rise and clamor across the cruel voices of the raging flood, speaking to the comfort and the lifting of those members of his Church and mortals of his care and beloved of his heart. Scant wonder that his auditors sobbed in unison.

That scene may stand as a painting of a preacher's love and hope and fealty. He is a voice bidding the whole, round world come to God and stay with God. His sermon has its destination there; for destination of voice and man are one.

And his voice, any preacher voice, sounds out in last good-night, "God be with you till we meet again." Such is the pastor's *auf Wiedersehen.*

Preach-ing or Preach-er?

Paul was a great phrasist. Matthew Arnold was a great phrasist. And the distance between the two is, I think, a difference in substance. Arnold's phrase is the most of the matter; Paul's phrase is the least of the matter. In "sweetness and light"—there is really not much in that when you run it down; and what little there is, I feel is a trifle sickly. In it there is little of either Greek or Saxon valor and muscle. "Philistine" is a phrase, but a priggish phrase, an unworthy phrase, unfit for the lips of any of God's democrats. Who are any of us to paste the label "philistine" on any of the others of us? But Paul's phrases bulk in thought. They were not rainbows made from temporary mists, but hill-heights made of stable granite. Brawny thoughts, ponderous as mountains Titans sweated to hurl, were in his heart; and he spoke them in forms unforgettable as sea billows. Paul as phrasist is a theme which would bring wild tumults of quick drawn breath and lunge of pulse and aching heart and huzzahing moods like a victor in a cavalcade of crusaders trampling over the crescent with the cross.

But this hour we must march on without even so much as a sidelong look at that stimulating theme, save to grasp one of his phrases for a flag to plant over us for a little time. The flapping of its brave

folds may perchance make us dream we hear the flapping of an eagle's wings. This phrase is, "Who gave Himself." And, of course, Paul is talking about Christ. This maker of deathless and tremendous phrases says "Christ gave Himself." Thus does Paul epitomize, not jeopardize, the divine career in the person of the Christ of God. "I am here," the career of Jesus said, "to give Myself."

This is why every man of us is here. We are come to give ourselves. A preacher is to give himself. He is here for the enrichment of the world. A man is an estate; and at death should any of that estate be left on hand the man is by so much a failure. We are put on the world of God to give ourselves away to the world—not to gain, but to give; not to amass, but to disburse. The angel at the gates of life will make this inquiry of every comer, "Did you spend all your estate?" And blessed shall he be who can answer, "I have nothing left," it being understood that the estate the angel asks us of is the estate of self. Christ gave every thought of brain, every syllable of speech, every footprint of every journey, every touch of gentle compassion, every call at the door of death, "Come forth," every laying hand on wicked sea waves to stop their snarl and to make all their jangling voices hush, every tear which ached from his heart, every tired day of work, each pulse of which was praise; every word which hacked like angel's sword at Eden's gate, every word or work of heart's-ease, every tune in human hearts for which He struck the key, every heart He loved to help, all scarred lips He loved

to kiss, every fleet of noble thoughts He launched upon the sea of time and eternity; the cross He stooped to carry, and the cross on which He chose to die, the grave He slept in to sanctify forever, the morn He woke, the sin He "nailed to His cross," the resurrection He lifted like a radiant cloud swung to the pillars that upheld the sky to flaunt it in the face of death while time endured;—in all these things He did but give Himself. "Emptied Himself," is the massive and dramatic putting of this truth. "Gave Himself," with the resultant term, "Emptied Himself." Nothing left in Christ unused when He left us to journey back to God. He had given Himself out—had given Himself away.

Jesus had nothing left. Empty as a drained cask; this is Christ's new program for life. Not to hunt ease, but to hunt travail; not to count costs, but to boldly venture all; to drain life dry and make self a lordly contribution to the world. Does that ring as a hero plan of life? It is the hero plan for life, and pulses with power like the unsleeping sea. Question, "What is life for?" Answer, "To give yourself." This is why God put us here, that at the end we should not simply have exhausted the saps of the world, but that we should have incredibly enriched the world, having given back all we borrowed, plus.

This view of life's business makes life immensely self-respecting. We cease being sponges, and become enrichers. We earn our board and endow the world.

In a sublime regard the preacher's vocation is to give himself. Preacher, what are you working at?

And he, without stopping to look up or wipe the sweat away, answers like a leaping sword, "Giving myself." Pour out himself. Sun at the morning's east, what is your day's toil? And the sun lifts and spills the bowl of the world full of light and the inverted bowl of the sky full of delight, and shouts like a soldier swinging into battle's sword play, "To give myself." The sun's business is the preacher's business. And the sun learned his occupation from the Christ, who would teach things and spirits that all we exist for is to give ourselves.

But the preacher's business is to preach? No, brother, no. His business is to give himself. He is not the trumpet, but the trumpeter; not the sword, but the soldier. Preaching is a method, one method, of the preacher giving himself; and the sermon becomes not an exploit, but an evidence and certificate of what breed of soul the preacher is. What about preaching? That is a word the Greeks would have been mystified by. That lexicon term would have made their brows wrinkle like the rind of a tree. They had all the words meaning preach, saw them all, but the Greeks were too quick of wit not to see that our word "preach" had been schooled to some larger meaning than any meaning their lexicon affixed. That word was unused before Christ had come along the road and had stopped to tell His story to mankind. Men knew little, but did know enough to know that a word must be set aside, sanctified, "hagiazoed," to mean and mark that glorious procedure. Though no Greek knew what "preaching" was, nor any Roman would have recog-

nized this word, the word has grown big enough, enlarged by whole diameters since the old Greek and Roman days, so that the modern world knows the word "preaching" by heart, nor can snub it nor affect to be ignorant of its impart. All mankind knows the thing preaching is: A man telling about the God-man, Christ. A man called of God, talking about everything that touches man and God—that is, preaching.

Preaching is the art of making a sermon and delivering it? Why, no, that is not preaching. Preaching is the art of making a preacher and delivering *that*. Preaching is the art of the man giving himself to the throng by means of voice and gesture and face and brains and heart, and the background of all these, himself. Florentine inlaid work or a cameo cut fine as the veinings of a flower or Dawn or Moses chiseled from the white drift of marble snow as Angelo did—is this a sermon? A cunning mosaic of multi-colored, multi-shaped loveliness, put together with chaste care—is this a sermon? Making a herbarium of flowers pressed and dried, especially dried, is this a sermon? Well, no. Preaching is the outrush of the soul in speech. Therefore, the elemental business in preaching is not with the preaching, but with the preacher. It is no trouble to preach, but a vast trouble to construct a preacher. To study lines fine as the under-veining of a leaf, or the chaste lines in an etching, or the strong lines in the forehead of age, this is worthy truly. But to study the mountain region unhurt by winter and untouched by storm, unperturbed, enduring, this also is worthy. To know when to kiss

a child and when to kiss an old woman's withered cheek, when to answer to the thrill of muscularity, and when to kiss a man on the cheek through tears and moaning, this is needed. In this and kindred discernments the preacher is urged toward his task. He is, to use Milton's mighty phrase, "mewing a mighty youth." He is getting proportions. He is to cast more than a shadow. If he is massive people will feel him as they feel the solid world.

There is little trouble to preach, if only there be a preacher. Preacher-ing, not preach-ing, is the task. Mount Hood has no trouble holding Winter on his breast and brow and brewing reverberant waterfalls and crystal river and lifting up a shield, wonderful as moonlight, to hold on high for the amazement of mankind. Mount Hood does not stoop beneath his load. He knows no load. Is he not a mountain? And to a mountain what are winter and storm and river fountain and splendor of eternal whiteness looking on the world like a messenger new come from heaven? The mountain is unburdened because it is a mountain. Not many days ago I spent a moonlit night upon the summit of a mountain of the Cascade range. We climbed in the lengthening shadows of the coming night and came to rest upon the crest, slippy with pine needles of unnumbered years. On the mountain's shoulders grew the huge bulks of colossal Oregon pines. The largest trees pre-empted the mountain-top. What revelations of vegetable aspiration those trunks were! How tall and great-girthed those pillars stood, as if set there of Him who builded the night and put those

pillars there to hold up the night sky, star-besprent. They were majestical beyond the telling. And did the mountain groan because it was burdened with such tropic growth of pine? Friend, you know the mountain never guessed it wore a burden. It was mountain. The art of being a mountain, then, is the large achievement. Burdens then become it as light becomes the sun.

I think we must all be impressed with the ineffable sea. It never tries to hold hulks of ships nor swim wide squadrons nor toss gray sea-going craft on wave crests as if they were bubbles born of the sea. It is a sea, and does all this as a painter might paint in his sleep and not know it. It is no effort for the sea to lift waves in spray and thunder music up against the ashen clouds. It is the ocean. To such as are oceanic, oceanic moods are natural and effortless.

In preaching, we always assume that the man is called of God and man to His unapproachable office. And to such a man the question of a sermon will be the question of the man. Every soul comes to his effort under limitations, as Samson came to Dagon's temple pillars, gropingly. But stature of soul is not a fixed fact. It is a fact depending on him, whose soul it is. To be bigger than we were is always a possibility. And so it comes to pass that a given sermon is the preacher to date. The sermon is an act; and to this act the preacher brings himself, all himself, the acquisition of his years. As Grant brought to bear on his campaigns, which are so great as to have passed into the pride of all Americans, the maturity of his

life, so the preacher does. The sermon is the man finding exposition for his soul. When the seatides crowd shoreward they fill the riverbeds and bays and crystal creeks and crowded harbors, marshes where the glistering grasses wave funereal pennants, drive far inland, where men may never have looked upon the sea—the seatides do such fathomless things, because they are the sea at tide. The preacher floods the souls of men and women, and floods dry channels of the heart, brings wonder and reason to the brain, unseals the fount of tears, wakens drugged conscience from its stupor sleep, hammers against the brazen doors of obdurate wills—the preacher does this because he is a seatide from God's great sea. The tides drive in, but in the proportion of him who is the channel of the rising of the tides of God.

A growing thought could not have said yesterday all it says to-day, for the palpable reason that it was not yesterday what it is to-day. I think it would have given a man a lightning stroke to have seen Webster, the thunder-bearer. Even his printed words give a sense of a vast personality giving way to itself. We feel the man. The might of him makes room. His words are not so much studied up as they are let out. I feel the same with Wesley. His soul ran streams as the mountain does and for like reason. He was mountainous. Heaven swept his uplands and his mountains with its winds. He had grown great with God; and his writings are not manufactured, therefore, but outflowings. They were channels for his overflow of soul.

PREACH-ING OR PREACH-ER.

A sermon is not a piece of carpentry, but a piece of life—a spacious heart, a spacious brain, a spacious sympathy talking out loud. A great preacher like Paul did not fashion his speech, but fashioned himself; and then, so great did he become that he sat down and extemporized the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians to an amanuensis, extemporized the sweetest poem ever written, save the Shepherd Psalm. So he did with the Resurrection Chapter, which wings away in serene ether, where eagles could not, with their tawny wings, attempt to soar. But on Paul's forehead was no drop of sweat! He had grown the wings; and it was fun to fly.

A palace lit up by night glows with very many lights, because it is very many-windowed. A hovel had shone with but a single light because it was but single-windowed. A palace-souled preacher will blaze with lights, only not with stellar, but with solar lights. A great life, telling a great truth, ought to be a definition of a preacher at his message. Prior to the knowledge we would be morally certain that God would so arrange that His messengers by how much they were endued with His Spirit would be endued with the preacher gift. An appeal to experience will show this view to be bootless, very bootless. God apparently will not allow a possible perversion of His Spirit. He will not let His enduement take the place of possible industry on the part of man. A preacher is God-endowed, but is also self-endowed; and a preacher-man's business is to amass a life of cubic dimensions, to the end that he may evoke the great power and utter the

great word. Does not this version make being a preacher a sublime business? "Preacher, what are you doing? Are you getting up a sermon?" And his answer, "Rather I am, by God's grace, constructing a man." "Working on your sermon, brother?" "No, working on the preacher." Power can be put to almost any use. Steam can lift rocks, plow fields, dredge harbors, generate electricity, cross continents or seas, build ships or locomotives. Preachers are power which can be put to similar divergent uses. Power is the thing. Be big and we can do.

What, then, in the light of this is a preacher's task? Plainly this, the amassing of a great self, so as to have something worth while to give. To donate an empty purse is little worth the trouble, nor is there any beneficence. The preacher's business is not to amass a fortune, but to amass a self, and then distribute that self. The sermon is the preacher up to date. All his life flowers in what he is saying at a given time. No man can say bigger than he is. He can borrow big phrases and tell them; but their vastness is not his. When a planet swims into the sky it grips other planets solely in proportion to its bulk. Gravitation works directly as the mass. So does the preacher. He must have bulk. He must have greatness.

And the preacher in amassing himself engulfs earth and history, and beauty and chemistry, and theology and nature, and astronomy and science, and the age and the ages, and the Book and the books, and man and God. He is not engulfed by them, but engulfs

them. He is hard at work making a soul with large intent to utter a great truth. To have heard Isaac Newton talk would have been like wrestling stars down and making them reveal their secrets. His wonder was his intellectual bulk. He did not struggle to utter high thoughts. He had them in solution in his blood. For Coleridge to sweep out wide and far as a comet in his shining career was natural as the falling of a yellow leaf. What was in him spoke.

This engulfing power is the preacher power. He must be like the sky which contains constellations, milky ways, ether, air, humanity, all physical things. Spaciousness is the word. Nor is this amassing self and engulfing such tremendous territories as I have named, a skyey performance futile as sweeping sea waves back. To let the universe sweep into his soul, this is a preacher's business. He will not *master* all. That is not his function. He is to be open to all. He is to be as one who rejoices in sunsets, who watches for them all. He does not understand them; he looks at them. He who looks at the sunset with an attractive gaze will get out at least a part of their wistful wonder. Shakespeare was all eyes. Nothing whipped past his window that he did not see it and mark it. No man can read much. No man can think much. No man can deal with science much. No man can wear astronomies other than on his breast. No man can compass history. No man can get at much more than the coastline of the vasty continents. But he can be hospitable to all of them. He may be on speaking terms with all of them. He may hug them against

his breast with a tenderness like a mother with her babe. He may stand at the soul's doorway and invite the universe, "Come in and stay." "Make wide my life, O God!" is his clamant call, which never fails to catch the attention of the God of souls. He is at home with poets and imaginations, with statues and gardens, with children and men, with women and love, with struggle and passion, with the flax all but quenched and the high resolve that concludes obstructions to be but blowing dust through which mankind may wade unobstructed. He is at home with the light of dawns and stars and noons, with stars and poetry of human souls and wastes of sea waves and winds and brute force of the storm and the more brutal force of temptations which attempt to slay the soul. He knows the symptoms of things. He walks with the throng and loves the throng he walks with. The afterglow hangs in his sky all the night through. The glow is always in his heart. The ages walk past his door, which is never shut. In his days and in his dreams he sees angels, and has talk with God. He is not a Miss, but a Mr. He feels like wrestling with the great sea, and thinks he could wrestle it down. The age, he engulfs that, but is more concerned in the ages. This is where we miss. We talk as if the spirit of the age were the superior quest. It is not. The spirit of the ages is a Niagara, fleet, tremendous, unhinderable, unthinkable. In it are God and man. The spirit of the age is a hand-print; the spirit of the ages is a nail-print.

Man and God, these the preacher has by heart. What a blessed luggage they are! The folks for whom

God died and the God who died for folks. The wideness of the world of ground and sky is on such a man. He walks in radiancies like a perpetual dawn. He talks with God; and God talks with him. And when this preacher comes to a Sunday in his journey through the week, people ask him, "Preacher-man, where were you and what saw you while the workdays were sweating at their toil?" And then of this preacher we may say reverently, "He opened his mouth and taught them, saying;" and there will be another though lesser Sermon on the Mount. And the auditors sit and sob and shout under their breath, and say with their helped hearts, "Preacher, saw you and heard you that? You were well employed. Go out and listen and look another week; but be very sure to come back and tell us what you heard and saw." That will be preaching.

Such a man will be big enough to get to places he can not see. And that is the thing needed. Almost anybody can get to ports visible; but the ports that lie across the world and under it, that lie below the edges of the sky washed by an unknown sea, those are the ports which are difficult and dangerous and in voyaging to which is shipwreck. The invisible ports—the preacher will know the way to them. One summer I was in the tall mountains and was making journey toward a snowy peak, and in my goings lost sight of the summit for which I made my quest. I was in the swirl of the mountains, as I have had around my boat on boiling seas the swirling of the tortured waters. I had no compass. I was guideless and alone. I had no knowledge of this region, never having

touched that mountain range before. But I knew that the mountain stream knew what its source was and where. Its plunge of murmuring waters, clear as air and cold as not long run from deep drifts of snow, seemed to say, "We are from the snow crest you saw." And I trusted to the stream. I climbed along its windings mile on mile amidst grim rocks, along smooth ledges, under the shag of incense-making pines, over frightful boulders, in dark and narrow canyons, up slippy rocks tilted toward the patine of blue sky—so I toiled, trusting to the stream, hunting for the mountain's snow-white top. And need I say I found the white snow crest? The stream knew the way to its hidden source.

So the preacher must know the way to the Hidden Source. He must trail tendencies. He must keep to the main stream; and the rivulets he must pass, only giving them a glance; but the stream he must follow to the remote and sublime mountain the name of which is God. The preacher must be skilled in that. The world of people is not much concerned in diacritical marks. The little shibboleths over which some make so much they care for little or nothing at all. But God, where He is and what He is, and man, and whether man and God may meet, and help to the strugglings and battlings of the soul—these big things men do care about. They want a great God for them if a God at all. Their hunger prods them toward the Infinite. They do n't care much where the sky began, but care incredibly where the sky ends. That is what they want to know.

PREACH-ING OR PREACH-ER.

God's muscular arm, stark naked, hand pierced and open, arm unafraid and eager and underneath it writ in blood this one word, "Help," this earth does care for; and toward such a divine arm men will grope in their night and battle in their day.

Preacher, have you had that arm about *you* and that pierced hand grip *you* and deliver *you?* Then, preacher, show them that; and your preaching will be an apocalypse.

Paul, The Preacher.

If Paul speaks of himself as a preacher less lauded than Apollos, we need not be diverted from the facts thereby. He was a preacher of such eloquence that no greater has arisen in all the days of the Church. His humility has stated his impediments, but has not asserted his pre-eminence. He was one of the most eloquent of the sons of men. He rises to eloquence as the sea waves to the lifting of the ships upon their towering fronts. A man who, in prison with his wrist chained to the wrist of a strange soldier, could dictate sermons whose resounding eloquence has moved the world and the centuries, may not be permitted through humility to minify his astounding gifts. So many preachers require the flint of the congregation to strike fire from the steel of their thought. Preacher Paul was not so. How much a visible assembly may have shot fire through his blood we may not say, but that in the solitude of the prison loneliness he could look across prison spaces, sea spaces, land stretches, and see the faces of an invisible throng, and lift a voice which had all the ecstasy of a happy heart and a golden mouth preaching to the visible flock—this we do know.

The homiletics of Paul the Apostle may well hold our thought. Those who try to preach have reason

to be students of the first of those men who could preach. He did not try to preach; he preached. He held the cross. He smote men with the cross. He had sat at the feet of Gamaliel as a student in casuistry and theological mechanics, but he sat at the feet of the martyr with bleeding brow and breast to learn the sublime mode of approach. If the student of sermonic art will read Stephen's sermon before the Sanhedrin and then read such of Paul's earlier sermons as have been reported to us, he will be struck by the vivid resemblance. In so far as Paul preached with sermonic plan, he was Saint Stephen's disciple. As a matter of happy fact Paul had a habit of striking out at tangents from his sermon plan because his religious experience must be told. If ever the value of religious experience as a propagandist of the gospel needs enforcing, that enforcement can be had by noting the smiting as of thunderbolts which comes to any audience when Paul rehearses his conversion. Paul was no purist in sermonic plan, no slave of homiletical outline. He was vital, amazed, and like the sea, sublime and smote like the avalanche. The dreary teaching that all sermons must be constructed after one pattern is as insane as to assert that all plants should be alike. Every species must be unlike. God is no delighter in monotony. He delights in variety. Every text has a distinct call to spread forth its own roots and lift up its own trunk and toss out its own branches and wear its own foliage, and in due season bear its own fruit.

Let Paul now preach for himself, we of course be-

ing limited to such desultory and compressed reports as have come down to us from the pen of such as were reporters of the discourse. In many sermonic instances it will be discovered that the reporter has simply squeezed the juice of the sermon into a cup, and the cup is small, but the sermon's whole must have been vivid and compelling, as witness results.

The Sermon at Antioch in Pisidia.

Men of Israel, and ye that fear God, give audience. The God of this people of Israel chose our fathers, and exalted the people when they dwelt as strangers in the land of Egypt, and with an high arm brought He them out of it. And about the time of forty years suffered He their manners in the wilderness. And when He had destroyed seven nations in the land of Chanaan, He divided their land to them by lot. And after that, He gave *unto them* judges, about the space of four hundred and fifty years, until Samuel the prophet. And afterward they desired a king: and God gave unto them Saul, the son of Cis, a man of the tribe of Benjamin, by the space of forty years. And when He had removed Him, He raised up unto them David to be their king; to whom also He gave testimony, and said, I have found David the *son* of Jesse, a man after mine own heart, which shall fulfill all My will. Of this man's seed hath God, according to *His* promise, raised unto Israel a Savior, Jesus: When John had first preached, before His coming, the baptism of repentance to all the people of Israel. And as John fulfilled his course, he said, Whom think ye that I am?

I am not *He.* But, behold, there cometh One after me, whose shoes of *His* feet I am not worthy to loose. *Men and brethren,* children of the stock of Abraham, and whosoever among you feareth God, to you is the word of this salvation sent. For they that dwell at Jerusalem, and their rulers, because they knew Him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets which are read every Sabbath day, they have fulfilled *them* in condemning *Him.* And though they found no cause of death *in Him,* yet desired they Pilate that He should be slain. And when they had fulfilled all that was written of Him, they took *Him* down from the tree, and laid *Him* in a sepulcher. *But God* raised Him from the dead. And He was seen many days of them which came up with Him from Galilee to Jerusalem, who are His witnesses unto the people. And we declared unto you glad tidings, how that the promise which was made unto the fathers, God hath fufilled the same unto us their chiidren, in that He hath raised up Jesus again; as it is also written in the Second Psalm, Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee. And as concerning that He raised Him up from the dead, *now* no more to return to corruption, He said on this wise, I will give you the sure mercies of David. Wherefore He saith also in another *psalm,* Thou shalt not suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption. For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption: but He, whom God raised again, saw no corruption. Be it known unto you therefore, men *and* brethren, that through

this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: And by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses. Beware therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in the prophets; Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you.

The Sermon at Iconium.

Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you, that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God, which made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein: who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.

The Sermon in the Jail at Philippi.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.

The Sermon at Thessalonica.

Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead; and that this Jesus, whom I preach unto you, is Christ.

The Sermon in Athens on Mars' Hill.

Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and be-

held your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands: neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though He needed any thing, seeing He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things: and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation: that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us: for in Him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also His offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness, by *that* man whom He hath ordained; *whereof* He hath given assurance unto all *men*, in that He hath raised Him from the dead.

The Sermon at Ephesus.

John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on Him which should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus.

THE SERMON AT JERUSALEM ON THE STAIRS OF THE CASTLE.

Men, brethren, and fathers, hear ye my defense, *which I make* now unto you. I am verily a man *which am a Jew*, born in Tarsus, *a city* of Cilicia, yet brought up in this city, at the feet of Gamaliel, *and* taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers, and was zealous toward God, as ye all are this day. And I persecuted this way unto the death, binding and delivering into prisons both men and women. As also the High Priest doth bear me witness, and all the estate of the elders: from whom also I received letters unto the brethren, and went to Damascus, to bring them which were there bound unto Jerusalem, for to be punished. And it came to pass that, as I made my journey, and was come nigh unto Damascus about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me. And I fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? And I answered, Who art Thou, Lord? And He said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest. And they that were with me saw indeed the light, and were afraid; but they heard not the voice of Him that spake to me. And I said, What shall I do, Lord? And the Lord said unto me, Arise, and go into Damascus; and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do. And when I could not see for the glory of that light, being led by the hand of them that were with me, I came into Damascus. And one Ananias, a devout man according to the law, having a good re-

port of all the Jews which dwelt *there,* came unto me, and stood, and said unto me, Brother Saul, receive thy sight. And the same hour I looked up upon him. And he said, The God of our fathers hath chosen thee, that thou shouldest know His will, and see that Just One, and shouldest hear the voice of His mouth. For thou shalt be His witness unto all men, of what thou hast seen and heard. And now, why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord. And it came to pass, that when I was come again to Jerusalem, even while I prayed in the temple, I was in a trance; and saw Him saying unto me, Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem: for they will not receive thy testimony concerning Me. And I said, Lord, they know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue them that believed on Thee: and when the blood of Thy martyr Stephen was shed, I also was standing by, and consenting unto his death, and kept the raiment of them that slew him. And He said unto me, Depart: for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles.

THE SERMON IN THE CHIEF CAPTAIN'S PALACE.

Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day.

Men and brethren, I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee: of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question.

THE SERMON IN FELIX'S PALACE AT CÆSAREA.

Forasmuch as I know that thou hast been of many years a judge unto this nation, I do the more cheer-

fully answer for myself: because that thou mayest understand, that there are yet but twelve days since I went up to Jerusalem for to worship. And they neither found me in the temple disputing with any man, neither raising up the people, neither in the synagogues, nor in the city: neither can they prove the things whereof they now accuse me. But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets: and have hope toward God, which they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust. And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offense toward God, and *toward* men. Now after many years I came to bring alms to my nation, and offerings. Whereupon certain Jews from Asia found me purified in the temple, neither with multitude, nor with tumult. Who ought to have been here before thee, and object, if they had aught against me. Or else let these same *here* say, if they have found any evil doing in me, while I stood before the council, except it be for this one voice, that I cried standing among them, Touching the resurrection of the dead I am called in question by you this day.

The Sermon Before Festus in Cæsarea.

Neither against the law of the Jews, neither against the temple, nor yet against Cæsar, have I offended anything at all. I stand at Cæsar's judgment seat, where I ought to be judged: to the Jews have I done no wrong,

as thou very well knowest. For if I be an offender, or have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die: but if there be none of these things whereof these accuse me, no man may deliver me unto them. I appeal unto Cæsar.

The Sermon Before King Agrippa.

I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews:

Especially, *because I know* thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently. My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: unto which *promise* our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against *them*. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled *them* to

blaspheme: and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted *them* even unto strange cities. Whereupon as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? And I said, Who art Thou, Lord? And He said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and *from* the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, *and* to turn *them* from darkness to light, and *from* the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Me. Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision: but shewed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judæa, and *then* to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill *me*. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets

and Moses did say should come: That Christ should suffer, *and* that He should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles. And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad. But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest.

The Sermon on Shipboard.

And now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of *any man's* life among you, but of the ship. For there stood beside me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me. Howbeit we must be cast upon a certain island.

The Sermon at Rome in Paul's Own Hired House.

He expounded and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets. Well spake the Holy Ghost by Esaias the prophet unto our fathers, saying, Go unto this people, and say, Hear-

ing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and not perceive: for the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed; lest they should see with *their* eyes, and hear with *their* ears, and understand with *their* heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them. Be it known therefore unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and *that* they will hear it.

Compare Preacher Stephen's interrupted sermon and Preacher Paul's first sermon. Preacher Stephen's sermon as reported in Acts, chapter seven, is elementally historical. It repeats the history of Israel before Israel's eyes, beginning with Abraham in Mesopotamia and crowding on, squeezing the main lessons from Israel's moral delinquencies and climbing on into his exposition of race history to the dedication of the temple and lifting into noble eloquence which seems spontaneous. To all such as contemplate the God of the temple, the houseless God having been given a house, Stephen says that Israel's God could not be housed. He was above all He had made—then there is a hiatus in the sermon and it lacks a climax which one greatly needs to speed us to Stephen's intended attack upon the hearts of his auditors. But what we have in Verses 51 and 53—"Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain them which shewed before of the coming of the Just One;

of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers: who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it"—was an invective against unbelieving Israel which we may readily understand would snarl the already hostile audience into frenzy; and so it did, and so the sermon had no conclusion save in the closing word, sweeter than sermons know to close, the word of forgiveness and the smiling his way out into the kingdom of Christ. And Stephen himself and Stephen's death were the conclusion of Stephen's sermon.

But this very anger and clamor, this fury of anger against a man standing solitary, put a barb into the heart of Saul of Tarsus. The preacher is dead; but his words are like the swing of a gigantic sword in gigantic hands, and hack and cut and never ceases till Stephen's Christ has His way with the young Jewish zealot. The similarity between Stephen's sermon and Paul's discourse has ever seemed to me one of the most thrilling psychological episodes printed in biography. Perhaps I ought to say the most thrilling; but we may not fear to affirm that Stephen's words hack on uninterruptedly by day and dark. He had great audience, that dying man. He was to win a convert to the Christ; and for one such convert as Saul of Tarsus a preacher might afford to die after one sermon. Are we familiar with any other instance of preaching which had greater conquest? I have often wondered if Saint Stephen knows what divine fruitage his broken sermon bore that day.

In Acts thirteen is set down only in a sort of dim

outline Paul's first attempt at preaching. It is a historical sermon. It begins even as Stephen's, only it, with Pauline haste, passes over the patriarchs, glances at Egyptian slavery, flashes past four hundred years, looks in the eyes of the battles of Joshua and the rule of the Judges and the setting up of the kingdom and having come to David, with a leap like the light passes from David to David's Christ.

And then Paul the preacher was at home. He has come to Christ, where all his preaching found its shining destination and its abundant peace. But enough is said to see that Stephen had left impress on Paul. How Stephen climbed into the citadel of Paul was how Paul climbed into the citadel of other souls. Certainly, it is apparent, too, that the further he receded from Stephen the less was Stephen's influence upon him and the more did he become himself, though, notwithstanding in the preaching of many epistles, there is from time to time the magnificent encroachment of the holy martyr's sermon plan. Notably so in Romans. Romans I take to be a production where, though the march was Paul's, the route was Stephen's. View Romans as a sermon, for such it is, and then compare this with Stephen's sermon and mark the similarity. Follow the track of Stephen's interrupted eloquence and the similarity is striking. A historical sermon plan, the appeal to Hebrew history, it has a might of movement, which is seen to be Pauline, as it leaps upward with spurts of eloquence when his heart is given chance by its hand to mold history into soul stuff.

What preacher has not dreamed of that discourse

at Ephesus, when Paul preached from gloom at night till dawn at morning, interrupted only by a death and a resurrection and a resurrection service? Save the sermon of Jesus, there is not in the history of the Christian Church one a body would so love to have heard. His farewell sermon, concluding with that strangely pathetic, "Ye shall see my face no more"—no more—wherein love was tyrant with their hearts and held them in its tearful hand, was such a sermon as one might have given half a life to hear. We shall gather, though, how the sermon swept on and swept them away. I wonder if that night of the farewell sermon at Ephesus he could have preached the most thrilling sermon since Jesus created resurrection, which we read in First Corinthians, Chapter XV, what a night it would have been to have heard that majestic sermon from the heart of him who had beheld the risen Savior yet as one born out of due time. Or did he preach the first of Colossians on the eternity of Jesus on the text, "Before Abraham was, I am?" Or did he preach the encomium on faith and the diatribe against works; and as the sermon advances the words were such, as when reported, scorched the page; and did he preach all the night, and the night was too short to brainy listeners? for such eloquence they shall not hear again. When Whitefield, one night—his death night — holding his bedroom candle in his hand, paused on the stairs to preach a brief good-night sermon to his host, the candle light in his hand lighting his face like a halo, and his words were sweet, and then a good-night, and then the candle climbed

the stairs; and the most eloquent man of the eighteenth century lay down to sleep, to wake not at the morning. That sermon grips the imagination. We see it all, but can not, more the pity, hear it at all. Yet what a diluted sermon—sermon and preacher lesser regalities—when we watch Paul "doulos" of Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, preaching amid smoking lamps, the dim light sometimes flashing grotesque shadows, preaching, preaching on from dark to dawn. Would we had heard that sermon!

Now, listening to Preacher Paul's recorded sermons, remembering that they are at best mere outlines, for stenography, even if Tiro, freedman to Cicero, invented it, was not in common use then. They were reported from memory and were written down in an Anabasis which knew no spaces for lengthy orations such as Thucydides loved to place in his histories. Luke was like Xenophon in the Anabasis, who keeps the army on the march, ten parasangs, eight parasangs, halts, then battles, then more parasangs, march, march, battle, conquest, march, advance, anabasis, retire, and then katabasis—the retreat of the ten thousand! Luke's Anabasis of the gospel has no katabasis, only move upward, outward, march, preacher, march, but the march is everything. The Acts is not a book of homiletics; it is a book of battle and proceeding with swift attempt to keep sight of the advancing Christ.

Paul's pulpits were a jail cell, a castle stair in Jerusalem, an upper room, a king's palace, a Mars' Hill, a sea front proseucha, and a ship's deck tossing in tumultuous storm. John Huss preached from a stake

when the flames were leaping on him like hungry yellow lions. 'T was a glorious pulpit where angry waves of fire can not cause the sermon to cease, though it did cause the preacher to cease. But Paul the preacher has pre-eminence in variety of pulpits, from beside a fire made for shipwrecked men out of wet sticks, while a viper from the fire is clinging with poisoned fangs to his hand, to a headman's block under the bent, illumined sky where he prayed, I doubt me not, like his great master prayed time since, "Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Amen." and then fell asleep—Paul catches our imagination and will not let it go. Brother Saul, preaching or remaining silent, we are thy auditors. Have thy way; and thy way shall be ours.

And the Eleventh of Hebrews seems strangely Pauline to my heart. I do not now argue whether Hebrews be Pauline in origin or not. The matter is indifferent. Some great preacher wrote it. It is Stephen-Paul's plan, but if sometime in his ministerial career Preacher Paul did not give the roll call of faith, sometime, somewhere I miss my guess. This apostle of salvation, not by works, but by faith, namely, by the sheer gratuity of God, should have, would have, and did somewhere at some time rhapsodize on faith. This, I will risk, is that rhapsody. It is like him; it is worthy of him. The rhapsodist of love in the Thirteenth of Corinthians is competent for this rhapsody of faith. Where shall such sermons smite upon our souls as the XI of Hebrews and the XV of First Corinthians and the XIII of First Corinthians?

When audiences saw the renowned preacher, Paul, they looked on a small man with inflamed eyes, which probably squinted in the light, inasmuch as we read in a certain place, "Paul looked on him earnestly"—Paul trying to see him, peering at him, as may be reasonably inferred. He was given to gesticulation, being both emphatic and nervous. He often preluded his words with gestures, as a body may read at almost any preaching service of his, his hands were much in evidence. "Paul stretched forth his hand."

His pulpits, as we have noticed, were varied and romantic. To picture them before the imagination, is to thrill us, even if we hear no word the preacher spoke.

He was an itinerant, a sort of Methodist preacher brother. Watch him in his far-goings. The three capitals of the world in Paul's time were Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem. Rome, capital of government; Athens, capital of culture; Jerusalem, capital of religion, both Judaism and Christianity. And Paul, "the Roman citizen and traveler," to use the title of Ramsay's great book, kept these three cities steadily in his view, especially Jerusalem and Rome. He was so much a Roman citizen himself, being, as he told the captain, not a citizen by purchase, but being free-born, that he felt the entire world of his day was a Roman world. "I appeal unto Cæsar," was the passport he gives himself to bring him to the world's legal capital. Many pulpits but one gospel, yet one gospel proclaimed with reference to combating the local unbeliefs and creating and catching local attention. We have heard him

preach in Judea, Cyprus, Malta, Greece, Italy, Damascus, Arabia. His longest reported pastorates were at Ephesus and Rome. In Ephesus he preached, going about freely from house to house, exercising his pastoral function as well as his preaching function, for two years, and in Rome, a prisoner, and confined in his own hired house, he preached for a period of two years, and how long he may have preached in the Roman dungeon we are not apprised, but safely may say that his longest pastorate was in the capital of the world. He had caught the parable of the sower who went forth to sow and was the mighty marching evangelist sowing beside all waters and on every barren hilltop.

He was well read in the Bible, both Old Testament and New Testament. Hebrew history he knew by heart, and could repeat and interpret, and the New Testament; namely, the doings of the Christ, he knew full well, having searched every corner and housetop for familiarity with facts that bore upon his wondrous Master, Christ. And Doctor Luke, Paul's family physician, made a scholarly research under the guidance of Preacher Paul into the sources of the Christian Church. Paul knew: he had been Christ's bitterest foe: he was now Christ's stanchest friend. "I know whom I have believed." Paul had no hearsay Christ, but after his personal meeting with the Savior, as "one born out of due time," to use his own very graphic phrase, he spent three years in Arabia perfecting himself in the lore of the Christ. Paul the preacher made what was probably the first written contribution to the New Testament canon, and wrote and spoke

with such radiant hope and sure assurance, because he knew the Christ and had gone whithersoever the print of Christ's naked and bleeding foot was on the earth. Paul is, up to now, the greatest personal credential of the gospel. His conversion to Christianity and his apostolate of Christianity remain irrefutable arguments for the fact of the Christ from incarnation of Bethlehem through crucifixion at Calvary and through resurrection from the grave in the garden beside the cross to His session from the Mount, called Olivet. "And was seen last of all by me also," rings out with a triumph peal, which stirs the blood even unto now. Paul's theological training was of three years' duration in Arabia, of which period we can do little more than dream, howbeit we may greatly dream. He studied hard; he studied long; he knew the preacher ought to be prepared. Possibly the theological course with Christ which the other disciples had had, three and a half gracious and glorious years, appealed to Paul's imagination and sense of fitness. In any case, three years he disappears from the landscape of activity, but when he came to preach, the Bible was so at the tip of his tongue and the facts of Holy Writ were so absolutely his possession, that he proceeds to dictate to an amanuensis a larger part of the New Testament that was to be. Those three lost years in Arabia, those years of disappearance are to be reckoned with in the eventful ministry of the greatest preacher the world has had, save only Jesus of Nazareth, and the greatest man the Roman world has caught sight of, not excluding Cæsar, perpetual dictator.

Paul was extemporaneous.

A man who could with his dim eyes, holden in his hands, dictate I Corinthians, was plainly the prince of extemporaneous orators. I know of only one flight of extemporaneity to be named alongside it; namely, Milton, with his blind eyes looking dead ahead and extemporizing the flawless rhythm and noblest poem of the English tongue. But his "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" are not majestical as Paul's epistles. The greater poet was Paul; and the greater preacher was Paul, although John Milton must be reckoned as one of the supreme preachers of the ages. His stern gospel stirs us yet, and his abundant eloquence bears us away now, as it must have borne the Puritans away then. God was very real to John Milton, poet. The mighty extemporaneous preacher is Paul. He took his stand in the mob of the howling city of Jerusalem, or in the fury of the city of Iconium, or in Thessalonica, or in Philippi, no matter where, and "spoke forth" the words of truth and soberness. And can we find a finer phrasing for extemporaneous oratory than Paul's "speak forth."

His eyes were squinting in scanning the face of the throng. He would have seen them if he could, and though he could not, his sense of personal appeal fixed his habit of looking about from face to face, as searching hearts to recognize them for his Christ. This, I take it, is why Paul makes such frequent remark on his thorn in the flesh. He so hungrily wanted to see men's faces for Jesus' sake as that his inability to do so thrust him through with a dart. He knew

the value of the eye lit with the gospel light, tracing the faces of the listening throng and wanted, O *wanted,* to see, and could not, and sobbed, "A thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan sent to buffet me." And then he halted his sobbing with a shout—"His grace shall be sufficient for me."

Paul was spontaneous.

You felt his lips were rioting in consonance with his brain and heart. He was not stereotyped. He was free. He went, not by memory, but by occasion. He leaps sudden as a rainbow on a cloud and as beautiful. A radiant effortlessness, as of the light at dawn, was on him. He commands us to forget it was hard work to preach. It looks so easy when Paul was doing it. He did not display his tense muscles; he contented himself with that larger muscularity of a dead lift of power.

Paul was vivid.

He was never prosaic. He made audiences take heed. He blinded their eyes with his tropic sun. He chained their wrists by his iron grip. He ran with such speed, as that to keep pace with him, listeners panted nigh spent of breath. He coined words; he used big words; he spun onward like a star; he used sesquipedalian words, to which Horace pays his addresses, and little words, and caught at the word or phrase which could portray the thing he had in his brain and heart. He had the feeling that rhetoric and lexicon and grammar were to be servants and not masters, and so was as autocratic with them as Shakespeare. The prim body would sit in the audience and criticise

Paul; the large soul sat in the audience and pent up hallelujahs in their hearts to shout in future days.

Paul was a Roman, and battle-mooded.

He was city born and bred. So city incidents shape his intellectual approach. His vocabulary was not pugnacious, although Paul himself was a pugnacious self. Pugnacity is the weak side of virility. Paul quarreled with Barnabas, son of consolation, and you can fairly see the blood scald his face in his spirit of pugnacious fury; but you know Paul was no feminine gender. His masculine intelligence was always evident. The public games delighted him; the entire muscularity of soldiering made his red blood torrential. Country life had scant suggestion in his phrasing or in his thinking, but city manners and battle customs appealed to every fiber of his energy; and he was fierce dynamics done up in a small compass. You could recite the entire military paraphernalia from hearing Paul preach. We wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, there is the athlete for you. "Fight the good fight of faith," and then the recitation of the parts of the battle harness, piece by piece; and the battle is on and the charge and the rush and the biting of swords on brazen helmets when Preacher Paul is in the pulpit.

Paul was a practical preacher.

Mystic that Paul was he yet not the less, but rather the more saw that every-day duties were seasonable and reasonable. Paul came as near to setting humdrum work to music as has ever been done. The XII of Romans is really a catalogue of ethical, practical,

daily, homely suggestions and advice, and yet where do we light upon more interesting discourse? It is hardly possible to believe that we have been listening to good advices when we hear him in that chapter. When we come to make inquisition as to why those customary lowly things have not seemed stale as if customary, neither humdrum as lowly things do appeal to us as being, we shall discover it was because he makes all these minor things segments of the phenomenal circle, even the circle of eternity. No preacher is more practical than Paul, and no man more mystical.

Paul was experimental.

He is familiar with the appeal the experience of one man makes to the mind of all men. I would have loved to hear that preacher give his experience at an experience meeting in the presence of Felix or of Festus and to have beheld the psychologic wonder of that personal experience upon his auditors. I have noticed it so many times and on such diverse occasions that when a Christian experience was being declared by Christians of any age or clime, be he layman or minister, woman or man, or little child, it had telling effect. When a theology is a system it may appear cold and remote; but when it is put into flesh and blood in the person of the one having the theory so incarnated, it becomes "mighty to the pulling down of strongholds." When all has been told, the mightiest preaching, when weighed in the balance of effect, is personal experience—"God hath in Christ done this in me," says the sobbing or the singing; and there will be sobbings and singings more than his. A Christian

experience told by an illiterate, ungrammatical, uncontrovertibly ignorant speech will melt a company, orators and thinkers, into profound attention and even into tears. This is so. The why is not far to seek. We are at the depths of us not brains, but hearts. We must all quarry at the quarry men call life. That struggle is identical in the ranges of humanity. When Preacher Paul swung out on his experience of the resurrection of Jesus, there were angry mob, violence, white faces of fear, red faces of hostility, but always attention, never inattention. "Christ hath wrought this for me, He hath upheld me when human upholding failed or ceased." We can not argue much against that nor about it. When Paul's experimental sermon plunges on like a mountain stream, where the angle of declination is steep, then, through the centuries' remove, I can not refrain from feeling that torrential majesty. He sweeps me down as if I were a futile pine branch on the torrent. Paul had seen Christ, had had Christ; bore in his "body marks of the Lord Jesus Christ." Let me meet his Christ.

Paul knew the Holy Ghost.

He knew the Spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father. He knew the inner light, which is the Holy Ghost witnessing to our spirits that we are the children of God. He knew the Comforter, named by Paul, "The Spirit of His Son." He knew the witness of a good conscience. He knew the Holy Ghost was the God of good order and kindness and love, and not of clamors, riot, and physical and metaphysical confusion, which many would do well to learn from him.

Paul had mighty faith.

Walking by faith, with him, meant walking by daylight. He could trust where he could not see. He knew that faith was the roadway for the salvation of God. He looked all hostilities to God in the eyes, and in his eyes you might have divined a look of commiseration. To him they stood so surely doomed to die. Rome did not abash him. He used it and its roads and its laws and its language, used it as he would use a vessel to sail the seas. He felt Rome would have no emperor some remote day, for he felt utterly safe that Christ would be its Emperor some day.

> "We have but faith, we can not know,
> For knowledge is of things we see,"

is what the laureate poet said; but Paul, while he would have agreed with the poet's psychological distinction, would have avoided the poet's emphasis, would even have overturned it. To Paul, faith wrought knowledge, as witness, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which Christ shall give me in that day," or, "To depart and be with Christ, which is far better." For faith was not in Paul's preaching or in Paul's thinking (and the thinking and the preaching of Paul were identical) a clouded sky. Glory as of a rising day was on Paul's faith. Paul's faith was a contagion, so that you caught faith from him.

Paul's heart was hot.

His was no brain, cold and flowerless, like Calvin's, but his brain was set close against his heart; and in his heart dwelt Christ. Where Christ dwells, the tropics

stay. Across all the highlands of his thought blew the blessed, strong wind which wakens the May apple and the apple blossoms and redeems a world from death. Paul loved Christ so immensely and so completely that he loved a world, Gentile and Jew. That love of his taught him theology. He first among the disciples saw clearly that Christ came for the redeeming of the entire world, and though heretofore the Jewish race had been the chosen people of the Lord, now since the life and death of Christ, all races were the Israel of God. The heartless can not be good theologians. You can not theologize when your heart is at zero. "Who loved me and gave Himself for me." That was Paul's personal experience of the love of God. "Who loved us and gave Himself for us," was his generalization of the love of God. In both conclusions he was right.

Paul was at home in great themes.

Great men are. The sea itself, gigantic, enduring, alarming, is all that will satisfy your majestical soul, and Paul was so. He walked among things which angels desired to look into, and spoke on them with a hushed voice and bowed head, but spoke on, spoke on, then stayed with them, faltered over those mysteries, for without controversy "Great is the mystery of godliness." He was not dismayed by that; he did not, as many preachers do, try to reduce to a dull level the immeasurable domain of the Christian system. "I will gaze at this very high mountain of Redemption," said Preacher Paul; and he did, and we bless God that he did. We may do the like, and

ought to do the like, and must do the like if we preach after the manner of Brother Paul.

Paul was given to eagle flights of eloquence.

It was no marvel with Paul to soar above the clouds; he had to do it. It was in him. He was built for it. Why should he help it? It is hard to love God and man and remain ineloquent. The other night I was, as my wont is, watching the sunset skies at afterglow; and sunset was a past tense. The flame had gone from the paling cloud which had warmed its hands at the sunset. Then there came a slow, sure increase of splendor and glory of crimson, such as I, a watcher of the clouds for a lifetime, had seen not more than twice in my life—a splendor as if iron were mixed in that blood, with the iron set on flame. The sun was reminding the world of his exceeding glory now even that he was long since set.

So with this Pauline eloquence. Its glory stays. We see the crimson splendors which know not how to pale. A thousand conflagrations are in Paul's sermons. At midwinter we glow with the heat of summer standing before his fire. He "being dead, yet speaketh." The audacity of his flights of thought and love and words are on us now, and shall be on us ever.

"Let us put on the armor of light." Amen.

"Paul, a preacher of Jesus Christ, will preach here to-night. Let us all turn out." And the house will be filled at early candle light.

"The Lord Is My Pastor."

"Κύριος ποιμαίνει με."—*The Septuagint.*

David, Poet Laureate for religion, has written a song. This is his laureate poem. If there be a sweeter one written by any poet, certain it is, none ever penned was read by so many, loved by so many, leaned on by so many. Sometimes a single floating spar tells of a wrecked ship. So one floating phrase tells of a life which otherwise had been clearly forgotten. One psalm fluting from a poet heart, will serve to keep his memory young while earth endures. This Shepherd Psalm is such. Poet David can stay. Nobody but will want his company after this.

Burns comes among us with his laverock note and his plowed-up daisy flower; and he may sit down. He is wanted here. He is rural. The smell of the new-plowed field is on his garments; the clean dirt of the plowing is on his hands. The page on which is written "The Daisy" is punctuated with ink-spots of the earth out of which the daisy grew. Burns has the plow breath in his song and the plow soil on his feet; and you may settle to it that the world loves the plowman and his field ridged with the windows of fresh-turned soil.

Poet David, come and stay. You have brought

a nosegay for the heart. You have seen many things. You have remembered all you saw. You bring us memory of the far fields, and the Bethlehem hills, and the bleating lambs, and the anxious mothers, and the swift green of pastures wet with dew, and fresh winds blowing gently at evening and at morn, and the shepherd with his rod and staff. You have written a pastoral poem which puts Theocritus to defeat. That lark of Greece never caroled like this.

Poet David has written a poem for the heart. And can we wonder? Have we not seen what a roomy heart he had? Men competent for heartbreak are competent for poetry. Heartbreak is poetry. All who practice poetry may not be able to write poetry. David can do both, and has done both. He has gotten things by heart. To him, as to all poets, the pungent appeal was the heart appeal. The logicians may outargue the poets, though the poets convince us as the logicians fail to do.

Often as a preacher, I have asked varying companies of Christians what portion of Scripture was their favorite; and so very many have answered: "The Shepherd Psalm." And why? Because it was the answer for the heart. Heart-hunger is there writ down. It is David's heart which is out upon the hills. He is out looking for a Heart-Shepherd. He is out; and the Heart-Shepherd has come out to him. A heart at rest is what makes the Shepherd Psalm so calm. The Shepherd and his one lost lamb—aye, the Shepherd and his whole glad flock. The psalm says: "My heart, thy Shepherd is God: fret not, nor fear. No now nor then

holds any loss to thee. Thou art safeguarded against the stress of winter weather and the burning heat of any tropic day. By night, by day, thy safety is assured. Thou hast no need to bleat like a lost lamb, motherless. Thou hast no need to keep an all-night vigil against the prowling lion and shambling bear. Thou hast a Shepherd, and His name is God."

We call this poem a psalm; and we do well. Psalm it is. It sings itself. You need no tune to be set; for the poem is its own melody. Read this poem you can not: sing this poem you must. I hear the dreaming of David's harp. I hear the drip and drip of its exquisite and tearful tune. I hear the hum of David's voice, harp and voice at song; and leaning to catch the tune and words, I hear:

> The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
> He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
> He leadeth me beside the still waters.
>
> He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
>
> Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
>
> Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
>
> Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

So soon ended, sweet poet-musician? Sing it again. End not so soon. We answer to thy wonder-call. You bring a sob into our throats and triumph into our hearts. Sing, sing once again, "The Lord is my Shepherd." Not all the lyrics in "The Princess," although those songs are dreamy sweet, are as sweet as this laureate lyric of David. The song of the Shepherd.

And is this not strange, that in this poem, written by a warrior king, there is no hint of kingship or soldiery? No clash of arms, no tinsel of a crown. Life grows too big for remembering things like that when it enters into the presence of the Shepherd. There is a word of enemies, and there is an anointing the head with oil in remembrance, doubtless, of the day when from the sheepfield Samuel summoned the ruddy lad and poured the coronation oil upon his abundant locks of gold; but through all there is the breath and memory of the sheep and shepherding. David, king, furrowed with care and cut deep with the sword of mighty achievings, harks back to the shepherd boy, and the harp, and the flock, and the sunlight on the meadow, and the quiet stream where waters murmured not at noon, but fell fast asleep like a shepherd boy in the sun. Had Poet David written a kingly ode, the few would have read it. He has written a quiet pastoral; and it is read by all the world.

This poem rests the heart like a touch of prairie wind. The king's court and the obsequious throng, and the rush of battle, and its hazard and victory, forgot, forgot! They have slipped away like rain down a leaning sheaf. The sheep and the Shepherd. The

SHEPHERD and His sheep. No want anywhere. Quiet everywhere. Balm by dark or day. The leading in the holy paths of righteousness. The independency of foe, so that there is sitting down at a spread table where the foes are thick. The valley of the shadow of death shined across by the Shepherd's presence; the calm comfort of His rod and staff—they comfort me.

Goodness and mercy following while the Shepherd goes ahead; and then the dwelling in the house of the Lord FOREVER. The Shepherd and the sheep, folded and at peace.

Christ, The Good Pastor.

Ἐγώ εἰμι ὁ ποιμὴν ὁ καλός.—*Greek Testament.*

Ego sum Pastor bonus.—*The Vulgate.*

The Tenth of John is a poem. It is Christ's rendition of the Twenty-third Psalm. In that poem, far-known and sung because of its enchanting melody, a king tells how God has shepherded his soul. It has the willowy note of a wild bird's call. In life, in death, God has him in His care and will provide him with a house with Him forever. That is the meaning of the Psalm. And it must thrill the hearts of all such as love God to see how Jesus in this New Testament poem identifies Himself with the Shepherd of this Old Testament psalm.

The Twenty-third Psalm flows like a gentle river where it nears the sea, the quiet waters nigh fallen asleep. This Twenty-third Psalm of the New Testament has the sound of tears in its flowing. Tears are raining in the dark, you think, as you listen to the flow of this blessed river.

The Shepherd is here—may be set down as the implication of Jesus. I can never other than believe that in this passing sweetness of this Shepherd proclamation Jesus has consciously the Shepherd Psalm in mind. So that, as we study this, let us keep in thought the psalm whose emendation this Christ of ours is come to earth

to be. "The Lord is my Shepherd," says the psalm: "I am the good Shepherd," says the Christ. The Shepherd is come. He of whom the old, glad poet sang has come out along the hills. He is from Bethlehem. He is tramping the hills across the world looking for the lost sheep and caring for the sheep not lost. Look, eyes of ours, on the blessed, blessed Shepherd.

The dominant idea in the Shepherd Psalm is the care of God. God is alive and well and, hence, gives room. He is caring for His own. He is keeping him from want. He is spreading his table. He is pouring into his cup till the cup spills over, being more than full: though a man wander down into the valley of the shadow of death, he fears no evil; for God, the Shepherd, is with him, and His rod and His staff comfort. There is neither fear nor want where God is Shepherd. No want here, and no want forever. There is not in that beautiful psalm any thought that God might in His shepherding grow tired or come to His death. Never once did that cloud cross the sun of help to that singing heart.

Just here does the Shepherd Psalm of Christ tune its melody. The Shepherd is after the lost sheep. That is a thought the older poem has no hint of. That is the psalm of the shielded sheep, those close against the Shepherd's care. But the lost sheep—that was ever the burden of Jesus' thought and plan and love. The straying and the lost, the broken and the faint, the storm-girt and the snarled,—these are those in the mind of Christ. The thief bites like winter's wind in this psalm—"the thief" and "the robber." How are the

sheep to be kept safe? Not solely the leading in green pastures, but the keeping from the marauder. Not simply leading where the streams are calm, the pastures pleasant, and where we in satisfaction lie down midst green pastures; but how about the nights and the days, how about the fold and the shielding? Here is the Shepherd who guards at night, who "entereth by the door," who is no intruder and no thief, who is known to His sheep.

"The sheep hear His voice: and He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out," is the entirely exquisite reading of Jesus' poetry. I confess to thinking those lines as sweet as anything ever written by any poet since this world of poetry began. I have pillowed my heartache on them. He knows me and loves me and calls me by my name! Truly, He is the Good Shepherd.

Note how the thief is constantly in the mind of Jesus. A marauder is near the sheepfold and the pasture. All who have been pastors of the people of whom Jesus has His thought, will know how lacking in imagery is Jesus' fear of the thief. A good man is begirt by danger. The thief is near. The devil is not a myth. The thief lurks and lunges in the dark and frays the soul. Jesus had no hypothetical dangers against which He is guarding His sheep. He knows these hills and valleys, these days and darks, and is afraid for the sheep.

"The good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." That vicarious Shepherd is far past any dream of the poet of the Shepherd Psalm. In Christ's psalm there

is a cross; and in the poet's psalm there are a rod and a staff for comfort. The Shepherd with the blood on His hands and the danger to Himself and the fight with the thief and the anguish and the faithfulness untouched with fear—here that is. The Shepherd to die for the sheep—that is the crown of Jesus' shepherding.

I hear that, and I put my hands before my face and weep. The Shepherd who loves me will die for me! Then am I safe indeed. By dying He leads me past death and the grave. "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." What think you, soul, of poetry like this? Christ's crozier is a cross. There hath been battle; and the fight was hard; and the Shepherd hath tasted death for the sheep that the sheep may die no more. They are coming to the sheepfold where Shepherd and sheep alike shall die no more. He marches past our door, the Shepherd with the cross!

Bethel Seminary of the East
Libraries
1 (888) THE EAST